



BARBARA WARD, whose editorials in the *London Economist* marked her as a brilliant young journalist, has recently married and is now on her way to Australia. A leading Roman Catholic, whose buoyancy and faith put fresh heart in others, she has written this exhortation which we hope will be translated into the free tongues of the Western world; it will stand as the concluding chapter in her new book, *Policy for the West*, to be published by W. W. Norton and Company next month.

FAITH FOR FREEDOM

by BARBARA WARD

ANY human enterprise, even the smallest, needs a measure of faith. Men must believe that what they have undertaken can be carried through. They must believe that their partners will work with them loyally. How much more is faith needed when the enterprise is the building of a free and peaceful world and the partners include all the races of the earth. One of the greatest obstacles to an effective Western policy is men's uncertainty whether peace can in fact be maintained. Yet the essence of Containment is the belief that war is not inevitable and that a combination of strength and patience in the West will deter the Soviets from further aggression and persuade them either to negotiate or at least to live as they did in the twenties and thirties primarily concerned with their own affairs.

An almost equal obstacle to successful Containment is distrust between the different partners — the tendency of each to pick out and concentrate on the worst aspects of the other's policy, to rub the sore spots, to put salt in old wounds. Out of a million small reactions of unfamiliarity and misunderstanding, national moods grow up, critical, carping, and envenomed. Yet what do the free peoples expect? That their neighbors should be exactly like themselves? That they should escape altogether from the fatality of human weakness and error? That they should be incapable of stupidity or tactlessness or self-interest?

No private undertaking, no human enterprise of any sort, could be run on such expectations. The Western allies have to be patient with one another and keep the larger unity of their common purposes alive in their minds to defeat all the day-to-day inconveniences of close alliance. The essence of faith is that it does not depend upon a perpetual renewal of absolute proof. No ally in the West is likely to give its neighbors a daily exhibition of all the virtues necessary for a great undertaking. Let the others therefore give the tolerance they expect. If the concept of British duplicity, of American greed, of French cowardice, of Italian irresponsibility, is brought in over and over again to interpret policies and explain reactions, no common enterprise can possibly succeed. Only an effort of faith, constantly renewed, can counter the tendency of men and nations to misunderstand, to recriminate, to grow suspicious, and at last to permit their alliances to fall apart.

Faith in the enterprise itself and faith in one's partners are, however, no more than the minimum — the least with which free men can hope to survive. The weakness of the word "Containment" is its negative and defensive ring. The Communists do not make the mistake of thinking that they are simply defending themselves against "Western encirclement." This may be the jargon they use to explain to their own people why they have remained armed and alert. But the essence of their

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drive, of their propaganda, of their picture of themselves, is that they must remake the world according to their own gospel, the single unalterable Marxist-Leninist gospel of salvation.

It is curious that we in the West should tend so uniformly to underestimate or misunderstand the passion that drives Communism on. Western critics are never tired of pointing out that it is based upon materialism; that there is no room in the Communist system for mankind's highest aspirations or deepest hopes; that all the power and poetry and inspiration of humanity are banished by Communism's fundamental tenet that the economic structure of society determines all the rest. It may be that, in theory, there is no room in Communism for these things, but it is vital to remember that, in practical reality, the Communists hardly give economics a thought. They do not condemn Western society because it is inefficient. On the contrary, they are immensely impressed with the technical achievements of the West. They blame it because it is immoral. They do not extol their own system because it is materially more satisfactory. They extol it because it is a new heaven and a new earth, a transfiguration of the conditions of human existence, the raising up of men's lives to new levels of creativeness and joy.

When a new program of irrigation and public works is announced, the newspapers grow lyrical: —

For centuries the peoples of the East have dreamt of crystal-clear rivers, of fertile gardens in the desert, of a fairyland of happiness. Songs passed down from one generation to the next told of these yearnings. The people were confident that the time would come when clear, transparent rivers and streams would cut through the heart of the desert, when birds would sing in the once-silent stretches of dead sands, when blossoming gardens would flourish under a deep blue sky, when beautiful palaces would appear and crowds of gay people assemble to acclaim with gratitude the conquerors of the desert. Today the Soviet peoples praise in all their tongues the courageous conquerors of the desert — the Bolsheviks; and they glorify the Bolshevik Party and the beloved Comrade Stalin, whose genius has opened the path to fulfillment of these age-old aspirations.

Whatever the shams of Communism — and they are immense — they come clothed in the language of poetry and hope. The dream that has haunted the world from its infancy — of a golden age from which it has been banished and a golden age to which it can return — is repeated in the myth of a primitive communism destroyed by the evil of private property and restored triumphantly in the latter days by the return to communism. The anger and outrage of the prophets of old, denouncing social injustice; the promise of the Magnificat: "He hath . . . exalted them of low degree"; the exquisite and heartbreaking hope of the Apocalypse: "And there shall be no more death, nor

sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away" — all these echoes and intimations which lie deepest in men's hearts are evoked by these so-called materialists, by these men who are supposed to think only in terms of economics.

2

It must be admitted that, in comparison with this apocalyptic vision of the world's warring between Communist good and capitalist evil, Western policy seems, remarkably and inexplicably, to have lost sight of its own vision of the good society, or at least to have lost confidence in its powers of explaining what that vision really is. If a visitor from Mars had arrived on earth during 1949 and examined the published statements of East and West, it is not likely that he would have found the "materialists" in the Communist half. The constant preoccupation with economics, the careful calculation of what could and could not be afforded, the ceaseless discussion of limits of taxation, of budgetary equilibrium, and of the perils of inflation, would have met him in almost every capital — until he came to the Iron Curtain. Beyond he would have found himself in a world dominated not by a certain view of economics but by a new — and terrible — view of life. This contrast is all the more extraordinary when one reflects that, on any standard of comparison, the really radical and revolutionary way of life does not lie in the East at all, but in the West. The ideas and aspirations of Western man are still the most startling thing that has ever happened to the human race. Stalin's views of man and society are, by comparison, mortally static and archaic. In fact the world today presents the astonishing spectacle of Western man sleeping unaware on the powder keg of his own revolutionary philosophy and the Stalinists leaping up and down proclaiming as a new revolution a view of man and society which was old when the Pyramids were built.

We know something of the civilizations that have risen and fallen in the long history of mankind. Through all of them two themes of human belief and organization appear to run: the first, that man and society are molded by the immense impersonal forces of destiny and circumstance; the second, that the state — whether spiritual or temporal — is omnipotent and the source of all meaning. Subjects were no more than shadows of shadows. Reality rested with king and priest and temple. And humankind together, king and peasant, priest and servant, were bound to the "melancholy wheel" of fate, the impersonal and unchanging order of times and seasons, the infinite fatality of history. For thousands upon thousands of years, the great civilizations rose and fell, the people in servitude to the state, state and people alike in servitude to destiny. Behavior, ritual, thought itself, were de-

terminated collectively. Men and women lived out their lives within the closed circle of omnipotent government and omnipotent fate.

Into this static world with its slow rhythm of rise and fall, exhaustion and renewal, there broke a new force of ideas and vitality which wrought probably the most radical transformation of the human scene since man became recognizably man. Two peoples brought about this transformation, each small in number and vast in energy and fertility — the Jews and the Greeks.

With the advent of these two societies the whole character of human development changed and there entered into history something which we may reasonably call "the Western spirit." The measure of its revolutionary power was that it completely contradicted and annihilated the two dominant themes of the archaic world: the fatality of environment and the omnipotence of the state. It is a commonplace that our society is grounded to its deepest foundations in Classical and Christian antiquity. But of all the riches and diversity, these two entirely revolutionary facts must be remembered, for they are the key to the understanding of our own society and to its fundamental divergence from Communism. It is only in their light that the radical newness of Western thought and the fundamentally reactionary character of Communist thinking can be fully grasped. The Greeks and the Jews shared with the older civilizations the idea of a divine order of society, but whereas earlier this order seemed on the whole to have been made up of the sum of circumstances — the seasons, the days, the cycle of agriculture, the chances of flood and storm, the social order as it existed — in Greek and Jewish thought a gulf opened between the divine order as it existed in the mind of God, and the very human order as it existed on earth.

The idea that the sum of things could by human will and action be transformed and remade in the image of the divine took hold of men's imaginations. The static idea of social order began to give way to the revolutionary, to the ideas of a possible perfect society which could be achieved provided men overcame the irrational and immoral aspects of their own lives and their own institutions. The desire to transform, the desire to create, the desire to seize on material circumstances and change and mold them as an artist transforms the material he works with — this was the immense energy injected into the Western world by the rational vision of the Greeks and the moral vision of the Jews. The divine order ceased to be the sum of things that are and began to become the sum of things as they should be. Try as he would — and to return to the static is always a temptation — Western man could never again drive the fever of creation and transformation and progress out of his blood.

The two streams of thought were equally potent in sweeping away the other principle of ancient

society: the acceptance of the omnipotent state. The Greek saw the reflection of the Logos in the rational nature of man. As a creature endowed with reason he acquired inalienable social and political rights, among them the right to self-government. For the Jew, it was the divine image in man that created in him moral responsibility. From the first question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" flowed out the doctrine of personal responsibility. In the Christian tradition the Greek concept of reason and the Hebrew belief in man's accountability met in the idea of the "free and lawful man," which in medieval Europe was the basis of the great constitutional experiment of placing government itself under the law, and in the centuries that followed developed into the full doctrine of representative government and political freedom.

No one will pretend that the progress of these two transforming ideals — of justice and liberty — was regular or complete. The Greek insight into the irrationality of much in man's nature and the institutions he sets up has been more than justified. The Hebrew and Christian concept of sin — the pride of the mind and the lust of the heart — has darkened every page of Western history. Yet underneath failure and collapse and defeat, the Western spirit has constantly renewed itself, and in the darkest ages the voice of the saint, the prophet, the reformer, was raised to denounce the things that were and to point once again to the things that ought to be. Under these pressures, Western society became the most restlessly dynamic and explosive social order the world had ever seen. There could be no rest once these ideals of progress and perfection had been let loose in the mind of Western man.

3

It is the tragedy of Marxist Communism that it restores the old fetters of fatality and tyranny. Because it borrows the terminology of the West and speaks of true freedom and true democracy and true science, men often overlook the profoundly and terrifyingly reactionary character of its doctrine. The free and morally responsible human being with rights and duties and aspirations which transcend any given social order vanishes. Why? Because there is nothing beyond the social order. Every act of human life, every thought of human minds, is entirely conditioned by the general state of material events at that time. History becomes once more the arbiter of all destiny. It is no longer an arena in which men struggle in freedom to remold recalcitrant matter and fashion it to their ideals. Their freedom is an illusion, and recalcitrant matter is itself responsible for their ideals. The world of freedom closes. In its place returns the stifling world of necessity in which the childhood

of the race was spent. Once again men are bound to the melancholy wheel of their social conditioning. Once again events mold them, not they events. The collective crust forms once again over the experiment of human freedom, and the Western vision fades.

In such a world, the return to omnipotent government is inevitable. If man is no more than a unit in a social calculation, to what rights and pretensions can he lay claim? It is the total social process, society, the environment as a whole, that has significance just as thousands of years ago the apparatus of the state — city or temple — was reality and men no more than its component parts. No one doubts the omnipotent claims of the Soviet state today, but some are inclined to overlook the even more omnipotent claims inherent in the prophecy that eventually “the state will wither away.” In any conceivable society where variety of claims and interests is admitted, some government must remain as arbiter. The only highly complex societies that can dispense with government are those in which social conditioning has produced such perfect adaptation to circumstance and work that no conflicts are conceivable — and no change and no progress either. We know of such societies. The bees and the ants have reached just such a degree of adaptation to environment. (And if environment is fatality, is reality, is God itself, what greater purpose for humanity can there be than to adapt itself?) Behind the concept of the withering away of the state lies not only the loss of freedom, but the loss of rationality and humanity itself.

These are not idle fears. We know from man's long history that the Western experiment of freedom and responsibility is a flash in the pan, a spark in the longest night, an experiment bounded in space and time and preceded by aeons of collective servitude. To step back into an older environment, to regress, to abandon an experiment at once so testing and so abnormal, must be a temptation at the very roots of our being. Communism presents it in a form in which language and propaganda are borrowed from the liberal experiment but fundamental thought and direction lead back into the anonymous tyrannies of antiquity and of primitive mankind. Environment as destiny, the state as omnipotence — these are the principles under whose mastery mankind has spent by far the longest part of its conscious span. The Western phase is a tremendous, a breath-taking experiment. It is not yet certain that it can stay the course.

Yet if the Western experiment is really the most audacious and exhilarating that mankind has ever made, how is it that today the audacity and the creativeness and the revolutionary zeal so often seem to be on the other side? There is a tremendous paradox here. The crusaders for freedom and progress, for man's ever renewed struggle to build a

just and holy society, appear to be on the defensive before those who seek to eliminate human freedom and restore the twin tyrannies of fate and government. The real revolutionaries cede ground to the pseudo revolutionaries. The radicals retreat before the reactionaries, the idealists before the materialists. Indeed, the idealists seem to have turned themselves into materialists and fight their war of words in calculations and statistics while their adversaries sing of deserts blossoming and spring returning to a resurrected humanity. How have we in the West contrived so to dim our vision that we appear to have lost it? When was the initiative lost? How can we recapture it?

There can be only one answer. We have not lost it because the Marxist vision is more potent than ours or because Communism offers a more attractive version of society. Indeed, it would be difficult to find anything more unattractive than, say, contemporary Bulgaria; and even if we prefer our Communism in idealized form, one searches Marx's pages in vain for a concrete description of what Communist society would be like. No, his strength lay in what he attacked, not in what he promised. And it is still true of Communism today that wherever it is not imposed by force, it owes its strength not so much to its own attractiveness as to the weakening of the Western way of life. In the last hundred years, we have seen our grip slacken on those two revolutionary principles upon which the Western experiment has been based. The Classical and Christian tradition has grown weaker. In its place, even in the West, the concept of fatality and of almighty circumstance has crept back. The men who founded the industrial revolution and believed in unchanging and unaltering economic laws were introducing a god of economic determinism into one sector of their society. It was a savage but appropriate justice that led Marx to turn economic determinism against them in their own industrial stronghold. Workers had been sacrificed in their turn in the name of economic determinism and dialectical materialism. If matter was to be master, Marx had as good a version of the future to offer as Richard Cobden and John Bright and a much more attractive version from the standpoint of the masses.

Nor was the Manchester School's confidence in the beneficence of *laissez faire* the only entry point for fatalism and historical materialism. The present reality of God and of an ideal world of law and justice which men should struggle to observe and create, even if circumstances drag them the other way, began to fade and the great fatalities — environment, conditioning, heredity, evolution — sapped and weakened the concept of freedom, moral responsibility, and will. Unconsciously at first, but with steadily increasing realization and indifference, a vast mass of Western men and women sloughed off their society's traditional idealism and became

in practice, if not in belief, materialists as convinced as any on the other side of the Iron Curtain — but with this difference. The materialism preached by Communists was a religion of materialism — materialism raised to a total explanation of life, guide of conduct, and spur to action. The materialism of the West was all too often no more than an attitude of “eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die.” In a conflict between religious materialism and practical materialism, it seems certain that the religious variety will have the strength to prevail. An idea has never yet in human history been defeated by no idea at all.

4

YET although it is true that Communism has gained strength by the West's own weaknesses, it may yet be true that the West will learn from the Communists how to recapture its own freedom-loving, transforming, and creative spirit. In the first place, men and women in the West can see in Soviet society some of the possible results of their own betrayal of the Western ideal. They see what a society can become which is systematically materialist, godless, and “scientific.” They see how speedily the safeguards of freedom vanish once the idea of law independent of race or class fades and in its place is put the convenience of the community. They see how terribly human compassion can be maimed if there is no appeal to a higher authority than that of government. They see that science itself, on which the regime is supposedly based, can be perverted if the search for truth gives way to the acceptance of the politically expedient. And reflecting on these things, they are perhaps more ready to reconsider the old safeguards of independence and of pity, of justice and of truth. They look perhaps with new interest at an earlier belief — that liberty itself is grounded in the fact that God's authority overrules all others and that, in St. Thomas More's words, a man can be the state's “good servant, but God's first.”

But Communism does more than provide the Western world with a species of rake's progress of some of its own ideas and assumptions. It is, in a real sense, the conscience of the West. Every pretension, every false claim, every complacency of our Western society, is relentlessly exposed by Communist propaganda, and all too often our dislike of the critics is rendered a thousand times more bitter by our inner knowledge that their gibes are true. It is infuriating, it is exasperating, it is exhausting for the West to know that every weakness is spied on, every social failure capitalized, every injustice trumpeted abroad, every lack of charity and understanding blown up into a major social crime. But is it certain that without these enraging critics we in the West should be so aware of where we fail ourselves? Might we not drift on in indif-

ference beyond the point at which this weakened institution or that false situation could be repaired?

In many ways, we today are paying for the complacency of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. It was not only the injustice, it was also the appalling smugness, of the Victorian possessing classes which put the real vitriol into Marx's pen. Today, at least, no false complacency can hold us back from seeing where lie the shams.

Communists today leave us in no doubt where our weaknesses lie. They await in a fever of tension and expectation the coming of another disastrous depression. They seek to exacerbate by every means the gulf between East and West, between Asia and the Atlantic, between developed and backward areas, between rich and poor, slave and free. They search for every chink in the armor of Western unity. They batten on every national prejudice and try to poison every potential conflict between the allies of the West. Above all, they preach the decadence and decline of Western ideals, the false pretensions of Western society, the myth of Western religion, the hypocrisy of Western freedom, and the certainty of Western collapse.

We need therefore have no doubts about the necessary means of Western survival. To be stable, reliable, and prosperous ourselves; to share with others our prosperity; to rebuild our defenses; to be patient allies and good friends; to restore our vision and moral purpose; to drive out the gods of fatalism; to restore the “glorious liberty of the sons of God”; and, in this spirit, to confront our adversaries with a calm fortitude that allays both their fears and their ambitions — there are the main themes for a common policy in the West. Nothing in them is beyond the competence of the Western powers. Never, indeed, have the material means of fulfilling them been so assured. If there is a doubt at all, it can only be a doubt of the necessary vision and will.

This surely is the crux. In all that they say of the Western world, the Communists are proclaiming the fatal laws of historical necessity. Capitalist society must collapse. The United States must practice selfish imperialism. The Western states must exploit their workers, fight for markets in the world at large, trample down their Asiatic helots, and plunge the world into wars of aggression. It follows that every policy of the West that contradicts these fears — every Marshall Plan, every extension of economic aid to backward areas, every increase in social economic opportunity, every act of justice and reconciliation — breaks with the Communists' fundamental gospel — the fatality of history — and restores, triumphantly and creatively, the freedom of the West. We are not bound by collective selfishness. No iron law of economics holds us down. The Western world is a world of freedom, and in it the Western powers can freely choose and freely act.



If our conflict with Russia is to be fundamentally one of production, then there can be no doubts about our resources. In answer to those who have been apprehensive about our steel capacity and our supply of first-grade iron ore, BENJAMIN F. FAIRLESS, who has been President of the United States Steel Corporation since 1938, has made this firm and reassuring analysis of what we are banking on for today and for the future. "The American steel industry today," he writes, "can match the output of every foreign steel plant in the world, ton for ton, and still have 14 million tons left over." That is a record to be proud of. Can we keep it up?

STEEL FOR THE FUTURE

by BENJAMIN F. FAIRLESS

I

OUR problems in the steel industry at the moment boil down to one undeniable fact: there is a shortage of steel. In spite of everything we have done and can do, we are not able today to turn out all the steel that our customers want as fast as all of them want it. Seldom in my lifetime, however, have I known any fact to be twisted, distorted, and lied about as that one has by some of our socialist-minded critics.

These critics base their attack on the logical but deceptive premise that it is the obligation of the industry to supply all the steel that the American people may ever want at any time under any circumstances. From there they jump happily to the conclusion that the present steel shortage proves beyond any shadow of a doubt that the industry has not lived up to its national responsibilities, and that its management can no longer be left safely in private hands.

Their premise is correct, of course, in theory; but their conclusion is ridiculous. Certainly it is the responsibility — and the desire — of any well-managed industry to take care of its customers. And it is the obligation of any bank to pay all its depositors whenever they want their money. But if all the customers come in at once, and demand all their money at once, they simply can't get it. No matter how sound the bank may be, it will have to delay payment until the necessary supply of cash can be assembled. Does that prove the bank isn't well managed? Has it failed to live up to its public responsibilities?

Well, that's how it is with steel today. Let the government announce that it is planning to ration meat or butter or sugar, and almost within the twinkling of an eye, meat and butter and sugar disappear from the shelves and showcases at your corner grocery. Similarly, when the government

finds it necessary to allocate or ration steel — as it has announced that it will — a run on steel develops overnight.

People who think they may need a new car, a new icebox, or a new stove within the coming year or two decide to buy it now for fear the government will not permit them to get it later. For the same reason, people who had planned to build, at some future time, a new building or a new factory, or to buy new machinery and equipment, decide to get these things now, while the getting is good. Thus the orders that would normally be spread out over several years are crowded into the space of a few months. But the fact that these buyers face delay in getting all the steel they want is certainly no proof that the industry has failed to live up to its public responsibilities, or that it has misjudged the real needs of the American people.

Government records show that American industries as a whole — the manufacturers of everything from hairpins to locomotives — turned out more goods in 1943 than in any year before or since. Not even today is our nation's total industrial production as high as it was then. Yet the steel industry is pouring nearly 12 million more tons of ingots than it did then.

That means that our nation today is using 100 million tons of steel to produce a *smaller* quantity of goods than it manufactured out of only 88 million tons seven years ago. What's happened to the other 12 million tons?

Well, it is probable, for one thing, that manufacturers are not using steel as efficiently and as sparingly now as they did in 1943; but there could, of course, be another explanation. It is just barely possible, for instance, that some of the customers who are buying steel from us today are following the example of the woman who went into a liquor

store, ordered ten cases of Scotch, and explained to the clerk that she wanted to build up her inventories before a lot of greedy people started hoarding.

Yes, that might explain a lot, for certainly the telescoping of consumer demand and the replenishment of inventories are two primary reasons for our present difficulties; but there is a third — and equally important — reason, which cannot be ignored in any honest and complete discussion of the current shortage.

And that is the simple, undeniable fact that strikes have cost the American people 29 million tons of steel production since V-J day. Now understand I state that merely as a fact, and not as an accusation. I point the finger of blame at no one; for with all my heart and soul I believe one thing: I believe that any man who, in this critical hour, impugns the motives, the patriotism, and the high purpose of any group of loyal Americans is playing the Kremlin's dirty game, and that is not for me!

Some men will say those strikes occurred because management was stubborn and unyielding. Others may say that labor was willful and headstrong. Conceivably both could be right. As an interested party, I'm not qualified to judge. But of this I am sure: that if the patriotic men of steel — the men who make it and the men who manage it — are fully determined to put America's security above all else, there is no problem they will ever face that cannot, and will not, be peaceably settled — with patience, with forbearance, and with reason.

2

LET's get down to the simple, dispassionate facts about our steel supply and see if we can't bring this picture into some kind of realistic perspective by asking ourselves three questions: What has the steel industry actually done, over the years, to fulfill its responsibilities to the American people? How serious is the present shortage in terms of military and civilian needs? And what is the steel industry doing to overcome that shortage?

Now, in answer to the first question: Americans don't like to take second place in any league, so they expect their steel industry to be bigger and more productive than the steel industry of any other nation on earth. Well, it is; but what many Americans do not know, I suspect, is that their own steel industry is bigger than those of all the other nations on earth put together. The American steel industry today can match the output of every foreign steel plant in the world, ton for ton, and still have 14 million tons left over. It turns out nearly twice as much steel as all the other countries outside the Iron Curtain; and I should like to point out that United States Steel alone is pouring more steel today than all the Communist nations together are believed to be producing.

So I think it is clear that the American steel in-

dustry has more than fulfilled what is probably its first responsibility to the nation — the obligation to outproduce any possible combination of aggressors. But what of our domestic needs? How have those been met?

All during this twentieth century, the steel industry has maintained, year in and year out, an average productive capacity nearly 50 per cent greater than the demands our nation has made upon it. That means that, over these years on the average, nearly one third of all the steelmaking facilities in America have stood idle.

Yet, in spite of this, it has continued to expand steadily, in every decade — even in the depths of the depression when only half our steel capacity was being used and when we couldn't have sold another pound of the stuff if we'd taken cigar-store coupons in trade!

In fifty years, the population of the United States has only doubled, but America's steel production has increased nearly sevenfold. And the most dramatic part of that increase has come in the past eleven years.

Since 1939, when Hitler's armies invaded Poland and World War II began, America has expanded its steel production by more than 47 million tons. That is an increase of 90 per cent in eleven years — an increase six times as big as the growth of our population.

Never once, of course, not even in the darkest days of World War II, did any military project ever suffer for lack of steel. On the contrary, in the peak year of arms production, after every direct military need had been fully met, more than 50 per cent of our total steel production was still left for essential civilian requirements and for Lend-Lease export to foreign nations — including Russia. No other nation in the world could have matched that record.

Next we come to the question of our present-day steel supply and the probable demands that will be made upon it. The first fact we have to recognize here is that practically all the steel we can make today is being shipped to civilian customers as fast as we can make it. Military orders are beginning to flow, and will increase rapidly in the coming months. Naturally they have first claim on our entire steel supply.

So it is obvious that whatever the military and the other steel demands may be, new steelmaking facilities are going to have to be built to take care of them. It is equally obvious that, until those new facilities are built, the government's needs will have to be met out of existing civilian supplies.

How much civilian steel will be left depends, therefore, on how much military steel our government must take. And on that question, I regret to say, there simply are no firm, established facts to guide us. I don't see how anyone can be expected to know what the government needs will be, more-

over, until we find out what Moscow is planning next. But when it comes to reading the Russian mind, I'm strictly a second-guesser myself; so if the experts are a little hazy about their estimates, what right have I to complain?

The only official information we have on the subject is now outdated and comes from the House Appropriations subcommittee where ex-Secretary Johnson and other military experts testified early last August. At that time, they thought that our direct defense needs, up to next July 1, would run to only 4 million tons.

But since then many things have happened, and my own inquiries lead me to believe that this estimate is low. Certainly, in the light of our experience at the outset of World War II, I think we must assume, for safety's sake, that military demands might go as high as three times that figure by next July 1; so let's be practical about it and put the government down for 12 million tons. That would mean that we would have to cut back our civilian consumption by about one eighth as an over-all proposition, but unfortunately it isn't as simple as that. And it isn't an over-all proposition.

Our greatest difficulty today lies in the field of light, flat-rolled products, and it is right here in this field, where we were already struggling to keep our heads above water, that much of the military demand is going to fall. The armed forces will need landing craft, tanks, more trucks and jeeps, blitz cans, field ranges, aircraft landing mats, lockers, tin cans for food, and a lot of other things that will take large quantities of flat-rolled steel. Beyond that we are going to have to build more oil pipe lines, more freight cars and more grain-storage bins.

So there is the crux of our problem. While similar pressures are beginning to develop in other product lines, it is here, especially, that the first impact of our national defense program is going to cut a large segment from our civilian supply of sheets, plates, and tin plate. Just how large a segment that will be, nobody knows. I have been very much impressed, however, by a statement which President Truman recently sent to the Congress. In that statement he said this:—

We must continue to recognize that our strength is not to be measured in military terms alone. Our power to join in a common defense of peace rests fundamentally on the productive capacity and energies of our people. In all that we do, therefore, we must make sure that the economic strength—which is at the base of our security—is not impaired but continues to grow.

That statement by the President makes a whole lot of sense. If our economy is to remain strong, and if it is to continue to grow, it must not be starved at home to provide the steel we shall need abroad. So, it is up to the industry to build—as rapidly as it can—the capacity required to meet

our defense needs with the least possible disturbance to our necessary civilian demands.

3

ALL of which brings us to our third and final question: What is the steel industry doing about it, and what can it do?

We are suddenly confronted by civilian demands that normally would have been spaced out over several years. At the same time we are facing a flood of defense and military orders that might never have been forthcoming under other, and happier, circumstances. And just as all these demands have been compressed suddenly into one tremendous package, so the steel industry is now compressing into the space of a few months a construction program that ordinarily would have been spread out over many years to come.

Fortunately the steel industry has never stopped planning for the future—for its future and for America's future. Plans that only a short time ago were hardly more than the blueprint of a distant dream are already beginning to spring to life in the form of steel buildings, flaming furnaces, and roaring mills—ready to provide our armed forces with whatever is necessary for our national survival.

I am happy to report that we do not seem to be facing any insurmountable problems so far as raw materials and the other essential ingredients of steel are concerned.

We have plenty of coal and limestone in the ground, although the opening of new mines and quarries may be necessary. Scrap is always a problem, of course, but we think we can obtain enough to meet foreseeable needs, and to help things out we have bought 200,000 tons abroad. Iron ore stocks at our plants are lower now than they should be, and will be still lower by next spring, chiefly because of the late opening of the shipping lanes on the Great Lakes this year. But to meet this transportation problem, we are building three new ore boats, which will be the largest and fastest in our Great Lakes fleet, and one self-unloading vessel to carry limestone. Beyond that we have initiated direct shipment of ore by rail from the mines to our plants.

Of the alloys, nickel alone is really scarce, and our inability to get adequate quantities from Canada may require a change in steel specifications later on. Government stockpiles of zinc, tin, chrome, copper, and manganese will insure the steel industry against any critical shortage of these metals in the immediate future, but the long-range outlook on manganese is still uncomfortably thin. That is why the steel industry today is scouring every likely corner of the earth for new and reliable sources of supply, and is negotiating, with patient determination, the development of the foreign deposits it has recently discovered.

Within a matter of days after the Korean invasion began, the American steel industry announced the commencement of a truly enormous program of expansion. In the next twenty-seven months the industry as a whole will have added a total of nearly 10 million tons to our present ingot capacity; and almost one quarter of that entire increase will be completed within the next fifteen months by United States Steel alone.

The sudden telescoping of all this construction into an incredibly short space of time naturally imposes a tremendous burden, not only upon the energies but upon the finances of the entire industry; yet, despite that fact, more plans are being rushed, in order that more plants can be built as our defense requires them.

Among those plants, of course, will be the new East Coast mill which we expect to build on the banks of the Delaware River near Morrisville, Pennsylvania. As soon as it became apparent that our national defense would require the building of new steel capacity, we decided to erect an integrated steel mill here on the Eastern seaboard, with a minimum capacity large enough to permit high efficiency of operation. How large that plant will be, and what kinds and quantities of finished product will be made there, depend to a large extent upon the military needs of our government, but I think it would be safe to assume that ultimately this plant will be large enough to produce whatever steel our government may want us to produce in this area.

This Eastern plant of ours will be only a part of the tremendous job we face in building this new, wholly integrated capacity. The other part lies down at Cerro Bolivar, near the equator, in the deep interior of Venezuela.

There we face the tremendous task of moving a whole mountain of iron — some of the richest iron ore this world has ever seen — through hundreds of miles of wilderness. To do this we must hack out roads and cart in enormous earth-moving equipment. We must install heavy machinery, huge conveyers, processing plants, and laboratories. We must have a railroad, sorting yards, ore docks, and two new towns for our workers — complete with water supply, power plants, streets, sewers, and all the other costly improvements of modern municipalities. Beyond that, we shall need a whole fleet of seagoing ore carriers to move our iron mountain across thousands of miles of water to our plants here in the United States.

That's a mighty big job, and I should like to express my appreciation of the friendly and understanding help which the Venezuelan government has accorded us in arranging for the development of this Venezuelan ore. Knowing that the survival of democracy on this earth may depend tomorrow

on the steel that we produce today, these Venezuelan officials are playing a full, conscientious, and patriotic part in the defense of the civilized world.

Many years ago — and long before there was any great public concern about it — the American steel industry began to worry about a possible shortage of iron ore. It was clear that the high-grade, open-pit ores of the famed Mesabi Range were running low and might not last much more than twenty years longer if they were not conserved. It was probable, of course, that the rich, hard-to-get metal in the underground mines would add enough to these resources to carry us well beyond the anticipated lifetime of most of the men who were then doing the worrying, but not beyond the expected needs of a nation that is only now in the first vigor of its youth.

So the search for foreign ores began in earnest, and while the geologists of U.S. Steel were combing the globe for the strike they finally made at Cerro Bolivar, our competitors — with equal perseverance and courage — were finding other deposits in Canada, Labrador, Liberia, and South America.

Hundreds of millions of tons of the world's richest ores were thus added to America's reserves, but still the industry was not content, because these sources might be cut off in time of war, and because the biggest iron treasure of them all lay right here at home in the taconite deposits of our own Lake Superior region.

Now taconite is just about the hardest, toughest rock you ever saw. It is estimated that there are some 72 billion tons of it in this country, and about one third of that is iron. The trouble is that this iron is scattered through the rock in tiny particles, some of them so fine that they could be hidden under a single grain of face powder. And the problem has been to separate those particles of iron from the rock and to bundle them together by the millions into solid pellets that can be charged into a blast furnace. It is a problem upon which the laboratories of the entire industry have spent many, many years and many more millions of dollars; but today we think we've got it licked. We are building our pilot plants now, and after that will come a host of great ore factories to separate and concentrate, agglomerate and nodulize, this iron.

It seems to me that if we have really found the answer to taconite, as we think we have, and if we are permitted to develop our foreign deposits, as we think we can, then this indeed is one of the greatest contributions any private industry has ever made to any nation. Whatever else the history of this great country of ours may hold, I think it must then be recorded that the American steel industry, in these years of patient exploration and research, has given the people of America all the iron they will need for a long, long time to come.

Atlantic Portrait

"A man must be judged by what is fine in him, not by what is trivial." So writes SIR MAX BEERBOHM in this essay which gives us a hearing, seeing likeness of his friend George Moore. A master stylist whose drawings and first editions are collectors' items, Sir Max lives today in his home in Rapallo, whence, thanks to the wire recording of the BBC, his voice is occasionally to be heard throughout the English-speaking world.

GEORGE MOORE

by SIR MAX BEERBOHM

WHEN, where, did I first see my friend George Moore? It is odd that I do not remember my first sight of him. For I am sure there never was in heaven or on earth any one at all like him. It is conceivable that in the waters that are under the earth there *may*, vaguely luminous, be similar forms, and — stay, it isn't odd, after all, this lapse of my memory. It is explained by that quality of luminous vagueness which Moore's presence always had. There always was an illusory look about him — the diaphanous, vaporous, wan look of an illusion conjured up for us, perhaps by means of mirrors and by a dishonourable spiritualist. There was something blurred about him; his outlines seemed to merge into the air around him. He never seemed to enter or leave a room. Rather did he appear there, and in due time fade thence. It was always difficult to say at what moment he appeared: one had but become aware of his presence, which was always delightful, and later one found oneself missing him: he had gone. Thus would it be a strange feat indeed if now I remembered more than this: that somewhere in the early 'nineties the apparition of Moore had already been vouchsafed me.

Mentally, as well as physically, he was unique. He was always the same, and yet always new. Perhaps his novelty was in part due to his sameness. The outer and inner demeanour of almost every man is variable, changing with the circumstances he is in and the sort of people who are about him. Except Oscar Wilde, I never knew a man whose tone of mind and mode of expression, everywhere and with every one, were so invariable as Moore's. And whereas Oscar Wilde's personality was in great measure a conscious and elaborate piece of work, and outshone other personalities by reason of the finer skill that had gone to the making of it, as well as to the richer materials from which it was made, Moore's slighter but not less peculiar personality was an entirely natural product. That he was intensely self-conscious is proved in all his many autobiographies. On the other hand, it is clear in

his writings, and was still more clear to me in personal acquaintance with him, that he never exercised any positive guidance of himself. He was content to look on at himself, sometimes rather admiringly, more often disparagingly, always with absolute detachment. While he swam he looked on from the bank, and never when he sank did he offer himself a helping hand. For well or ill, he just let himself be; and as the spectacle of himself was too interesting to be interfered with even for his own sake, of course he wouldn't interfere with it to please Brown, Jones, and Robinson. It was for this reason that he was so dear to Wilson Steer, Tonks, and Walter Sickert, and indeed to all people who had the wit to enjoy in the midst of an artificial civilisation the spectacle of one absolutely natural man.

Whatever was in his mind, no matter where he was nor what his audience, he said. And when he had nothing to say, he said nothing. Which of these courses in an average drawing-room, needs the greater courage — to say simply anything, or to sit saying simply nothing? I think I used to rate Moore's silences as his finer triumph. They were so long, so unutterably blank. And yet, in some remote way, they so dominated the current chatter. It was impossible not to watch him during them. He sat rather on the edge of his chair, his knees together, his hands hanging limp on either side of him. Limply there hung over his brow a copious wisp of blond hair, which wavered as he turned the long white oval of his face from one speaker to another. He sat wide-eyed, gaping, listening — no, one would not have said "listening" but hearing: it did not seem that his ears were sending in any reports to his brain. It would be an under-statement to say that his face was as a mask which revealed nothing. His face was as a mask of gauze through which Nothing was quite clearly visible. And then, all of a sudden, there would appear — Something. There came a gleam from within the pale-blue eyes, and a sort of ripple passed up over the modelling of the flaccid cheeks; the chin suddenly receded a little

further, and — *Voilà Moore qui parle! Silence, la compagnie! Moore parle.*

What Moore spoke of would be always something quite alien to the general theme. It would be some i-de-a that had lately been simmering in his brain. He had come to the conclusion that the Eighteenth Century was a *stupid* century; or he had been reading Milton, and saw now that Shelley was not a poet after all; or he saw now that women had no e-motion, but only logic. . . . Always an i-de-a, delivered hot and strong, in gulps, as from the spout of a kettle boiling over. He had (as I have typographically suggested here) a way of dividing the syllables of his words, and of giving to each syllable an equal stress. Such words as *the* and *a* and *of* and *to* he pronounced as emphatically as any other word; and the effect was that they seemed to have an emphasis beyond all others: it was as though his voice *bulged* when he came to them. I suppose this habit of equal stress was due to his having lived among Frenchmen and talked French during his most malleable years. His Parisianism, grafted upon an imperishable brogue, gave to his utterance a very curious charm. Aided by his face and his gesture, this charm was irresistible. I say his "gesture" advisedly; for he had but one. The finger-tips of his vague, small, inert, white hand continually approached his mouth and, rising thence, described an arc in the air — a sort of invisible suspension-bridge for the passage of his i-de-a to us. His face, too, while he talked, had but one expression — a faintly-illuminated blank. Usually, when even the most phlegmatic of men is talking, you shall detect changes of expression. In Moore you never could. Usually the features of the most vivacious man's face retain the form that Nature assigned to them. But in Moore's face, immutable though the expression was, by some physical miracle the features were perpetually remoulding themselves. It was not merely that the chin receded and progressed, nor merely that the oval cheeks went rippling in capricious hollows and knolls: the contours of nose and brow, they too, had their vicissitudes. You think I exaggerate? Well, I myself, with Moore there before me, did sometimes doubt the evidence of my own eyes. It was possible that my eyes had been deceived. But the point then is that no face save Moore's ever deceived them in just this way.

2

SOMETIMES he talked, as sometimes he also wrote in books, about ladies who had loved him. On such occasions, either because I had never met any of these ladies, or because the conventional English education instils into us a prejudice against that kind of disquisition, I used not to listen very attentively — used to revel merely in the visual aspect of this man of genius. Genius, assuredly, he

had; not, I think, in his specifically creative work; but in criticism, yes. His novels, always interesting though they were, never seemed to me to have the quality of life. I saw them rather as experiments, made with admirable skill and patience and, as the years passed, on an ever-increasing scale — experiments which, though all the proper materials had been collected, and all the latest scientific formulae mastered, somehow failed of that final result for which they were made: creation of authentic life. Moore's habit of re-writing his earlier novels was in itself the deadliest criticism they could have. When once a novel has left the writer's hand, and been published, the characters, if they really live, are beyond his power. What they were, what they did, what happened to them, are things as unalterable now as the character and career of the late Queen Victoria. If they do not unalterably live for the man who made them, for whom shall they live? And if they do not live, how shall belated life be breathed into the clay? Vital magic, which was just what his novels lacked, was just what his criticisms had. No one but Ruskin has written more vividly than he, more lovingly and seeingly, about the art of painting; and no one has ever written more inspiringly than he, with a more infectious enthusiasm, about those writers whom he understood and loved, or more amusingly against those whom he neither understood nor liked. Of learning he had no equipment at all; for him everything was a discovery; and it was natural that Oscar Wilde should complain, as he did once complain to me, "George Moore is always conducting his education in public." Also, he had no sense of proportion. But this defect was in truth a quality. Whenever he discovered some new old master, that master seemed to him greater than any other: he would hear of no other. And it was just this frantic exclusiveness that made his adorations so fruitful: it was by the completeness of his surrender to one thing at a time that he possessed himself of that thing's very essence. The finest criticism is always passive, not active. Mastery comes only by self-surrender. The critic who justly admires all kinds of things simultaneously cannot love any one of them, any more than a lady can be simultaneously in love with more than one gentleman. That kind of critic is often (if I, who am of that kind, may be allowed to say so) very admirable. But it is the Moores who matter.

When I say that Moore could revere only one master at a time, I do not mean that he was always faithless to old idols. When he had exhausted his ecstasy at some new shrine, he would rise from his knees and, if no other new shrine were visible, would wander back to some old one. Turgéneff, especially, had power to recapture and re-inflame him ever. Almost the last time I met him was in one of these recurrent intervals. We were both of us, for the week-end, guests of Mr. Hugh Ham-

mersley and his brilliant and beautiful wife. On Saturday evening, and on Sunday, Moore was rather blank. We could not tempt him to talk. I saw that he had risen from before some shrine, and was temporarily at a loss. At dinner on Sunday I mentioned Turgéneff. It was as though I had taken him by the hand, poor waif, and led him to the place where he would be. It was as though he left across the familiar threshold of the temple and fell prostrate at the shrine. At bed-time he was still talking of Turgéneff with unflagging charm and power. And when, next morning, rather late, I came down to breakfast, there, fresh as a lily that had bloomed in the night — there at the breakfast-table, with a fork in his right hand while his left described innumerable arcs over a plate of haddock — was Moore, talking of Turgéneff to our polite host.

It is a pity for mankind that Moore's eloquence was all chamber-music. When I said just now that he was always the same "everywhere" I meant that he was always the same among his diverse friends and acquaintances. In public he simply evaporated. In his "Ave" he has called himself "the only Irishman who could not make a speech;" and to this testimony I can add that he could not passably read a speech. I was a guest at that public dinner of which in "Ave" he has given an immortal account — the dinner held at the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, to inaugurate the Irish Literary Theatre; and well do I remember the woe-begone way he murmured into his MS., making in that convivial and pugnacious company of orators no effect whatsoever. Nor was this the first time I had seen him wilt in the publicity he abhorred. In '96 Mr. Joseph Pennell sued "'The Saturday Review' and Another" for libel. "Another" was Walter Sickert, who had written the offending criticism. The case hinged on the difference between lithographs drawn on paper and lithographs drawn directly on the stone. Whistler, who was no longer on speaking-terms with Sickert, nor on speaking-terms with very many people besides Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, threw his mantle over the plaintiff. The friends of Sickert combined to throw their own modest little mantles over "Another." Moore was always accounted a rather selfish man; but the fact that he, with his horror of public appearances, did volunteer for service in the witness-box, is proof that he could on occasion barter self for Auld Lang Sync. . . . I can see him now, penned there, more than ever wraith-like in the harsh, bleak light of the court. He kisses the book, he acknowledges that his name is George Moore, and that he is an art-critic; and dimly he conveys an impression that he prefers lithographs drawn directly on the stone. Up rises the cross-examining counsel: "Now, Mr. Moore, I want you to explain what claim you have to be regarded as an expert in this matter." Silence reigned. Moore's gaze wandered to the Judge, and then

suddenly his tongue was loosened. "I knew Degas," he began; whereat down sat the cross-examining counsel with an eloquent gesture to Judge and jury; the Judge made a little gesture to the witness; the ordeal was over. But brief though that ordeal was, I hope it will not go unrecorded in the Golden Book of Friendship and Self-Sacrifice.

Sickert, Steer, Tonks — these, I think, were the friends he valued most. They were more or less coeval with him, and they were painters. It was with painters that he was happiest. To them he could talk, with the certainty that they would sympathise, about painting, and about literature without being interrupted. They, on their side, revered him as the one mere critic with whom they could talk as with one of themselves. His face, too — that face transferred to canvas by so many painters since Manet — always entranced them with those problems of "planes" and "values" in which it abounded. He was always a sort of special *treat* to them. They went to him as children to a pantomime. Even more than his felicities of thought did they love those sudden infelicities which he alone could have uttered — those *gaffes* hailed with roars of delight that grew in volume while Moore stared around in simple wonderment. . . . "I have been told," he said suddenly, one evening, "that Mi-chael An-ge-lo carved the Da-vid from a block of marble that had been im-properly quarried. Now if any one gave me a block of marble that had been im-properly quarried, I could no more carve the Da-vid than — than I could fly!" And then "What is the joke? Tell me the joke. If there is a joke, let me share it with you. If it is a good joke," etc., etc.

3

WE KNOW that the Irishman in England is not always what he seems. Moore, deep down in his breast, may have consciously cultivated and developed that innate quaintness which so pleased his friends. If he did so, this was his one little deviation from stark nature, and shall be forgiven him. But I don't really think he did so. Among people who refused ever to take him seriously, and were bent merely on teasing him, he would have dropped the pretence. One of these people — their ring-leader, I might say — was Edmund Gosse, who loved to entertain Moore at his table, for sake of the lavish entertainment he found in Moore. He had, it is true, a great admiration for Moore's endless patience in the craft of literature; but in social intercourse Moore was but the dearest, the least spared of all his butts. He drew Moore out, he goaded him, he danced around him, he lightly flew at him as a banderillero flies lightly at a bull, dexterously planting ornamental darts adown either flank of him. Moore never charged. He gazed mildly at his tormentor, and patiently chewed the cud. He

thought "Gosse is very wit-ty. I wish I were so wit-ty as Gosse," and was not at all deflected from his usual manner. . . . "I have been reading," he would say, "a most as-tounding book."

GOSSE [*with a little start and a cry*]. Ah, I always forget that you can read — always I think of you as just a *writer*. But you learnt to read when you were a child: I remember you once told me so, yes. And so you've been reading a book? Now [*beaming a quick side-long glance to the company*] tell us what that book was.

MOORE [*diverting an absolutely blank gaze from host to company*]. I have been reading "Don Quixote."

GOSSE [*dartingly*]. In the original Spanish, no doubt?

MOORE [*blankly envisaging him*]. No, in a translation. For of Spanish I know not one word. But now that I have read "Don Quixote" I am very sorry that I do not know Spanish, and that it is too late for me to learn Spanish.

GOSSE. Too late? Shame on such phrases! We'll go to learn Spanish together, you and I, hand in hand, every evening, to one of those night-schools.

MOORE [*to the company*]. Ah, now Gosse is laughing at me, because Gosse is wit-ty, and if a man is as wit-ty as Gosse then he must have always somebody to laugh at.

GOSSE. Eliminate me, Moore! Or rather, regard me as the gravest and most receptive of my sex. And so you have been reading "Don Quixote" in a translation? Dear, dear! Dr. Douglas Hyde's translation into Erse?

MOORE [*his jaw dropping, and a sudden dawn of intense amusement visible in his eyes*]. Hyde has translated "Don Quixote" into Erse?

GOSSE. I've not the slightest doubt that he has. Ah [*lyrically*], what has he *not* done? What vistas of enchantment has he *not* opened up to the peasants who sit weeping around the waters of Shoo-na-Groo, and the peasants who go dreaming on the hills of Brau-na-Thingumy? Ah, if only poor dear Cervantes could know what delight — but there! You were just going to tell us all about him. Now we want to know just how he struck you.

MOORE. The most a-mazing thing a-bout the book is —

GOSSE. That Sancho Panza is obviously mad from the outset?

MOORE. I had not thought of that. [*Thinks of it, with growing pleasure in the idea.*] That is a good i-de-a, Gosse. I do not say that it is a true i-de-a. But an i-de-a is an i-de-a whether it be . . . [*His voice drifts into silence, then suddenly bursts forth*] Why did not Cervantes treat Dulcin-e-a sub-jec-tive-ly? What manner of woman was she? Don Quixote speaks of her as his mistress. That is not e-nough. One wants to know, etc., etc.

The foregoing dialogue is of course apocryphal. (My memory, retentive though it is, isn't so retentive as all that.) But it suggests, with no tinge of

exaggeration that I can see in reading it, Gosse's way with Moore, Moore's with Gosse. . . . Only, I haven't yet in these pages about Moore exemplified the goodness of his talk. I have merely said how good it was, and given examples of its queerinesses. . . . Oh, he too was often wit-ty. His mind, slow though it was in opposition, could leap swift and far on clear ground. Once, when the painting of "still life" was being discussed, he thus routed the conversation: "I don't care twopence about still life. Of what interest to me is it to see a picture of a bunch of grapes, a — a postage-stamp and a pair of corduroy trousers?" How perfectly delicious a generalisation! Of a certain very handsome and statuesque actress, whose performances were much admired in the 'seventies, he said "I never could bear her. She was like *most* of the policemen, and *all* the barmaids, in London."

It was odd that whenever he dropped such crystals as these, he seemed to be as surprised by his friends' laughter as he was after one of his *gaffes*. Wit-ty, he was yet no judge of wit; and he would sometimes appropriate and repeat without acknowledgement very inferior remarks made by other people. I had a personal experience of this foible. On the Sunday evening before he went to Dublin for the inauguration of Irish drama, he and I had met at the Gosses'. He had been inveighing against Kipling; and, as we walked away together along Delamere Terrace, I said that I thought Kipling fifty years hence would be remembered no more nor less than Martin Tupper was remembered now. Moore paused under a lamp-post. "That is a-mazingly good," he exclaimed. "Fifty years hence Kipling will be remembered only as Martin Tupper is re-membered today! Oh but you really must let me say that in my speech!" Next morning he went to Dublin. I went next night. On Tuesday I was present at a luncheon which he has described in "Ave" — a luncheon given by Mr. T. P. Gill. I sat exactly opposite to Moore. Either Yeats or Mr. Gill mentioned the name of Kipling. "Oh," said Moore, "Kipling! Fifty years hence Kipling will be remembered only as Martin Tupper is remembered today!" We all laughed our appreciation, and I especially murmured "Capital!" Dear Moore had entirely forgotten me as maker of his remark, such as it was. He didn't make it in his actual speech on the following Thursday. I suppose he had made a rule never to repeat himself.

It was said that in his books, too, he sometimes incorporated as his own the sayings of other people. When "Evelyn Innes" appeared, my friend Clyde Fitch, the brilliant American dramatist, an annual visitor to London, was startled at finding that the description of Evelyn's acting of Margherite in Gounod's Faust was already familiar to him. A year or so before, he had written in an English weekly paper, "The Musician", a detailed appreciation of Madame Calvé's interpretation of the

part at Covent Garden Opera House. The article was one of about a thousand words. Almost all of these, with a very slight emendation here and there, had been appropriated by Moore. I asked Clyde Fitch what he was going to do about it. But Clyde was a very good-humoured fellow, and said he wasn't going to do anything at all about it.

Perhaps it was apropos of this touching little theft in broad daylight that I said a rather good thing which, as I have not in my time said many good things, you must let me quote to you. D. S. MacColl and I and dear old William Nettlehip, the painter, who was one of the most fervent delighters in Moore, were talking of realism in fiction. "I'm afraid," said Nettlehip, "Moore's sometimes rather heavy-handed." "Perhaps; but he's awfully light-fingered," said I. . . . Now that I have made this quotation of myself, the excuse I gave for it seems not good enough. I am sure Moore wouldn't have thought it worth borrowing.

4

OFTEN, when I met some perfect type of average English gentleman, I used to wonder in what degree he would have been more exciting, more of an individual, had he not gone to a Public School and an University. In presence of a true eccentric, conversely, I would wonder how much of him this curriculum, had he been cast into it, might have marred. For academic debate within my breast no question was more fascinating than this: How far would Moore have been less Moorish if, in those malleable years of his, he had gone (say) to Eton and Oxford, instead of to Ballyhooly and Paris? It wouldn't really (I like to think) have made much difference. Oxford might in her own way have tinged, as Paris in hers tinged, his brogue. And he might have gone through life thinking his soul rather Oxfordish, even as he did go on thinking it rather Parisian. In his nonage, perhaps, Moore's soul did have a veneer of Paris; but this, thin and friable, was all gone before I knew him. . . . A few years ago, a friend of mine, who knew him only by sight and repute, saw him one day in Paris. By collocation of dates, I think this must have been at the time when Moore, as he told us in "Ave", had crossed the Channel in order that he might write in French that Irish play which was to be translated into English by Lady Gregory, and thence into Erse by Mr. O'Donaghue, and thence back into English by Lady Gregory for final and magical treatment by Yeats. My friend, who would have supposed from repute that in Paris on a fine afternoon Moore would either be making love to Mme. la Comtesse de Quelquechose in the Faubourg St. Germain or be bandying heterodoxies in a conclave of poets outside some little café on the Rive Gauche, was surprised to see him in the Reading Room of the Grand Hôtel, poring over "The

Illustrated London News" and presently hovering impatient near the arm-chair of an old gentleman who for too long a time had been monopolising "The Graphic."

In Paris he might have seemed to belong more or less to London; but not so in London. Wherever a true individuality may be found, there recognisably is *not* its home. Sometimes I used to see Moore dining in the Café Royal, on the ground-floor — a haunt of which you could say that it was neither French nor English; neutral territory (like that Reading Room overseas); no-man's-land. Here seemed to be, not indeed a home for him, but a fairly congruous background. He himself, I think, knew that the other scenes of London looked rather odd in relation to him. "If you did not know me — if you just saw me in the street," he said once to Sickert, "what should you guess me to be?" The question demanded thought. "Should you not," he pursued, with a touch of impatience, "guess me to be an English country-gentleman, who had come up to London to see his lawyer?" And then "What is the joke? Tell me the joke. If there is a joke," etc., etc. . . . No, assuredly, no passer-by would have attributed Moore to our simple English countryside. He could ride a horse well, I was told, and was quite a good shot, "but hang it!" Sir William Eden once said to me, "he always comes down to breakfast in pumps." And this reminds me that it was in shooting over the coverts at Windlestone that he met with an accident of which the sequel (as related by him to Sickert and myself) illustrated most exquisitely his indifference to the codes of behaviour that govern us timid creatures of convention. A young man who was staying in the house, and was one of the shooting party, fired off his gun at some wrong moment, and in some wrong direction; and the result was that a spent shot, glancing off a tree, badly grazed the surface of one of Moore's eyes. The sufferer was hurried back to the house, and surgically treated, and had to lie for some days in his darkened bedside. On the second day, the guilty youth came to the bedside, to express his contrition. "And what," we asked Moore, as he described the scene to us in London, "what did you say?" "I said 'Oh, go a-way. I do not want ever to see you. You are an id-i-ot. For heaven's sake, go a-way,' and I turned on my pillow." How much better, after all, because how much more sincere, this was than the prescribed "My dear fellow, it's nothing! Don't say another word! Sort o' thing might happen to any one!" Such phrases as these would not have implied any true forgiveness; whereas Moore, having uttered his mind, was free to bear no ill-will. The tone in which he spoke to us of the young man was perfectly good-humoured. It might, of course, have been less so if the accident had been more serious. Luckily, no lasting damage had been done. "In fact," said Moore, unconsciously taking for a moment the famous posture of

the Widow Wadman, "the eye is rather a pret-ti-er colour."

The thought that passed through the mind of Julia Hazeltime, when she found the Maestro Jimson hiding under the table in the deserted houseboat — "Surely this is very strange behaviour. He cannot be a man of the world!" — was precisely the thought raised by Moore in the minds of all worldly persons who met him for the first, or indeed the hundred-and-first, time. Yet neither would the unworldly have dreamed of claiming him for themselves. He shocked them. He was as one dangling to them the lures of levity and life. Of Edward Martyn, sitting stout in his tower at Tillyra, alone, cultivating his soul among his tomes of theology, Moore gave us in "Ave" a wonderful study — a study whose ridicule could not have been one tithe so good had it not been based on sympathy and affection. And Martyn, I believe, reciprocated fully these feelings. He liked to learn from Moore about modern painting, in return for what he taught him about old music. But certain it is that he was also afraid of Moore, afraid of his influence; and once, I am told, he gave to his fear deathless expression in a simple phrase, pensively uttered while he knocked the ashes from his pipe: "Well, he's a bhitt of a bhank-holiday fellow, ye know, Moore is."

A marvellous phrase, that; an absolutely perfect

rendering of the emotion behind it; but as a full judgement, of course, it cannot be accepted, nor have been intended. A man must be judged by what is fine in him, not by what is trivial; for the fine qualities must have deep roots within him, whereas trivial ones may thrive from the very surface. The bhank-holiday side of Moore, if there it was, can count for nothing as against the fine things inside him — his matchless honesty of mind; his very real modesty about his own work; his utter freedom from jealousy; his loving reverence of all that in all arts was nobly done; and, above all, that inexhaustible patience of his, and courage, whereby he made the very most of the gifts he had, and earned for himself a gift which Nature had not bestowed on him: the specific gift of *writing*. No young man — nay, no young woman — ever wrote worse than young Moore wrote. It must have seemed to every one that here was a writer who, however interesting he in himself might be, never would learn to express himself tolerably. Half-a-crown, we know, may be the foundation of a vast fortune. But what can be done without a penny? Some of the good writers have begun with a scant gift for writing. But which of them with no gift at all? Moore is the one instance I ever heard of. Somehow, in the course of long years, he learned to express himself beautifully. I call that great.



ODE TO THE AMBIVALENT

by ELIZABETH CHESLEY

1

You are very hard,
you are very cold
If I liken you to stone
the simile is not too bold.

Flint is cold and steel is tough,
the spark between them brief
yet men have learned and to their grief
it is enough.

And if you won't or if you will
I think that our impact shall make
the steel to ring, the flint to break,
and flame to rise upon the hill.

2

THOUGH hour by hour
and day by day
the leopard-footed tread of time
wears down the stone
it shall not soon erase
the memory of your face

Whatever bitter wisdom gained
from you, shall not disprove
this knowledge bred into my bone,
inherent in my blood, that love,
however bitter turned and lost
is worth the torment of its cost.



Every motorist is aware of the monotonous new communities, the clusters of little pastel houses, which have mushroomed up overnight within a thirty-mile radius of most American cities. Have they been planned with forethought or simply with a rich profit in mind? ROBERT MOSES, who puts the question, is an authority on parks, highways, housing, and municipal and state planning. In his thirty years of participation in New York's city and state governments, he has served every governor since Al Smith and both Mayors La Guardia and O'Dwyer. He has recently completed a report for the city of São Paulo, Brazil, on its needed public improvement.

BUILD AND BE DAMNED

by ROBERT MOSES

I

As the recent Census shows the continuing trend to suburbs from the city, and from suburbs to near-by country, we pause in our busy rounds to contemplate the horrors being perpetrated by uncontrolled boom building. It looks as if we may have a short breathing spell due to defense preparations and temporary slackening of demand for home construction, in the course of which the rage to subdivide may be studied, recent bad and indifferent projects analyzed, and steps taken to save what is left of the landscape and to stop destructive practices which in many cases amount to sheer vandalism.

Let us begin at the beginning with the countryside as God and Nature gave it to us. Historically every populous community is the result of the breaking of big holdings into smaller and yet smaller pieces — whether the original lands belong to Indians, pirates, colonial governments and companies, patroons, manorial landlords, grantees through royal patents, railroads, prospectors, churches, grubstakers, ranchers, farmers, or plain squatters.

The idea of control, in the public interest, of size of lots, streets, sewers, drains, landscaping, was at first regarded as a nightmare of madmen and then, after bitter recriminations and litigation, was reluctantly and grudgingly accepted by more progressive communities. It is still fought by stalwart conservatives as an outrageous and essentially unconstitutional exercise of the police power by busy-beaver bureaucrats intent on expanding swollen civil service forces.

Our overbuilt cities with their congestion, their trend to high office buildings and apartments, their complete indifference to the most elementary principles of civilian defense, their shums representing past neglect and greed, can to a considerable extent be rebuilt on better principles if we are smart

enough to look the facts in the eye and brush off the Babbitts who hold that wherever the dirt flies there is progress. On the other hand, cities cannot be revolutionized and turned into garden villages or green belts. In the suburbs and near-by country, however, we still have a chance to do the right thing without stultifying compromises.

Subdivision of old family estates, farms, and other large holdings is brought about by owners; by what is known in the trade as “heirs and assassins”; by lawyers, trustees, bankers; and last but not least by auctioneers, promoters, and developers operating under the title of realtors. Change in the heart of cities is, of course, inevitable and there is no use beefing about it, but the process can be orderly, gradual, and conservative instead of devastating. We must accept with a sigh of regret the extinction of roomy old mansions well set back from Main Street where the Magnificent Ambersons and their counterparts rejoiced in shaded lawns and iron deer, and in their place the substitution of Daisy's Diner and Lizzie's Lubritorium.

To young couples with one or two small children, fed up with life in a city sardine can or goldfish bowl, often with elderly in-laws, any house or apartment of their own in any subdivision looks like Heaven — and it is this craving for a home and bit of ground that the shrewd realtor counts on for quick sales and a big return on very little equity.

Let me say in passing, and without invidious implications, that you do not make a professional man out of every real-estate agent merely by calling him a realtor, and that state licensing does not automatically produce professional standards or restrain fly-by-night promoters. Land speculation began when the pastoral age ended, and only honest regulation will control it. As Secretary of State of New York some years ago, I had charge of real-estate

licensing, and I speak therefore with some knowledge of this subject.

The sentimental interest of estate owners, as distinguished from developers, in the preservation of the scenery is, I regret to say, often pretty thin stuff. As head of the park systems of the City and State of New York, a lot of woozy drip has been poured on me by these folks. They love the land if it doesn't cost them anything and until they decide to sell and move away. The big estate owners were the bitterest opponents of the state park and parkway program on Long Island. They said they would fight to the death to keep their ancestral acres intact and to exclude the riffraff from town, but they sold to developers who in most cases literally hacked the estates to pieces.

One of our leading philanthropists, long since gone to his reward, begged me to save a point of unique unspoiled beauty jutting out into the ocean, and within a month sold his holdings there to a ruthless developer whose aim was to blow down the dunes, tear out shrubs which had taken root after ages of conflict with wind and storm, and rebuild the point in his own image. My philanthropist friend explained that his hard-boiled brother had forced the sale. The same developer chopped down eleven hundred stunted white oaks on state land to make way for a power line. In this case, however, we made his agents apologize publicly and pay a heavy fine which went toward replanting, but it will take thirty years to repair the damage.

We have in our state park system a beautiful unspoiled salt meadow with a beach, a brackish creek, and sand dunes overrun by beach plum, cedar grass, bayberry, and stunted pines, and with a forested ridge running into it. We sought to protect it by zoning. The neighbors, who professed to love it, tried by every means to break down the restrictions and to fill, level, and minutely split it up. When we condemned more of it, they based their claims in court on what they would have made if their subdivision plans had succeeded.

The typical real-estate subdivision brochure contains distorted maps, claims that distant places are within easy commuting range, and pictures kitchens replete with shining gadgets, living rooms which look like Hitler's Chancellery, and gardens reminiscent of Marie Antoinette and the Tuileries. These folders, which aim to create a romantic atmosphere, are labeled Rocky Mountain View, American Venice, Marmaduke Manor, Phoenix Park, Pacific Shores, Aztec Village, Wampum City, Quahog Beach, Casabianca, or Capri. Their streets are named after fruits, Presidents, ballplayers, movie stars, Indians, Eskimos, departed local celebrities, Scotch clans, and Riviera resorts. There are usually guarded references to a magnificent community clubhouse where good old Crestfallen Manor still stands, and to murmuring hemlocks, vast expanses of sandy beach on salt or fresh water, and so forth.

Soon the frontage on main roads burgeons with new landmarks impishly called Snak Shak, Tumble Inn, St. Bernard Dog Wagon, Machine Shoppe, and filling stations entitled "Oil Well and All's Well." On closer examination the lots turn out to average less than four thousand square feet; the streets are narrow and are laid out in gridiron patterns; the houses are mere cabins; and what was once a pleasant bit of nature has been ruthlessly leveled and ripped up to make a subdivider's holiday. Building lots in such subdivisions represent about 5 per cent of the entire cost. An extra one thousand square feet would therefore add little to the price.

The tumult and the shouting cease. The developer and his drums depart. There remain for bewildered taxpayers and frightened local officials staggering problems of sewage, water supply, drainage, lighting, garbage, transportation, schools, playgrounds, fire and police protection, health, hospitals, in the slums of tomorrow.

2

Now let me make it quite clear that this type of fly-by-night subdivision by promoters whose aim is to dig up the scenery, stake out and sell lots, make the landscape unrecognizable, and then run for their lives is not the universal pattern. There are many honorable exceptions representing intelligent, responsible, and farsighted planning by private developers, life insurance companies, and coöperative organizations, who intend to live with their subdivisions, to control them and at least see them through to the point where a well-rounded and self-contained community is firmly established. These people preserve topography and planting, stake out lots large enough for privacy and for the exercise of ingenuity in landscaping, place restrictions on permitted types of houses, and establish wide streets for main traffic, dead-end streets and drives for safety, adequate utilities, playgrounds, schools, and community meeting places. And such people welcome high zoning standards established and policed by honest local officials with pride in their work.

On the subject of zoning, it is a regrettable fact that many of our cities and suburbs are without zoning laws, restrictions, and administrative machinery, or have systems so manifestly and hopelessly weak and apologetic that they are mere gestures. Most states do not license and properly control real-estate brokers, and building codes are nonexistent, inadequate, or honored in the breach, all of which come to the same thing. The same weakness appears in regulating billboards. Local legislation to control them is generally feeble and the destruction or blotting out of scenery by indiscriminate outdoor advertisers goes on apace.

The FHA, as our most successful government

stimulant to subdivision and large-scale home building on open land, has done a good deal but not enough to establish standards, and many new villages have been built with huge FHA guarantees on the basis of plans which should never have been approved, in order to keep down rents and prices, where a little more official intelligence and firmness would have saved the countryside and produced much better living conditions at very little if any additional cost. Nevertheless it must be said that FHA projects are immeasurably superior to most of those built with ordinary local loans.

Other bright spots are afforded by the better types of garden apartments, not involving large acreage but consisting of low buildings on a coverage of 20 per cent or less, and garden light industrial plants of unornamented modern design, surrounded by lawns, landscaping, and play areas.

If, instead of hiring half-baked revolutionary planners to fill our college undergraduates with ingenious schemes to disperse populations, split up big cities into little ones, go underground or into distant places to escape bombs and congestion, abandon large urban areas in favor of roadside villages, we were to publish reliable, simply written, common-sense information to control the building boom, what a country this would be! We most need a series of informative primers or catalogues describing twenty or more attractive subdivisions, explaining in terms understandable by laymen ground plans, utilities, lot sizes and costs, treatment of existing topography, preservation and enhancement of natural scenery, with sketches of large,

medium, and small houses. These brochures should also include standard zoning specifications for counties, towns, and villages, needed road transportation, recreation and school facilities, and evidence of the wisdom of adequate investment in subdivision from the long-range community view.

In the old days good carpenters in the country and suburbs were their own architects as well as builders and borrowed largely from standard catalogues of housing plans. Many of their works are laughed at today as outmoded, but they are not obsolescent. They have worn well physically and aesthetically, and they reflect something of the spaciousness, the elbowroom, the gracious living, and the respect for nature which are so lacking today. No doubt this was due to high individual and group standards.

Water cannot rise above its own level and no building boom can produce anything better than the ambition and pride of the community call for. If we permit the cheapest speculators to aim their schemes at the lowest common denominator, we shall certainly wreck most of the countryside before the next big boom subsides. If local people have no lively interest in their place of birth or adoption, how can carpetbaggers who have no roots or attachments be expected to preserve its natural beauties and maintain its traditions? A community must have leadership and conscience to resist the ruthless modern developer. These are commodities no outsider can supply. The most we as public officials can do is to hold the mirror up to nature, point the moral, and hope for the best.



IF, IN THE FOGGY ALEUTIANS

by EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Not ever, now, any more, upon this mildewed planet
Shines the sweet, wholesome sun: we live in fog.
Our leaves grow large and green, but we bear no blossom;
No colored hope unfolds, no poem speaks out
In Dutch, Korean, English or Tagalog.

Yet if, in the foggy Aleutians, if on the misty
Island of Kiska, island of Attu, any
Flower, however weak and bleak appears
In spring, between the cloudy craters, why then, although
It should take us a thousand years,
We can stare into the fog until it shines, we can force it to unfold us.

We must ask the men who have been there; they will know.



An Atlantic Story



As one of the founders of Story magazine, to which he devoted more than a decade of intensive effort, WHIT BURNETT helped to discover such writers as William Saroyan, Tess Slesinger, Allan Seager, Richard Wright, and Eric Knight. In the evenings which he takes off from his writing and editing, he is an impassioned member of a string quartet, an addiction which explains how he came to write the delightful fantasy that follows.

THE EVERLASTING QUARTET

by WHIT BURNETT

THIS is a story told me by a Welshman, an amateur musician, who had the wit to recognize the architecture of sublimity when he saw it. He was a man past middle age, with a huge, dark scimitar of a nose, and shaggy brows, and a wave of black hair — quite handsome in his way, but unmarried, and capable, one suspected, of a kind of dark humor, or irony. His name was Evan Evans, and he was a lawyer and a singer.

It is such a simple story, really. There is not even a woman in it, for a viola player's wife, who was not even present, can hardly be considered a participant. It could be retold in a flash — and yet that would not do justice to the theme, the passion of devotion of the four men involved.

One, I believe, I met once. I have a vague remembrance, in some little orchestra, of slight, sandy-haired Stevens. . . . He had a remarkably cheap, unusual violin. The Welshman later showed it to me. And I thought then, when he held the instrument in his hand, there was something wild and unearthly in his eye, as if he were remembering a glimpse of some other world.

The Welshman was also a fiddler, if not a very good one, and the love of his life was to sit down of an evening with a few pickup string men and play a humble second through the classics. So it is not such a strange thing that at one time or another Evan Evans knew them all, their manners and their morals and even the make of their instruments.

It happened in Brooklyn, where there is frequently to be found the string player, usually a moody, melancholy fellow, not quite good enough to be a soloist, not steady enough to be a professional, who is not geared by nature for orchestras.

If he is, for example, a viola player, he is always seated in front of the trombones and cornets, and, on a full attack, the tin pans of hell seem suddenly to crash in his skull, and the delicate thing in his soul which makes him a player on a mellow string is shattered and, at the next tuning up of the Brooklyn Home Symphony, while the horns are out in number, the viola has disappeared. Lost, dead, perhaps, but usually just forlornly absent, wishing somehow he could find a friendly string quartet.

Fiddle players are plentiful, but viola players are rare. Even their instruments are not easy to find, and like the performers themselves they come in odd sizes, no two quite alike, with odd-sized necks and different-sized bellies, and lengths which vary in inches.

Such a man was Arthur Nilson, a viola player.

Mr. Nilson was a tall, lean, Danish kind of chap, silent and thoughtful, and not quite successful at anything, a fiddle player who never had the fire for virtuosity and so "took up" the viola. That is, in his case, he clasped to his bosom the sad sweet alto of the viol family and, as his interest quickened to the almost hopeless task of conquering his new love, he saw, I was told, his wife depart his bed and board — that very day she had gone to live with her mother. It didn't much matter, for his passion was elsewhere. The viola is a challenge even to experts; to Arthur it was the test and fulfillment of his higher self. Anyway, he privately thought, his wife had the voice of a guinea hen, a high aggressive petulance of squawk, like a squeaking door with will power. Still, she always saw that he was well fed, and he didn't quite know what he would do without her.

The day it all began was a fair one. Brooklyn crashed to left and right, cars and trolleys and buses clattered and whirled on by, and there stood Arthur Nilson on a corner at Fulton, his viola case under his arm, big end to — he'd been for a sound-post adjustment — when this little man came up behind him, touched his arm, introduced himself politely, and the first of the dreadful consequences began to fall in line.

The man who accosted him, the Welshman said, was Old Herr Stoeffel.

"Excuse me," Stoeffel said, "I hope you don't mind. But that instrument — isn't it a viola?"

"Why yes," admitted Nilson. "It is."

And his eyes, of course, immediately took on life. Viola players not only sense that they are an isolated group, not much wanted in the society of really showy players, but they feel, as individuals, alone in the world. That anyone should recognize even the case as that containing a viola and not just a violin meant that here was someone indeed — it could only be a quartet player, and quartet players are in the seventh rank of angels.

"I thought so," said Old Stoeffel. He was a stocky, squat little German-American with a sense of persistence. "It wouldn't be, also, that you play occasionally in a string quartet?"

"Yes, it would be," said Arthur eagerly. "I was in a quartet four years, until our second violin walked into an open elevator shaft. By accident, of course. All the other second fiddles we tried were difficult. Married. Or busy. Or they moved away. . . . It broke up the quartet."

"I see," said Stoeffel, rocking back and forth on his heels and nodding sagely. "So you fell back on the Beethoven trios, for a while, and even the Dvořák terzetto . . ."

"As a matter of fact, we did."

"It didn't work. Even Beethoven knew it wouldn't work for very long. There is no balance in three. And it was all good enough to get sore at the second fiddle and write him out, as Beethoven did, but three is no good, in anything — somebody is always the mother-in-law. Second fiddlers are no *verdammt* good. Still, you cannot have a quartet without a second fiddle."

No bus came. The conversation continued. Herr Stoeffel suggested, finally, that since it was a bright sunny day, and a good dry one too, the instruments would be in fine voice and wouldn't the viola player like to see, if he wasn't too busy, if they couldn't rake up a couple of fiddle players; he would get out his "old dog box," and they might play a few quartets.

Old Stoeffel's instrument was the cello.

2

At the time, happily, Mr. Nilson was unemployed. The amount of time he spent practicing on his

instrument had rather depleted his energy, and going up and down stairs in the department store basement where he had presided at a kitchen hardware counter had proved rather wearing. One day he quit, and although he had only a few dollars left, he had not really begun yet seriously to look for re-employment. He wanted first to get through the Kreutzer, arranged for viola, and then he was going out and battle the world. Unfortunately the meeting with Stoeffel was the event which was to preclude this forever.

He hesitated only an instant. He knew his wife would be expecting him to come for her, which he knew he would probably do. . . .

"I would be only too glad," said Arthur. "When it comes to playing quartets, I would rather play than eat."

He could have said nothing to bring more joy to Old Stoeffel. His square and rugged face abeam, he took Mr. Nilson by the arm and off they went up Fulton, only stopping for a necessary moment at a rooming house en route where they picked up Mr. Stevens.

"In Mr. Stevens," the cellist said, "you will find a second violin player *vom Herz aus*."

Mr. Nilson shook hands, and the three were on their way.

"I would rather play," said Mr. Stevens, from behind his unrimmed glasses, "than eat."

And while it was not a new phrase, it was the password of the devotees.

"Ja," agreed Old Stoeffel, striding alone, "even he often does."

And, if it is the Stevens I think I met once, playing in the Catholic amateur orchestra, it is possible that in those lean days he often went without a meal or two. He seemed to me a rather weak character, however dependable and solid in sustaining his part. His hair was thin and had been red, his eyes a pallid blue, soft and gentle behind his spectacles; and among the great violins of the world, he had no fine old Italian master, nor even one of the lesser Italians, old or new, nor even a German made by the numerous brothers Klotz, nor yet a common Czech made by the unskilled hands of peasant girls. It was Japanese. But even on a Japanese fiddle, Evan Evans said, Stevens made music.

On the way up Fulton, Old Stoeffel talked continuously. Perhaps he had never been so wound up with unspent bow strokes in his life. Perhaps he had not played quartets for as much as a month. And here, at last, he was assembling a group, and the day was shaping fine.

Only once on the way did Mr. Nilson suggest, a little worriedly, that perhaps he ought to make a phone call.

Stoeffel's quarters were an old brownstone basement where he kept his cello and his cameras, for in the good days he was a photographer, and oddly,

for a confirmed bachelor, he specialized in children's portraits. But hardly anybody in those days had much extra money to have portraits of their children — the kids cost enough as it was, there was no need of reminding their parents for all posterity. Der little mutts, anyway, said Stoeffel. For he did not like photography, it was a business. He had rather been a professional cellist, but while his application was excellent, his technique was not — he was never quite sure of the highest positions. Indeed he had once disgraced himself, but with an orchestra, so that, of course, didn't count — he had a solo and it was to end on one of those slide-home-to-base notes up near the bridge in the highest treble register, and being a little nervous, for everyone was to hear this note, he chalked the point on the finger board and at the concert he slid up the neck in unholy abandon, sure of himself and the note, until he smashed out the wrong note — sour — which everyone heard, for some devil just before the concert had moved the chalk mark.

Stoeffel found the cello, the only properly dusted object in his room.

"*Ein Moment!*" He leaned it on his chair. "I go up in the hall and telephone Rennie."

"He is a First?" asked Nilson.

"What a First!" said Stevens. "And he will drop absolutely anything if you just say one word, Quartet."

A familiar in Stoeffel's basement, Mr. Stevens dug out the half-rusted iron stands and arranged the four straight chairs in the proper semicircle under a stand lamp with a good bright bulb, for, bright as it was outside, Stoeffel's quarters were a bit gloomy.

The cellist had hardly more than returned and tuned up when the front door flew open and there stood the First.

He was a wild-eyed Italian, with double-lensed glasses, behind which popped the eyes of the true fanatic, sharp, bulbous, darting everywhere at once.

"Gentlemen!" shouted Rinaldo del Jolio. And he saluted with his outthrust fiddle case. And in less time than it takes to tell it he was seated, tuned and ready for the opener.

Herr Stoeffel thrust forward, with one foot, a tall stack of the Edition Peters.

"So! What shall it be?"

3

It is not necessary to tell any player in a string quartet, anywhere in the world, that of course they started with a little Haydn. All quartets, everywhere, start with a little Haydn, and it comes from the *30 Berühmte*, and if it doesn't at first sound so *berühmte* it sounds better as time goes on.

Old Stoeffel leaned into his cello, grasped between his knees like some beloved mount, and on his face was that lost rapture of the *Kammerspieler* of old.

Mr. Stevens, as second, soberly beat time with his left foot, the anchor of the seconds; Arthur Nilson, when he found that he was just about as good as his companions, achieved a kind of otherworld serenity, which in the *adagio* became sheer love itself, and it was with reluctance he let go of the rich gold tones when, at times, he produced them.

The first violin, Rinaldo del Jolio, was fire and steam and energy itself, and grace, too, and delicacy when the mood required. He was the lark, in The Lark, and Old Stoeffel was the root and the trunk of the oak; and when it came to Mozart, Del Jolio was the hunter and the hound and the fox, and behind him, with him, beyond him, with him again, were the others, Mozartian riders, the horns of the Hunt echoing and re-echoing from cello to viola, all coattails flying through the measures.

And so the day passed, celestially.

"Anybody tired?" asked Stoeffel, who looked hardy as a bull fiddler. It was long past dark.

"Tired!" sneered Rinaldo del Jolio. "How can anybody be tired when we have done only five Haydns and six Mozarts? And those only the chestnuts!"

"I am as fresh as a daisy," said Mr. Stevens, although the fiddler's neck was beginning to show a bit red beneath his jaw.

"I could die playing such music," said Arthur Nilson, with warmth. For here, indeed, were players, four who spoke as one, four whose voices blended from their instruments to weave ineffable patterns in the air. . . . There was nothing in life like this.

"I hope nobody is married," said Old Stoeffel, at the next brief pause. He looked accusingly at Nilson. "Wives are always expecting a person home."

"I am not married," said Stevens, needlessly, with pride.

Mr. Nilson awoke from his brief reverie of bliss — the bliss of music, not marriage.

"Oh," he said, "I forgot . . ."

They looked at him with alarm.

"It's all right," Mr. Nilson set them all at ease, although he himself still looked a bit anxious. "After all, my wife was a guinea hen."

"You know," said Del Jolio as the breather continued, for good quartet players do take breathers, although they can well play, if they are good players, without a stop till morning, "a funny thing. My girl used to tell me she was interested in me because she loved my music. The closer we got to getting married, the more often she told me I spent too much time on the very thing she liked about me most — music. Believe me, I saw what was coming out of that. I dropped her like a brick."

"Lucky for you," said Mr. Stevens. "Remember little Hermanson, the oboe?"

"Oboes are crazy," said Del Jolio dogmatically.

"Yes," Mr. Stevens concurred. "But he had a wife who was very irritating. She objected to his practicing. It did something to her head."

"It does something to the oboe player, too," said the First.

"They had row after row, but Hermanson had to practice to keep his lip up. One day when she broke in on him he killed her. He is leading the orchestra Up the River now. He was a neat fellow, very orderly, too. He cut off her ears so he could stuff her down a drain pipe."

"*Schluss mit den vimmen!*" said Stoeffel, handing out parts. "*Bitte, mein' Herren — Schubert!*"

"Schubert!" agreed Mr. Nilson.

And so there was Schubert, the one in A Minor, with the lovely *andante* theme from Rosamunde, which of course led to the harrowing and exciting Death and the Maiden, more exhilarating than the chase of any earthly female.

"When we get through all the music I have," said Stoeffel some hours later, "I have a big surprise. I save it."

The night had gone. It was early in the morning.

"This is a very practical apartment," said Mr. Nilson, sweating now, a trifle. "Nobody seems to object after eleven."

"The people on the next floor are away for the summer," said Stoeffel, "and nobody higher up hears anything. We can play right on."

They finished all the early works of Beethoven and were in the Rasumovsky period when the sun came up. By this time the tones of all were really golden.

Mr. Stevens's left arm required a little shifting.

"You're not getting tired!" frowned the Italian First.

But he did condone a moment's rest.

"I like your viola," he said to Mr. Nilson. He reached for the big dark somber instrument and turned it about with a knowing eye.

"Yes," said Nilson, "it has a nice tender tone."

"Ah, the tender tone!" said Del Jolio. "Once I had a job with Rosenthal next to Carnegie Hall. Would you believe it? I used to repair fiddles. The cheap ones. I was quite good, too. But it was a terrible bore. The customers were fantastic. I got mostly the amateurs. They were always griping at their instruments. I was glad to quit."

"There was one fellow came in the shop with a fiddle and asked me if I could give it a tender tone. That's what he wanted, a tender tone."

"I told him I could shift the bridge, change the strings, maybe alter the position of the sound post. I told him what I could do. But he looked at me so skeptically I couldn't figure him out. Finally, the cheap skate, he put the fiddle under his arm and walked out. 'I think,' he said, 'I see what I can do myself. I want a really tender tone.'"

"About a week later he came back to the shop with the fiddle in a bag. It was all to pieces. The

tailpiece was off, the ribs apart, the neck was in a pocket of his jacket, and the back and belly were lying on the counter like platters.

"My heavens, my good man!" I said. "Is this the same fiddle? Is this the instrument from which you wanted a tender tone?"

"I must say the fellow hung his head."

"Well, speak up, man," I said. "What in heaven's name did you do with the fiddle?"

"Well," he said, "finally, I boiled it!"

"Very funny. Ha-ha. Now," said Stoeffel, "back to work!"

And the quartet buckled down again to business.

It must have been quite late the next day when Herr Stoeffel felt the time had come to spring his big surprise.

It seemed there was a lawyer, an amateur musician, who lived half a mile out toward Flatbush, who was a friend of Stoeffel's, and the lawyer had recently come into possession, as a collector, of the entire musical library of the famous Gneisel Quartet. He had simply bought it, having money, and he had asked Stoeffel to catalogue it for him.

"What is so supremely obliging of my friend" — Stoeffel radiated his appreciation — "is that at this moment he is in Wales attending some Folk Song Sing or other, although he cannot sing a true note and is only Welsh through his great-grandmother."

"And being in Wales," he added, "he has left his house empty. And the music fills a whole room! And all we have to do is pick up our stands and take the bus to his door, and then we can really sit down, without disturbance, and play some quartets — quartets I bet you never heard of."

"I have always wanted to play a little Reger," said Mr. Nilson. "We never got around to Reger when I had my quartet."

"If he has a real library," put in Mr. Stevens, "there are dozens of Haydns you don't find in the *Berühmte*."

"What are we waiting for?" Del Jolio arose with his fiddle and jammed on his hat. Impatiently, like the leader he was, he waited, foot in the stirrup, ready to charge the unknown.

4

IT WAS this move, according to my informant, which was fatal. It was the one step too much. It opened to the players a world of treasures, and it was simply more than mortal could stand.

On the way to the Welshman's house everyone was busy with speculations as to just what they might find.

"Everything standard, of course," Del Jolio was muttering to himself. "The Gneisels played the whole classical repertoire."

"The Russians — all the Russians," Herr Stoeffel added.

"A little Boccherini might be nice," said Nilson. And in the eagerness of expectation no one — absolutely no one — thought of lunch, although it was now again near sundown.

But Old Herr Stoeffel did think to buy several dozen large white candles, explaining that, at the Welshman's house, with him away, there were neither lights, nor bells, nor telephones.

Thus they arrived at the big old brownstone, buoyed up only by the spirit. Nothing more substantial.

And after the key was turned and the music unfolded, only then did Herr Stoeffel think to mention food.

"I hope nobody is getting hungry," he said, in a low voice. He half hoped nobody would hear. "We have all this music before us."

"Hah!" snorted Rinaldo. He looked around, almost fiercely.

"No," said Mr. Stevens. "I have said it. I would rather play than eat."

"Also!" said Old Stoeffel, pulling up his A. "Let us hear no more about it. Fried fish! Phaw!"

"I am not hungry," said Mr. Nilson, who, for the last time, was thinking of his wife. She did love to see him eat. . . .

And thus began a session of quartet playing which, in all history, has never been surpassed. In a deserted house, near Flatbush, on a side street, in a room the proper size to give back a moderate *fortissimo*, four lovers of the art of chamber music sat down, in full possession of their faculties — indeed with faculties attuned to concert pitch — in the total absence of an audience, for audiences have never been sought by your true chamber music players — and from Palestrina to Bartók, the four fellows fiddled . . . and fiddled . . . and fiddled. . . .

They fiddled low and they fiddled loud, they fiddled *adagio* and they fiddled *prestissimo*, they fiddled through the wildness and the pathos of Smetana, and they glowed in the sentimental honey of Borodin, faced each other through the thick harmonic woods of Brahms, waxing soft and beatific in the serenities of Franck. They fiddled the classics of the masters, and wandered into the half-forgotten mannerisms of the Dittersdorfs and others of their kind; they played the archaic and the modern. They found hand-copied reproductions of the *In Nomines* of Byrd and Brewster, and *Sonatas a quattro* by Scarlatti and a lone rare *Ricerari a 4 voci*; and then, in contrast, they ventured out into Debussy's glazed lakes of tone and were swept along by the rhythmic rushes of Prokofiev.

If, in Stoeffel's casual library, music had seemed to have been created at times past for the sake of the players, here in the collector's home, amid these treasures of the spirit, the players seemed to have

been created for the sake of the music, and in this sphere, a realm of sounds, four lone men, with no allegiance other than to this, were lost to the world, and they who had rather play than eat just played . . . and played . . . and played . . .
. . . and played. . . .

The Welshman came home late in the fall. His stay in Wales had been a prolonged one. He had had a lovely time, and music was in his veins, singing *Fal la la* with the Welsh. Evan Evans was rather looking forward to finding Old Stoeffel and sorting out the music.

The lawyer had not expected to find Old Stoeffel where he found him — nor any of the others, including Mr. Nilson. But there they were. No one had ever missed them. No one had even looked.

They were all still seated, slumped a little, their instruments glued to the chins of the three fiddlers — and all was quiet, as if at the end of a peaceful *cantabile* the choir of musical sounds had thinned away, *diminuendo*, into final silence — and Old Herr Stoeffel, motionless, still gripped his cello between his well-starved knees.

The candle wax lay white on the Welshman's carpet.

It was, of course, the perfect quartet. It is a rare thing to find a quartet which can meet at a time to suit everyone. Four individuals have four separate lives. It is rare, when you find four good players, that one doesn't have to leave before the others are satisfied. Here was a meeting not only of minds and talents, but a meeting of spirits. It could happen only once in a lifetime. And they all simply played themselves to death.

I have never had any reason to doubt the Welshman's story. As I say, he was himself a fiddler. Nilson and Stoeffel and Del Jolio I never knew. But the cheap little Japanese fiddle that Stevens used to play on is still in Evan Evans's collection.

"A memento," he explained, "of a great artist — four great artists!"

It was a Nipponese imitation of a Stradivari.

"In a good quartet," he said, "even the second fiddle is beautiful!"

He was right. He would know. And I haven't any doubt that ringed around in their proper chairs in heaven are now the four greatest amateur quartet players of all time — Old Herr Stoeffel, the organizer, the pack horse of the dog box, undefeated; Del Jolio, the egoist, making commanding eyes at the thirty-second note runs; Mr. Stevens, in his unrimmed glasses, nothing, it is true, by himself, but strong among his kind; with Arthur Nilson, free from his conscience forever, sweetly blending in on his tender-toned viola — and in the *pizzicato* passages the whole quartet airily outplucking all the angels of heaven and their harps.



*After graduating from West Point, CHARLES W. THAYER resigned from the Army in order to prepare himself for a post in our Foreign Service. He went to Moscow to learn Russian, and there in 1934 he became one of the assistants of Ambassador Bullitt. In all he spent eight years in Russia; it was a time of more gaiety and less tension than today, as the experiences recounted in his forthcoming memoir, *Bears in the Caviar*, will show. The book is to be published early in the new year by Lippincott.*

SEALS IN THE BALLROOM

by CHARLES W. THAYER

I

WHEN the American Embassy arrived in Moscow in 1934, there was already a large colony of American newspapermen, engineers, students, and fellow-traveling do-gooders. In those days Moscow provided plenty of attractions in the way of excellent theater, lush opera and ballet, and even night clubs of a peculiar Muscovite sort. It was easy to buy tickets to the Moscow Art Theater — one of the best of its kind in the world — or to the ballet — the only one of its kind in the world; and a good dinner at the Métropole or the Medved Restaurant was cheap enough. But there was no central meeting place for Americans comparable to the Embassies of other nations.

So when Christmas, 1934, drew near, Ambassador Bullitt told me to arrange a party for the American colony. "And make it good," he insisted. "They've been long enough without a real shindig." Unfortunately, he was called back to Washington before the holiday, for consultation with the President, but his Counselor, John Wiley, was to act as host instead. So I went to work.

For all its theaters and ballets and operas, Moscow isn't exactly an Elsa Maxwell paradise. There were a handful of jazz bands which were engaged by various hotels and they were rather reluctant to come to Embassies. There were no catering firms to prepare large dinners. There were no accessible theatrical agencies from which you could order up a song-and-dance act. There wasn't even an Elsa Maxwell. Gradually we learned how to use a little ingenuity in getting around these omissions in the socialist system. But this was our first attempt and I was starting from scratch.

I went to Irena Wiley, the wife of the Embassy's Counselor, and explained the problem.

"Let's glass over the big ballroom floor and make an aquarium we can dance on," she proposed.

As a first suggestion, it showed imagination, but

I pointed out that plate glass had been somehow neglected in both the First and Second Five-Year Plans. Besides, what would we use for fish?

"Perhaps you're right. How about an animal act? Let's go to the Zoo and see what they have to offer," Irena said.

That sounded better, and together we called on the Director of the Zoo. He was a nervous little man, obviously not entirely at his ease in talking to foreigners. You would have thought that directing a zoo would normally be considered a fairly safe nonpolitical sort of job even in the Soviet Union. However, I remembered that one of my few Russian friends had been Director of the Zoo during the Revolution and had been fired for letting the only elephant who survived the overthrow of the Czar die. (My friend was subsequently shot during the purges for crimes not specified.) Perhaps the present director had some sick elephants. Or perhaps he was just reluctant to get involved in so hot a political issue as a foreign religious holiday. At any rate he was not enthusiastic and very little help.

As a last resort we went to the Circus. In Moscow the Circus is more like a theater. It has only one ring, housed in a permanent building, and operates the year round. There we saw some trained horses (not very good for parquet floors), some trained dogs (not very original at best), some trained bears (a little lethargic, we decided, for a Christmas party; and besides, someone might try to make some political capital out of our replacing Santa Claus with a bear that walked like a man). And then we saw the seals. There were three of them — Misha, Shura, and Lyuba. They did all the regular seal acts, bouncing balls on their noses, climbing ladders while balancing their little dunce caps, and even playing tunes on the harmonica, only instead of "The Stars and Stripes Forever" they played the "Internationale."

As soon as the act was over, we went down to see Durov, the seal trainer, a young man still in his early twenties and free of most inhibitions.

At first he seemed a little reluctant. "I've never had my seals in a ballroom."

I told him that, so far as we knew, the ballroom had never had seals in it. But that was no way for a young Soviet citizen to talk. There were first times for everything — and this would be a double first. The argument impressed him.

"I suppose that if we could have two or three rehearsals at the Embassy, they might take to it all right."

They did. Late the next evening, after the last performance at the Circus, Durov and his seals arrived in a truck for their first dress rehearsal. We built a sort of chute like a sheep run from a side door into the unused service room which was to be the seals' dressing room. From it we arranged another chute into the big ballroom itself.

It's quite a sight to see three big black seals come prancing into a ballroom — particularly into the ballroom at Spaso House with its white polished marble pillars and equally white walls that sparkle like icebergs in the sun when the chandeliers are all on. Apparently, even the seals thought they were icebergs, for they slithered across the floor to the nearest pillar, cuddled up beside it, and acted as though they were coming out of their native caves for their morning toilette. It took several housemaids with mops to clean up after them while Durov tried to explain that they must act housebroken in the American Embassy. With that first lesson over, the seals went through the special routine we'd developed for them, and eventually — in the early hours of the morning — they slithered back into their truck and went home to bed at the Circus.

For two more nights preceding Christmas Eve, the seals rehearsed their act at the Embassy, leaving themselves, the trainer, and me completely exhausted. But by this time Durov was thoroughly enthusiastic about the whole idea. He even wanted to add a bear to the act. He explained he had two bears. One he had had for several years; the other he had just bought in Siberia. He admitted the second was pretty wild and had developed a rather nasty habit of killing people. But he promised he'd bring only the nice bear. However, I figured three seals were enough for one party, and suggested he bring the nice bear around another time.

2

On the night of the party, Durov and his seals arrived through a side gate and the seals were surreptitiously chuted into their dressing room till the moment for their show. What with having had no sleep for several nights and with all the excitement of his first Embassy appearance (it was his last too), Durov seemed to need a little stimulant to put him

on his toes. So I took him out among the guests, introducing him as a newly arrived American engineer. (The fact that he spoke no English confused some of the guests, but on Christmas Eve in Moscow things like that are apt to happen.) I poured a couple of whiskeys into him, and when the time for his act came, he seemed fully restored.

We collected the guests in one end of the large ballroom and turned out all the lights. Then through the little door at the far end of the room, a small Christmas tree with twelve lighted candles swayed precariously into the room, to all appearances supported only by a large black mustache. Then a spotlight went on and revealed Lyuba hiding under the mustache and balancing the tree on her nose. Behind her pranced Misha and Shura, one carrying a tray of wineglasses and the other a bottle of champagne. Durov poured one or two glasses and distributed them among the guests. Then he lifted the champagne bottle to his mouth and drained it. This last piece of business hadn't been in the script, but I guessed he was still pretty tired and needed a pick-me-up.

The seals then went through their more usual routine; they balanced balls, climbed ladders, and even played a Christmas carol on the harmonica.

The act was about over when I began to notice a little unsteadiness in Durov's gait. Just as the last trick was finished, he turned to the audience, made a handsome bow, sat down on a bench, and quietly passed out. Lyuba, Misha, and Shura waited a moment for their next cue, then flopped across the floor to their master, took one good look at him, and stampeded.

There are several versions of what happened during the next fifteen minutes. I can only tell what I saw. Misha disappeared into the audience. Lyuba bolted for the pantry, where the smells of a fine supper were rising from the basement kitchen. I went for Shura (she was the only one who didn't bite) and managed, after several minutes, to herd her into the chute and back to the dressing room.

As I locked her in, I heard a fine mixture of seals barking, women screaming, and German cursing coming up from the kitchen. I got down just in time to find the kitchenmaids scampering in all directions and the newly arrived Austrian chef jumping up and down on the kitchen table while Lyuba circled around the table bellowing like an angry cow and upsetting coal scuttles, chairs, garbage cans, and anything else that got in the way of her big flippers. The chef was holding a large frying pan and was trying very ineffectually to beat Lyuba on the nose. Just what he was hoping to accomplish, I don't know. But it seemed to amuse Lyuba, for every time he made a pass at her she'd duck out of reach, bellowing with obvious delight.

When the chef saw me standing in the doorway, he screamed: "Do something, for the Gott's love. Do something! Is no use standing there like laugh-

ing jackass!" While the chef screamed, Lyuba roared and the kitchen help twittered noisily.

Eventually the commotion attracted the attention of Durov's assistant, who had been having a little fun in the servants' hall. He immediately took charge of the situation like the traditional drummer boy in a military rout — which indeed it was. He dashed upstairs, dragged the limp Durov from the ballroom, fetched a pan of very smelly dead fish from his truck, and proceeded to realign his forces. The formation he produced was almost as unique as the situation itself. I found myself holding Durov under the armpits in front of me while from behind me the assistant reached around in front of Durov, shook the fish in the direction of Lyuba, and made noises imitative of the semiconscious trainer.

One sniff of the fish was enough for Lyuba. She stopped her wild dance around the kitchen table and slithered across the floor toward us while we slowly backed toward the stairs leading to the dressing room. We'd gotten halfway up to the first landing, with Lyuba in pursuit, when she suddenly suspected she was being tricked and paused. Relaxing on a stone staircase is not the easiest thing for a seal to do. As soon as she stopped climbing, she lost her hold and slid to the foot of the stairs. We followed after her. I shook Durov to try to make him look alive. The trainer shook the fish and made strange noises. Lyuba changed her mind and decided we were on the level and started after us again. But again she paused, slipped, and ended at the foot of the stairs.

While this was going on, the kitchen help, the yardman, the janitor, and the chauffeurs had gathered around the foot of the stairs shouting encouragement and advice. Each time Lyuba slid back down toward them, they scattered in disorder.

"Get some brooms!" I shouted at them. "When she begins to slide the next time, ram the brooms under her and hold her up. All she needs is a little support."

The brooms were quickly produced, and three or four of the more courageous souls below followed gingerly after Lyuba as she started once again to clamber after the limp body of her master and, what was no doubt far more attractive, after the pan of very smelly fish. The next time she paused, the brooms held her in place until she could be inveigled into taking a few more steps.

Eventually we reached the head of the stairs, and in a few moments she had joined Shura in their dressing room. Then we rounded up Misha, who had been going through a series of unrehearsed acts among the guests. Finally the truck was backed up to the side door and the seals were carefully herded down the chute into the truck and off to the Circus.

Later I found out that the journey hadn't been entirely without excitement. Halfway home, on a busy boulevard, Lyuba, still restless after her kitchen experience, had jumped over the side of the

truck just as she had leapt over the wall of the chute to the kitchen stairs. In winter the streets of Moscow are usually an icy composition of hard-packed snow — as slippery as the best skating rink. Lyuba was in her element and took off down the boulevard at a mile a minute with the trainer's assistant sliding after her. Just how she was finally brought to heel I never discovered, but I do know that half the militia in the Arbat District chased her to the very edge of the Moskva River before they surrounded her.

Back at the Embassy, all that was left of the circus was Durov. His assistant had promised to return for him as soon as the seals were put to bed. By the time the assistant arrived after Lyuba's second dash for freedom, Durov was again on his feet, not quite sober, but almost his old cheerful self. It took some talking to persuade him that his share of the party was over and that it was time to go home. Only after I had promised to drive him in my new Ford convertible did he finally agree to go.

The three of us drew up to the Circus building well after 3 A.M. The trainer and I each gave Durov an arm and helped him into the building and across the ring to the big animal-room beyond, where most of the animals were housed. Halfway across the ring a mysterious figure loomed out of the darkness. It was the night watchman, muffled up in a huge hairy sheepskin overcoat.

"Sh-sh," he whispered out of the mass of fur that completely hid his face. "Go quietly, the elephant's asleep."

I almost dropped Durov in the tanbark. Had all of Moscow gone berserk? I looked questioningly at the assistant. He apparently understood my feelings. "It's all right," he said. "He just means the elephant is lying down. Elephants don't usually lie down to sleep. It's a rare sight."

In the animal-room we switched on one small light and there, sure enough, was the elephant comfortably stretched out on the straw, sleeping peacefully, the only sensible creature I'd seen all evening.

As we stood admiring him, there was a rattle of chains down in the far end of the animal-room. In the darkness I couldn't see what had made the noise. But Durov apparently recognized it.

"Dushka, my little soul," he shouted, tearing himself from the assistant and dashing into the gloom, his assistant and I right behind him. When we reached the end of the room, I could just make out a huge brown bear standing on his hind legs and tugging at a chain by which he was fastened to the wall. He waved his two great paws about petulantly as he swayed and tugged against the chain.

"Dushka, my little pet," Durov yelled again, and stretched out his arms to hug the bear.

He had almost got his hands on the shaggy beast's neck when his assistant grabbed him by the scruff of his coat and pulled him back. "You damn fool," he muttered. "It's the wrong bear."

Retirement

ROLLO WALTER BROWN *was born in southeastern Ohio, in the mining region which he has written about in his novels. As a boy he worked on a hill farm, in a clay mine, and occasionally in a coal mine. He studied law, but preferred literature and the contemporary scene. For twenty-five years he has been a busy free-lance author. He has the American gift of inviting confidence, and in his biographical volumes, Dean Briggs, Lonely Americans, and Harvard Yard in the Golden Age, he has drawn illuminating portraits of some of the big elders of our day.*

MUST 65 BE FATAL?

by ROLLO WALTER BROWN

I

BECAUSE I am one myself, I am becoming a little sensitive to this talk about the gray-head. We hear that there are now about eleven million persons — eleven million of us — in the United States who have come to be sixty-five years old or older. We read that unfailing money is to be made in the treatment of the diseases of the aging, and note that geriatricians are taking their place right next door to the morticians. It is startling to catch the words on a physician's card: "Chronic diseases a specialty." We notice, too, that laborsaving gadgets are reported to be making the aging less needed for the doing of family chores. We see that a new style of house is proposed to meet the requirements of the aging. We seem easily to hear about more and more arrangements for caring for the aging where the aging turn over a part or all of their private property and settle in as permanent guests.

Statisticians estimate that by 1960 there will be nearly fifteen million who have reached the present customary deadline age of sixty-five; and by 1975 nearly twenty million. Some businessmen believe that the needs of a new wartime economy may require — or at least justify — the lifting of the deadline in many activities to sixty-eight or seventy, and that an expanding industry will hold it there. But there is also much quiet prediction that because of laborsaving machines the customary line will sooner or later be at sixty rather than sixty-five. In any event, men and women in great numbers, who had always supposed that they were human beings, must wake up some morning to find themselves labeled "a problem," or worse still, "a unit of inevitable discard."

Certainly many men and women of sixty or sixty-five ought to be retired. There are men and women who ought to have been retired at thirty-seven. And if certain ones had been put on the retired list at birth, the act would not have been destructive of civilization. There are men, too, who have worked

in the underground darkness of coal mines, let us say, who can enjoy late years of open air very much as an ancient workhorse enjoys perpetual days of pasture in the sunshine. Sometimes, too, men have by nature a short life span and are decrepit at sixty or sixty-five. No one would enforce continued toil on these — or on any others who honestly hunger for rest. But before we go on in the practice of retiring whole generations of laborers, school-teachers, college professors, employees in commerce, assistants or executives in business offices, workers in hospitals, clergymen, in mass-production style, ought we not to consider what the aging have to contribute to life when they are unhampered, and what the present practice does to them — and in consequence to their younger contemporaries?

Without any self-exaltation, one who has had the experience of living through the customary deadline age unhampered can say that it may be the most interesting period in life — at least up to that point. Usually any such declaration is greeted by the bright reply that the old boy is kidding himself; that anyone knows just by looking that sixty-five is not like twenty-five or sixteen. And it is just there that the whole misunderstanding arises. The interestingness of the life of a person at sixty-five rests not in any simple prolongation of earlier pleasant experiences. It is deeper than that; it is also, perhaps, a little graver. It centers in new elements that make this period unique.

One of these — a very important one — is the eventual sharp awareness that life has an end as well as a beginning. Always before, it has been possible to say, "If only I come through this, there will be clear going." But what could be thought of formerly as a hazard has now become an inescapable certainty — always just there ahead. I have listened to a group who talked about a young woman who was experiencing what they rightly called a tragic ordeal. From the best physicians available she had learned that she was suffering from a dif-

ficult ailment that would not let her live longer than six years. "How perfectly petrifying!" they exclaimed. "And to think that she works heroically on while she is under sentence of death!" Well, old people all live "under sentence of death." The respite may not be as long as six years. And if there is something heroic in working on when one knows that the end cannot be too far off, the old are heroic every morning when they face the new day. They do not quail. They are filled with the love of life that was intended to be used in living, not in contemplating death. In addition, through long years they have formed the habit of living. So they live on — with the implacable fact.

They learn to live with such a fact without having their lives made funereal. But constantly there are intimations that the fact exists. They perhaps glance through the wide doorway in the brightness of morning and wonder in a warm flash what will eventually become of their enjoyment of a favorite picture — somewhat as a young grandson wished to know from his grandmother what had become of last Tuesday. Or the gladness with which they hear favorite music is suddenly touched with the slightest melancholy. Or they go to look from a hilltop visited long ago and are troubled at finding the sturdy old house gone, and the cellar hole full of lush young birches. They may even discover some day that they are noticing the great red second hand of the clock in the jeweler's window as it races round the dial in too precipitate haste.

Something related to this that affects the gray-head's outlook, and that is not to be known by younger persons save dimly through imagining, is the swiftly mounting departure-list of friends. Suddenly, after a long presence, they begin to go, like birds that set out in large numbers on migrant wings. In a period of five years I have had to see the departure of thirty-seven of my older good friends. In noisy groups of superficial talkers, on overcrowded busy streets, in the enlarged quiet of a wakeful night, the loss comes home to one. And it is not just the loss of this or that person; it is the loss of a world in which to think or feel as one thought and felt before, a breakdown of the environment in which one has operated. There is a foreshortening of every view. Many future events will now remain permanently out of sight. The map grows smaller — and many matters cease to be distantly academic, and become almost painfully real.

2

BUT there is something more positive: the experience may bring one into a steadied or mounting productivity. For this period marks the rise of psychic power that has been freed from the dominance of top-heavy physical demands. A man who worked on till he was ninety mentioned this fact to me when I was forty — as if I had better know it!

Later I saw how many others had long regarded the fact as very significant. After Dr. William Osler had made his immature remark early in this century about the uselessness of the aging, W. A. N. Dorland came forward with a list of four hundred of the distinguished of history — in philosophy, in poetry, in science, in statesmanship, in invention, in music — to show just how much the world would have missed if all among these had been stopped at fifty, at sixty, at seventy. And since that time, new lists of late workers have constantly appeared everywhere, from the writings of Jean Finot down to the latest Sunday newspaper. Without any effort at special hunting, I have come upon a thousand or more instances of men and women who have lived on, worked on, to be septuagenarians, octogenarians, nonagenarians, centenarians.

In five minutes anyone can make up a list out of the times in which we live: Gandhi, whose greatness increased to the end; Albert Schweitzer, who works on and engages in new explorations in his seventies; Alfred North Whitehead, who began publishing his books in philosophy very late, and worked well on into his eighties; Dr. Harvey Cushing, who finished off a distinguished career at Harvard with a late distinguished career at Yale; Dr. Percy R. Howe, who continued to spread the news of a new conception of dentistry and health very literally all over the world until he was eighty-five; Bernard Baruch, who serves his country unselfishly at eighty; Mrs. Edward MacDowell, who marches steadily through her middle nineties; Charles Holden, who was called upon in his seventies to replan Canterbury, and parts of London, and other areas in England; Edward T. P. Graham and Frank Lloyd Wright, who are busy with their sharply contrasting styles of architecture as they approach or pass eighty; Robert Frost, who bears the glad news of poetry to every part of the country at seventy-five; Justices Holmes and Brandeis and Hughes, who late became three great symbols of righteousness in a democracy; Winston Churchill, who still fights valiantly enough at seventy-six; Bernard Shaw, who is very much Shaw in his nineties; George Santayana, who has been very busy through his seventies and eighties; and on and on. We know — whenever we stop to consider — that such men are a natural development in any life that is untrammelled.

And it is more than mere bulk of production; it is an unobtrusive originality, a quality, that results from certain maturer ways of looking at things. In some degree the graying man is a crucified person, for he has known ridicule, he has known failure, he has known suffering. He is quite certain to express himself with less fanfare, with deeper humility, with an elemental kind of refining that is too often taken for weakness. This contrast in late work with earlier can often be readily seen in the painters or sculptors, but it can be seen wherever

men of energy are permitted to work on, as in the late decades of Thomas Hardy. They are inclined to deal more exclusively with essentials, to reveal the poetry of existence without burdensome displays of means employed, to be content with less violent effects. They have learned that there is little reason for being clever when one can be unpretentious.

The positive view comes to be expressed in other ways. The mature man is not too much upset by the vogue of the hour, for he knows that vogues follow one another, and that something basic survives vogues. He comes logically to a deeper reverence for all life. He is not so eager to kill — anything. His pleasure is in seeing life come, not in seeing it go. He enjoys seeing the college girls bounding out of their houses with much life ahead and hurrying down the street to class in growing and dissolving bright clusters. He hates to read the casualty lists of boys no older, who will now never have the opportunity of seeing “a thought in youth wrought out in ripening years.” He appreciates anew Hazlitt’s “On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth,” for he has come to see how important it is that this feeling be kept.

Life itself grows to be the great positive phenomenon. He feels it himself, and he sees the same feeling expressed in others, when he is back for college commencement festivities. He winces a little when he notes which men are missing in the steadily shortening line ahead of him in the procession, just as the others do. But these men above forty or fifty have begun to look into each other’s eyes with a cordial understanding that at last they have made a secret great discovery. A twenty-five-year man, back for the first time when the cordiality of a few thousand men was increased by one of the last commencement appearances of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, declared: “I’ll never miss this again as long as I live. I didn’t know men ever got to be like this.”

To be sure, there are plenty of grayheads who have been soured by life, and grunt or growl their way along through the years in disapproval of everything done by the young, by the world at large. Yet if a graying man chooses to look about him, with occasional verifying glances at his own state of spirit, he can know as well as he can know anything that the period of the imposed deadline does have its own disciplines, its own distinctive powers and masteries expressed in what it produces, and its own ways of revealing its understanding and good will.

3

Now the millions who are by nature open in some degree to late enlargement of life are the ones that we insist on calling “a problem” and herding together in a kind of mental concentration camp. Life, we should have heard often enough by the

middle of the twentieth century, is oriented to the future. The greatest guarantee of life is the fresh new thing to do. But what kind of “life” is it when in the interest of a mass-production efficiency the grayheaded are artificially isolated so that they have nothing really important to look forward to except death? A famous professor emeritus answered the question. He put on his hat late one evening and walked homeward with me. When he was ready to turn back, he said, “You are earnestly requested to come again. For this business of sitting around with nothing to do but contemplate the inevitable is a hell of a life.”

Only go out and see: former skilled men in industry who now sit on the front porch; teachers who could contribute wisdom as well as knowledge, restlessly squeezing in as census-takers, assessors, babysitters, companions for other elderly persons, or trying more individually to face whatever is ahead in self-respect; study groups — and study is a godsend — who can make little use of what they learn, save as inner soothing; “homes” filled with the aging where even the most energetic of them cannot touch life that seems quite the real thing; winter-resort university clubs of hundreds of “castoffs,” who can have meetings and lively discussions, but cannot move to any effect; men holding important posts who are going to an industry’s “school” to be told how to get along on a hobby, how to make “the necessary adjustment,” how to view everything with serenity. Men and women such as these are free to face the terrifying fact that there is no real substitute for participating in life in a way that has personal meaning and recognized importance.

The grayheaded have become the most tragic — and probably the largest — of all the numerous mass-production blocs that negate the value of individual lives. They have been made to accept their own frightening segregation. Recently when I stood before a Never Too Late Group where nearly everyone was above seventy and the moderator was eighty-five, I was overwhelmed by the unusual alertness and intelligence of my questioners. It was a brave group. But it was like a lost battalion. There was nothing that anyone could do about anything that required action, for all these men and women were cut off from the normal processes of carrying ideas into effect — on the too simple basis of age.

How, then, when the aging in general are in this manner made into a great bloc so that they are excluded from their various customary ways of entering into life, can human tradition remain either unified or continuous? It is not only that they are put in a class; it is that they are looked upon as a class apart in life, now for all time — as no other class is looked upon. Why should we expect anywhere the subtle, cumulative understandings that spring from having all ages active to some extent in the same enterprises? How may we hope for any

league of youth and age that would merge enthusiasm and wisdom to important effect?

There is a loss in life all round. But as in every other mass-production process, the greatest tragedy comes to the variant who has the strength and the will to go on fighting. The weary or the lazy or the weak of will may subside into sitting in the sunshine and watching the world go by. But the man who is alive all through still, who has ideas in his head, who has not yet had enough of it, is asked to do what for him is impossible — impossible, that is, if he is to retain his self-respect: he is asked to change from living by honest inner authority to accepting an external authority — to surrender his own creative mind and accept the dominance of someone else's manipulative mind. Nor is it that alone. This dominance that takes over his destiny is exclusively the dominance of those who have had only the experience of being younger. Always it is someone who cannot know what he faces who answers the telephone, who greets him in every office he enters, who explains very casually what he must, of course, remember. Sometimes this younger person suffers only from the great freedom of total unacquaintance. Sometimes he is a cool inhuman being who professes to believe that atom-bomb shelters for persons beyond sixty might as well be forgotten. But whatever the specific circumstances, the clear intimation always comes through to the grayhead that he is now in the class of the finished. Despite mountainous sums contributed every year to education and philanthropy, no one hears much about any foundation established to help the late of years go on with their work. The isolation in slow death must be made complete.

4

It would be pleasanter if the grayhead who possesses full energy could lose himself permanently in the ridiculous. He can enjoy the resentment among the sagging middle-aged when they see him active and healthy, and friendly with the young. He can enjoy their greater resentment still when they hear that his waistline at sixty-five or so is just what it was at thirty. No less does he enjoy their half-pitying great smile of skepticism at the mention of a woman who is still active at eighty-six in an important art enterprise which she has long nurtured, or the man of ninety who stood up at his grandson's wedding reception and sang "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Such things are a little soft, aren't they? And even more he enjoys the inquiry of two youngish and well-massaged but noticeably deteriorating women who wished to know — questionnaire fashion — of a sturdy ancient how old he was, since he looked so well; and the man's reply, as he lifted his chin slightly for inspection, "I am ninety-two years old, and I haven't one wrinkle on my damned neck."

But always one comes back to seriousness. The situation is not to be smiled away or laughed away permanently. For a procedure has developed that says insistently to every energetic aging person: "You, too, are in the prepared casualty list." It takes away from life all heartening indefiniteness of reach, and circumscribes what one can hope to do into something puny when compared with the great unlimited lives. It creeps back smotheringly. "I am fifty-three; so I'll not try to take up anything as big as that. It can't be done in the dozen years before I settle down to building ships in bottles."

To be sure, there are possibilities of survival — wherever the mass-production idea has not yet come to apply. Farmers and lawyers and other self-employing persons — I know some of them — work on to eighty, to ninety — till they are ready to stop. Occasional colleges and small businesses engage "castoffs" and make good use of them for years — and thereby prove the absurdity of the customary wholesale practice. I know one man who retired from college teaching and became the president of a bank. Certain colleges have been turning toward the practice of carrying men beyond the customary deadline on a sliding scale of part-time work. The implacable sweep, though, that has established our negligent ways of regarding age has been in the other direction — spearheaded by something like this: We retire men in order that with all "obsolescents" out of the way and with eager — and often less expensive — new men in their places, we may increase savings or earnings ever so slightly in order that more may be deducted to maintain greater numbers of the "obsolescents" in the artificially produced slow death — this on and on without end.

This kind of hopeless logic — it may even turn out to be bad business — calls for a complete face-about in our thinking. For we have elevated something above the human spirit, when the human spirit should have the high place. The mass-production idea where it does not belong has treated the human spirit in the aging as inconsequential. It has nullified the last figure of speech that exalted age into something to be held in reverence — as all life should be. Age is no longer even a serenely moving river on its way out to open sea. The river has been despoiled into a great sluggish malarial delta which everybody is called upon to help pile higher and higher, while everybody talks about "feeding them," "housing them," "amusing them," "treating their diseases," "helping them to put in the time." The consternation at what is taking place should be greater than we have yet seen. For we are not only losing values that are essential in civilized life, but losing sight of what a value is — unless somebody sees with something of a crusader's vision that what the gray millions in the long procession require is not a pittance and a forgetting, but a fair chance to finish out their individual lives.



GERARD SWOPE, who was President of the General Electric Company from 1922 to 1940, and again from 1942 to the end of 1944, is one of the most beloved elder statesmen in American industry. In 1938 we published in the *Atlantic* his authoritative findings about the cost of living in Europe, and in June, 1940, his second analysis, "The Cost of Living in South America"; in 1950 he visited one country in the Near East and seven in the Far East, and here is his revealing comparison of their cost of living with ours.

STANDARDS OF LIVING IN ASIA

by GERARD SWOPE

IN the year 1937 in the course of visits to European countries, and again early in 1940 in visits to several South American countries, I made some comparisons of standards of living which were published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The articles aroused much interest and discussion, and thousands of reprints were made. This year I visited one Near Eastern and seven Far Eastern countries, not only to compare their standards of living with ours — a subject which has always been of absorbing interest to me — but also to see at first hand the various groups in countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean, and associated with the American Institute of Pacific Relations, of which I have been the chairman since December, 1949. In Table 1 I have compared the cost in workers' time in the United States of some of the commodities discussed in my earlier articles with their cost in the United States in 1950.

TABLE 1

Number of minutes' work required to buy
certain commodities in the United States.

Food Items	1937	1940	1950
1 qt. milk			
1 doz. eggs	102	135	116
1 lb. bread	(1 hr.	(2 hrs.	(1 hr.
1 lb. butter	42 min.)	15 min.)	56 min.)
1 lb. meat			
1 60-watt incandescent lamp	12	15	6.2
1 k.w.h. electricity	3.6	4.5	1.75
1 copy of a newspaper	3.5	3	1.5

It will be seen that the various items all take less of the workers' time to procure; that is not because there have been reductions in price in all items, but that workers' wages have gone up.

The basis taken was the low-income group, the

common or unskilled worker, using the day or hourly rate in the national's money unit of value and how much that unit of value would purchase in the community where the worker lives. Wage rates or cost of living in different countries cannot be compared by reference to exchange rates of the money unit. In some countries exchange is limited and restricted; in others there is a great difference between the official rate of exchange and the actual rate. In one country (Indonesia) the unit of money had been literally cut in half: all bills of five guilders and over were cut in half, the left-hand half used in stores or at the bank for one half the number of guilders printed on the note, the other half turned in to the government, with the understanding that the bearer would receive a forty-year 3 per cent bond for one half the amount printed on the note. It would be entirely misleading to compare wage rates of these countries on a money basis, because of the difference in purchasing power or real value.

Before leaving the United States from New York in January, 1950, I took the generally admitted wage rate of common labor and the retail prices in corner stores of four articles of food — milk, eggs, bread, and butter — and four other items in general use — a 60-watt incandescent lamp, a kilowatt-hour of electric energy, a gallon of gasoline, and a newspaper.

Food of course varies in the different countries, especially because of the difference in latitude from the North Temperate Zone of the United States to below the equator in Indonesia, and varies too in character, kind, and quantity; but all of the items in Table 2 are used to some extent in all the countries I visited; therefore the same four articles of food have been taken — one quart of milk, one dozen eggs, and one pound each of bread and butter.

TABLE 2

Number of minutes' work required to buy
four food items.

	<i>1 qt. milk</i>	<i>1 doz. eggs</i>	<i>1 lb. bread</i>	<i>1 lb. butter</i>
Israel	24	87	21.5	32.7
Pakistan	600	720	210	1380
India	168	204	40	444
Ceylon	90	450	45	450
Malaya	150	345	37.5	300
Indonesia	480	1260	168	360
Philippines	96	234	40	270
Japan	120	270	45	720
United States	10	37.4	6.7	34.3

The length of time an unskilled worker in the United States must work to procure one quart of milk, as shown in Table 2, is ten minutes; in Israel twenty-four minutes, over twice as long; in Pakistan six hundred minutes, or sixty times as long.

A glance at Table 3 will show that to procure the stated quantity of all four food items, a worker in the United States must work one hour and twenty-eight minutes, while in Israel he must work two hours and forty-five minutes, or twice as long. In Pakistan he must work forty-eight hours and thirty minutes, or over thirty times as long.

TABLE 3

Total time required to buy all four food items.

Israel	2 hrs. 45 min.
Pakistan	48 hrs. 30 min.
India	14 hrs. 16 min.
Ceylon	17 hrs. 15 min.
Malaya	13 hrs. 52 min.
Indonesia	37 hrs. 48 min.
Philippines	10 hrs. 40 min.
Japan	19 hrs. 15 min.
United States	1 hr. 28.4 min.

It will be noted that Table 2 shows great variety in some items between even neighboring countries. It follows that the longer a man must work for these four food items, the lower his standard of living; therefore the highest standard of living is in the United States. In second place, notwithstanding all its difficulties and large monthly immigration, is Israel; and in third place the Philippines. Far down on the list are Indonesia and Pakistan. While Japan is low because of the war, it is rapidly improving.

Also reflecting the standard of living are the items in Table 4: one 60-watt incandescent lamp, one kilowatt-hour of electricity, and one gallon of gasoline. The three countries, the United States, Israel, and the Philippines, also show the least amount of work to procure these items. The countries with the lowest standard of living, Indonesia and Pakistan, also take the longest working time to procure these items.

TABLE 4

Number of minutes' work required to buy
three commodities.

	<i>1 60-watt incan- descent lamp</i>	<i>1 k.w.h. electricity</i>	<i>1 U.S. gal. gasoline</i>
Israel	17	7	45
Pakistan	1020	120	780
India	174	28	288
Ceylon	180	12	285
Malaya	105	33	285
Indonesia	360		480
Philippines	40	20	105
Japan	105	8	120
United States	6.2	1.75	12

The last item is the daily newspaper, the cost of which is shown in Table 5. It is also a reflection of the standard of living and the literacy of the country, with the United States, Israel, and Japan in the first group and Indonesia and Pakistan last. This also indicates not only the literacy or education of the people, but the fundamental basis for democracy.

TABLE 5

Number of minutes' work required to buy
one newspaper.

Israel	4
Pakistan	60
India	8.4
Ceylon	1.5
Malaya	20
Indonesia	60
Philippines	10
Japan	4
United States	1.5

The total kilowatt-hour use of electricity per capita per year is a reflection of the degree of industrial development in a country and of the use of electricity in the home for lighting and household appliances. In the U.S. the kilowatt-hour use per capita per year is 2000, in Israel and Japan 400, in the Philippines 23, in Indonesia 5.2, and in India 1. I have no reliable figures for Pakistan, Ceylon, or Malaya, but the figures are very low, probably less than 1.

The use of gasoline and petroleum products tells approximately the same story. The annual consumption in gallons per capita in the U.S. is 600, in India 6, in Indonesia 8, in the Philippines 24, and in Japan 9. From this study and comparison of the standards of living in these countries and the use of electrical energy and of petroleum products, two conclusions may be drawn: —

1. That the central impetus in the Near and Middle East in improving education and standards of living is and will be Israel.

2. All the rest of Asia (exclusive of U.S.S.R.), Indonesia, and the Philippines will look to Japan for progress and development of education and standards of living.



Biographer and teacher, HAMPTON M. JARRELL has been since 1932 Professor of English at Winthrop College, the South Carolina state college for women. His most ambitious publication is Wade Hampton and the Negro: The Road Not Taken, published last year by the University of South Carolina Press, and he tells us that right now he is wrestling with a new article which begins: "To think straight as a human being is difficult enough, but to think straight as a Southerner has for more than a century involved additional complexities."

SUNDAY SCHOOLS DON'T TEACH

by HAMPTON M. JARRELL

I

LOT took his son to be sacrificed for Jesus. Abraham lost the Jews. Lot had a brother, Cain. Such were the answers I received in a test on personalities in the Bible that I gave to a class of thirty-four juniors and seniors, most of them English and history majors, in a woman's college in what is sometimes called the Bible Belt — oddly enough, as a term of reproach.

I gave the brief quiz, casually rather than seriously, to check on my growing impression that Biblical allusions in poems and stories, however "familiar," conveyed no information to most of the laboring readers. I simply jotted down ten Biblical names as they occurred to me and asked the class to state any information they might have about each: Benjamin, Abraham, Potiphar, Haman, Jonathan, Saul, Simon the Zealot, Pontius Pilate, Lazarus, and Lot.

I looked over the resulting misinformation with growing amazement and distress. All these students were native American Protestants. Virtually all — I did not check closely — had attended Sunday school and church to some extent, and several had been faithful in the young people's activities of their churches. Yet most of their comments on the ten names were vague, confused, or downright wrong.

In correcting the papers, I called an answer right if it contained any valid information or association, however much misinformation it might offer. For example, several students, combining Moses and Abraham, stated that Abraham was the father of the Jews who led them out of bondage. Such answers — may Moses forgive me — I checked as right.

Even under such an all-forgiving standard of correctness, no student got all the names right, though two missed only one. One student succeeded in getting all ten wrong. Half the class had no correct association with six or more of the ten names.

Fifteen or more out of the thirty-four students could offer only a blank for every one of the ten names except Pontius Pilate, which only three missed.

Prodded by this evidence of a lack of knowledge about the Bible, I made a few careful inquiries of individuals about their religious and ethical beliefs. Here, though I have no objective evidence, vagueness and confusion were even more evident than in factual knowledge about the Bible. Though many of my students are intelligent and well educated, few of them, I concluded, have any clear notion of what they believe or why they believe it. Yet many of them showed an obviously sincere concern about religion, and religious organizations flourish on the campus. As Milton observed about a similar problem, "The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed."

"All right," I can hear a skeptical friend of mine saying, "lots of people don't know anything about the Bible or about religion. So what? They are probably better off." That's one point of view. But not the only one.

Does it really matter whether people know much about the Bible or not? For my own part, I am convinced that it does matter, though I shall not try to prove the point. Does it really matter whether people have any clear understanding of their religious faith? Again I am even more deeply certain that it matters very much indeed. A people needs to be aware of where his knowledge ends — where all knowledge must end — and where his faith begins. He must understand the nature of his faith so that he can defend it against the honest doubts in his own mind as well as against the arguments of those who will try to shake it. Otherwise his religion will tend either towards superstition or towards apathy, and there will be a resulting multiplication of extremist religious cults side by side with a general indifference towards religion. A strong, sane religious sentiment, on the other hand,

can predominate only if there is a sound intellectual basis for its faith so that mind and spirit can function as allies, not as antagonists.

Are our young people getting such a foundation for their faith in knowledge and reason? I don't think so. In fact, I fear that all but a few are getting no foundation at all, but only vague attitudes and allegiances.

All right, then — if not, why not? The answer to that question is easy: they aren't learning because nobody is teaching them. Well, who ought to be teaching them? Here's where I start stepping on toes.

A child will learn most of what he knows about religion in his home and in his church. How about our homes? There is a phrase that was once so common as to be almost a tiresome cliché: "the faith I learned at my mother's knee." I have not heard it very frequently of late. Undoubtedly there was much in such a faith that was naïve, unscientific, irrational. None the less it was a very real thing; it had the moving vitality of life itself, which is also frequently naïve, unscientific, and irrational.

We parents are too prone to evade the difficult task of telling our children what we believe about the reality of the spirit; yet religious teaching at home, one would think, is at least as important as instruction about the birds, the bees, and the flowers. But we are so conditioned to delegating our responsibilities to others that I do not have much hope for adequate Biblical or religious instruction in the home, even if we were qualified to give it.

The job seems to be up to the church. Well, why not? That is what the church is for — or is it?

I talked with one of my seniors who had shown no knowledge whatsoever of seven out of the ten personalities listed in my test. She happens to belong to my own denomination, Methodist, and I learned from her that she had been active in most of the young people's organizations of her church ever since she was old enough to participate.

"It makes me mad as fire," she said to me, "when I think of the time I spent going to Sunday school and then realize how ignorant I am about the Bible and my own religion." She expressed the attitude of many students.

Curious as to how an intelligent girl could attend Sunday school for fifteen years and yet know so little about the Bible, I decided to investigate. I secured copies of all Sunday-school literature currently in use in my local church from the primary department through classes for young people in their early twenties. This varied mass of material included magazines, folders, monthly and quarterly lesson books, and teachers' manuals. I read it all.

My first and most outstanding impression from this study had to do with what I did not find. I did not find anything at all about the Old Testament. My college students could have read this body of "religious" literature with me and still could have

confused Moses with Abraham or believed that Lot took his son to be sacrificed for Jesus. As for the New Testament, I did not find any systematic or consecutive presentation of the teachings of Christ. The life of Christ, too, was revealed, not as a whole, but only in a few dramatic scenes such as the Easter story (all but three of my students, remember, knew about Pontius Pilate). The very foundation of our ethical and religious thinking as it evolved through the Old and New Testaments was virtually ignored.

Moreover — and much more important — I found no defense or explanation of religious faith as such, no basis for a belief in the reality and significance of spiritual experience. My students could have studied all that I read without finding any help in meeting the hard, positivistic dogma that they encounter in much of the thinking today. The Christian churches are fooling themselves badly indeed if they believe that they can assume an unyielding faith in their young people in an age like our own that is characterized by a widespread scorn of "dualism" or "supernaturalism."

Not only did the material I read provide little basis for a religious as opposed to an atheistic view of life, but also it gave the reader no help in understanding why he might want to be a Christian rather than, say, a Hindu or Buddhist. A Protestant rather than a Catholic. A Methodist rather than a Baptist or Presbyterian.

Just how much theological instruction young people should have is a matter for experts to decide, but certainly if a church has a basis for its faith, an important part of its job is to pass along such understanding to the rising generations. I could find no evidence that the Sunday-school literature I examined was making any serious effort toward that end.

2

If, then, the lessons provided for our Sunday schools teach little about the Bible or religious doctrine, what, the uninitiated might ask, do they teach? If I may judge by the considerable amount of material that I examined, the answer to that question is simple: they teach sociology, political science, economics, and international relations, all with an assurance of divine authority which makes easy the solution of the most complex social problems. The Bible, particularly the New Testament, serves largely as a grab bag of arguments for or against whatever current practice or ideology the writer is defending or attacking. Verses extracted from the various Gospels and stripped of their context serve to flavor sure-fire panaceas for all the ills of our complicated industrial system. Or they provide a one-shot cure for the international maladies of a sick world.

Those who concoct these discussions seem never to have realized that a text without its context is a

pretext. The dominant tone of much of this material, too, is argument rather than explanation, indoctrination rather than education, propaganda rather than teaching, all with an assumption of absolute truth. At various times in its history the Christian church has weakened its hold on the minds and hearts of thoughtful men by trying to make dogmatic theology a substitute for the natural sciences. All but a few extreme fundamentalists have abandoned that effort by now; but, it seems to me, many churches are now making the same mistake with the social sciences. Too often theology offers a seductive short-cut to social wisdom that makes the way of knowledge look narrow, rough, and a long way around, with the added implication that those who refuse to take this short-cut are damned.

I talked about this problem with a number of Sunday-school teachers in my own and in other denominations. With an impressive unanimity they expressed disgust with the lesson materials provided. As one teacher put it, "I get sick and tired of teaching my children how to stop all strikes one Sunday and how to ensure universal peace the next. I know I don't know anything about it, and I doubt if the ones who write the lessons know much more." She expressed a general attitude.

If, then, as my investigation indicated, too much Sunday-school literature is directed towards the solution of current problems instead of towards instruction in the Bible and in matters of religious doctrine, other questions follow: Is the resulting satisfaction equal to the cost? What is the loss and what is the gain? These questions, of course, cannot be answered precisely or completely. While undoubtedly a Christian church cannot be indifferent to the social needs of mankind, a major emphasis on the external welfare rather than on the spirit of man, particularly in the religious education of the young, entails grave consequences. The loss involved in such an emphasis, I believe, is heavy. The church is not giving its young people an adequate intellectual foundation for religious thinking. Some kind of religious speculation and discussion is, of course, inevitable, but wise religious thinking requires guidance — a guidance too often lacking.

As for the gain, I have little evidence one way or the other. Most of the sociological discussions I read impressed me as so callow and confused that I cannot imagine their having much effect of any kind, good or bad. Certainly they add little to what the public schools teach, and teach better. The objectives these writers advocate, to be sure, are obviously beautiful and good — the elimination of poverty, injustice, racial animosities, and wars — but the means they suggest for achieving those desirable ends, when they do suggest means, are too vague or unreal to add much of value to a study of the problems.

Here is one small bit of evidence of the ineffectiveness of the Sunday-school material provided by my own church. As a Southerner I have been aware for some years of an intensive campaign waged by the Methodist Church against racial segregation in all aspects of our national life. The various types of propaganda devices usually deemed effective — cartoons, photographs, articles, editorials, and lessons — have been employed with relentless repetition. What has been the result of this sustained campaign to end segregation? With some surprise I noted in a recent study of the Negro in American society that throughout this wide land, North, East, South, and West, no more than six hundred and forty Negroes are members of white Methodist congregations. In other words, years of intensive and expensive effort by the church have scarcely affected the practice of racial segregation even in the church itself.

From where I stand, my church seems likely not only to sell its birthright of religious teaching, but also to miss collecting the expected mess of pottage.

We Americans are a curious people. As a whole we claim belief in the fundamentals of the Christian religion. Our leaders tell us that our hope for the future lies in the moral fiber and Christian principles of our people. Besides that, we have a reverence for the value of education just this side of idolatry. Why can't we get the two ideas together and educate our children in the fundamentals of Christian principles? Many of our churches, it seems to me, are missing a big opportunity.





A GLOUCESTER LITANY

In memory of William Rose Benét

by S. L. M. BARLOW

What hast thou that thou didst not receive? — ST. PAUL

THESE have I
That were freely given:
The mystery
Of life, even
The hope of heaven;

A house that's free
Of debt, except to Thee;
A hospitality,
A Continent
Of friends content;

A small security
To forebears due (not me);
Clothes for my back with cloth to spare
For those who lack
Or travel bare;

A garden by the sea:
Proof that as hands harden
Miracles are wrought:
No man may garden
With a black thought.

So snug to lie
Is niggard and unventured:
Estate is but a clod
Of earth indentured
Unto God.

No wall so high
That it denies
The neighbor — pride is sin.
Without and deep within
Samaria lies.

As you can see,
Some talent with the word —
And yet the Word
Was Thine in the
Beginning, Lord.

In Galilee
The nets were spread;
Still in the strands are we
Caught, comforted,
Clothed, fed;

Plain men like me
Saw glories multiply
Of loaf and fish —
And so may I
In my own dish.

This my thanks be
Before this day is quit:
For grace to tell
Thy story and the wit
To tell it well;

For gull and sail that fly
Beyond my beach, the mess
Of cod, the berries on the shelf.
(Man does not bless
Himself.)

And I bless Thee
For friends who still bless me,
And for my spirit's food
And warranty:
Thy Body and Thy Blood.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



ALMA STONE makes her first appearance in the Atlantic with a story about her native state. She was born in East Texas and was educated at Southern Methodist University and Columbia. "At various times," she tells us, "I have taken cash in a restaurant, sold books, taught English to foreigners, and worked for a Chinese news agency and, briefly, for the Methodists." Miss Stone is now living in New York, working on the staff of Sarah Lawrence College Library, and writing in her spare time.

MR. WILSON AND THE GULLS

by ALMA STONE

WHAT you called it didn't matter. If you couldn't think of anything else to call it, said Gladys, call it brotherly love.

Brotherly love! said Ethel, slinging the silver on the tables. She'd never noticed any Brotherly Lovers knocking themselves out doing things for Gladys. She'd never noticed any Friends of Jesus throwing a thousand-dollar bill in Gladys's lap. How'd Little Miss Sunshine explain that?

No, said Gladys, straightening the silver, she wasn't rich, nobody had ever dashed up with a mink coat and a Packard car and said "Come with me, Gladys dear, I want you to be Queen of the Wholesale Grocers' Convention"; Mr. Free-and-Easy had never come to Kelcy's Kitchen in Houston, where Gladys worked in the winter, and said "See here, good-looking, are you going to accept this fourteen-carat diamond breastpin peaceable or am I going to have to pin it right on your two snowy-whites?", and as per usual, Ethel had missed the whole point of the discussion. As for being Little Miss Sunshine, Gladys thanked her for the compliment (not intended, of course; Ethel would have beat her brains out against the sea wall before she would have given you a compliment) and said o.k., forget the brotherly love if it was going to put Ethel in the heat. Just call it plain old common sense — giving people a helping hand along the rocky road of life, being honestly interested in people and their problems, like say, Mr. Wilson and the gulls.

Why did Mr. Wilson come to the café day after day and just sit there drinking beer and feeding the gulls?

The café was long and narrow and juttied out like

a greasy old peninsula into the big hot water of the Gulf. On one side was Convention Pier, cutting off the view, but on the other side were the wide open beach and the gulls. Gladys's tables were all on the open side near the gulls, and Mr. Wilson would not go to any table but hers. Gladys was Over Thirty-five (but with good, natural brown hair) and had to watch her hips and those little lines under her chin that were a dead giveaway. Once when she first found herself cracking Gladys had gone through a period of trying not to smile so her skin wouldn't stretch, but it had been too hard to remember (Gladys was a born smiler) and the way her customers had responded to the sudden change, looking at her in a very cynical way like oh, well, having a nice, smiling waitress had been too good to last, anyway, had got her goat. If you were going to be Miss Sour Puss get out of the game, thought Gladys. Get in funeral work if you were going to be Miss Sour Puss. People didn't want to look up and see Miss Sour Puss waiting on 'em.

People were one of Gladys's main interests in life, in fact if you said the main interest you'd hit it closer. She figured she'd seen 'em at their worst, eating and tipping and — this was the test — at conventions, and she had come up still thinking people were pretty fine. Ethel, though, just to show how different people reacted, had come up despising not only people but gulls, and did everything she could to discourage both.

Mr. Wilson had his first date with the gulls on the fifteenth of June. The following two weeks the sweet Gulf breeze swept like a huge fan over the Fair City of Conventions. Visitors jammed the

boardwalk and the piers; bathers splashed briskly in the shimmering sea. Even the natives came out at night. Then one morning, suddenly, mercilessly, the breeze stopped. A heat that was almost alive struck one fantastic blow at the city and dumped it, a dead, wet duck, into the sweltering embrace of the sea wall. By noon the boardwalk was deserted, the sea a silent pond. The convention crowds parked in the cool, dark bars of the big hotels on Ocean Avenue. The natives lay low. Now and then in the ghastly quiet of the Avenue there was the sound of heat slowly frizzling the tar of the bulging asphalt street.

In the café the smell of old fry hung heavy as fog. Gladys wiped the sweat from under her knees, hung her handkerchief in the hot air of the fan to dry, and eyed Mr. Wilson and the potbellied old gulls coasting lazily past his window. Now look, Mr. Wilson, she thought, personally I admire a man that's kind to dumb animals. But Mr. Ben, the manager, is a squirt. He can't stand the way you waste bread. He's too little to see that all the beer makes up for it; all he's big enough to see is the bread bill. And frankly I don't want to sweat out another uniform today getting all worked up over it, Mr. Wilson. So why don't you just give your pals a rest for once and go on back over to the hotel like everybody else and get quietly drunk under air conditioning? Have one for me, too.

"Here comes Little Brother, Gladys. Watch him."

Little Brother so-called (Gladys couldn't tell Little Brother from Little Sister Sue but took Mr. Wilson's word for it) got the nod and his orange legs held back straight against the gray-white feathers, his eyes black with greed, he swooped like a hawk for the bread, catching it on the fly. Smiling, interested in spite of the heat, Gladys watched him, trying with all her might to get as much out of it as Mr. Wilson did. She gave it all her attention like people did the ocean, watching the waves and the tides and seeing them as Life, or Time Marching On, or maybe a Big Ideal or Stuff, never just water. She watched the gulls like they were more than gulls, like she was seeing more than she saw, but mostly she watched Mr. Wilson, watched his large, flushed face grow redder and redder as the beer took effect, watched the wet patches slowly gather under the arms of his coat (Mr. Wilson would have drowned in his own sweat before he would have worn his shirt sleeves in front of ladies) and thought my, Mr. Wilson is a dignified-looking somebody, just her type, if she didn't have Mr. Birnbaum in Houston.

Abruptly she turned toward the kitchen; she could hear the hurried little tracks of Mr. Ben behind her but she went on.

"Don't take that big bastard any more bread."

"He's a customer, ain't he?" She fought back the heat and the anger, feeling her uniform go wet.

High, deliberately, she stacked the bread on the plate. Take it out of my salary, she dared him, let me see you take it out of my salary. He was too big a coward to follow her back to Mr. Wilson's table.

"For Little Brother." She set the bread down handy to Mr. Wilson and made a joke. "Mr. Ben's compliments." But Mr. Wilson, a quick look of expectancy on his fine, dignified face, was watching the boardwalk. A big man like Mr. Wilson should sit facing the sea, thought Gladys. A man of Mr. Wilson's large character should regard the surf and the changing tides, not the watermelon stands and the Live Bait signs. It was plain enough by now, though, that whoever he was expecting would arrive by foot and not by sea.

From the big tips he left, Gladys picked Mr. Wilson for an oilman, not knowing a thing about it, really. Mr. Wilson was hardly what you would call a talker, confining most of his remarks to gulls and beer, and even with her genuine interest in people, Gladys never butted in on their private affairs. (Smile, all right, be ready, but don't butt.) Harry, Gladys's husband, had been in oil and every time he went to work he said "Here goes nothing, babe." He capped the wells when they came in, which was dangerous as anything, but good pay, the reason he did it, naturally, and one morning after ten years of happy married life he had said "Well, sweetheart, here goes nothing," and they hadn't even brought Gladys home the little pieces. It was years afterwards that she had met Mr. Birnbaum at the Retail Furniture Dealers' Convention.

"Mr. Wilson is a nut," said Ethel.

Gladys prided herself she was pretty good at telling nuts; she could tell a nut as easy as Ethel could tell a fairy. (Ethel could tell a fairy a mile off.) Mr. Wilson was a drunk, maybe; a gentleman, yes, but a nut, no. Ethel's trouble was she couldn't stand big people like Mr. Wilson; Ethel was little and here was a good one, she not only couldn't stand big people like Mr. Wilson, she couldn't stand little people either, like Mr. Ben. Ethel had to whittle people down to her own size before she could handle 'em. She was blonde and busty and in business strictly for the tips ("What else is there, for God's sake?"), not that Gladys had ever broken an arm trying to return any, of course (only to Mr. Wilson once when she thought he was too tight to tell how much he was leaving, and the look he gave her fixed that once and for all). Gladys wasn't kidding herself, she was making a living same as everybody else, but she did try to leave people a little dignity to fall back on in this old world; she didn't try to kill non-tippers with a mere look the way Ethel did, even people who came from non-tipping little country towns and weren't used to the custom. Gladys herself had been a grown girl, working, before she'd known about tips. "What's

this for?" she'd asked the first man who'd left her a tip — an oilman from Wichita Falls who kind of reminded her now of Mr. Wilson. "What's these two quarters under the plate for?"

Sometimes after she went home to the tourist cottage up the beach where she and Ethel roomed together, Gladys would lie in bed thinking about Mr. Wilson and the gulls. All during the day while she was smiling her friendly smile, all the time she was doing special little things for people, extra butter behind Mr. Ben's back, a simple little word that might buck up their spirits or make their load lighter, she worked on Mr. Wilson's problem.

2

THE summer wore on. The Double Petunia Growers of Southeast Texas, the Latin Teachers of America, the Amalgamated Salesmen of Deep Sea Fishing Tackle drank their way through their annual banquets, pooled their sweat with their fellow convention-men's, and surrendered the hacked old café to the next invasion. Still Mr. Wilson came on, feeding the gulls and waiting — for who? Gladys couldn't figure it out and a crick she got in her neck from twisting around quick to see if whoever was coming up the steps of the café was who Mr. Wilson was waiting for began to worry her a lot. It was a scorcher at the end of August before she finally found out the answer to the problem — maybe not the right answer, but one that suited her fine.

Mr. Wilson noticed the decorations as soon as he came in that day — tables pulled together and made into one long banquet spread, red and white paper trimmings all over the place, paper lanterns swinging in the breeze of the noisy fans, favors — little hats and cigarette holders — at each plate.

"Fourth of July, Gladys?" He already had a load on, Gladys saw at once. Grabbing a bottle of beer she hurried to stand in front of his table, hiding him from Mr. Ben with her serving tray.

"It's just another convention banquet, Mr. Wilson," she said. "Don't fall out the window now." She left him with the gulls and was feeling low and miserable, kind of thinking what's the good of anything, when the band started playing. You'd seen a million, they were all alike, but you never got so used to them, the bands, the parades, and above all, the people, thought Gladys, hurrying to the door, that you didn't look.

Four abreast, banners streaming, two hundred Benign Sisters of the Southern USA marched out of the Hotel Gulfstream across Ocean Avenue. Magnificently in step they crossed the plaza in front of the hotel; in full regalia they passed the bordering palms and the oleanders. At the Monument to Flood Victims, 1900, 1915, 1938, they parted. Half circled to the left, half to the right, and Gladys knew at once with a little thrill of recognition (they all did it, it was a pattern) that when

they reached the middle of Ocean Avenue each member of each section would pass in front of the opposing member of the other section, and so march up and down the Avenue, like in a rodeo, thought Gladys, when the horses all cross in the Grand Opening, switching their tails and prancing like peacocks.

"Benign Sisters Ever" they sang and marched on to the middle of Ocean Avenue. First came the band, in white uniforms like the Waves used to wear on Saturday night when they came in for a beer, hoping to meet some men officers. (Gladys had felt sorry for them, looking so cute, but acting so proper — Relax, Gladys had wanted to tell them, relax.) Behind the band came the Dallas Dames, Civil War ladies in hooped skirts, Southern as all get out. (The leader of each group marched a step ahead carrying a banner, giving the cue.) Next came assorted sizes in cowboy suits and boots and the inevitable ten-gallon hats — these were the Fort Worth Funsters, and this group Gladys thought was the snappiest, though most of their pants were too tight; "Fort Worth Fannies" a rough element in the watching crowd yelled. Somebody whistled. Then came the Houston Honeys, each one disguised as a bluebonnet, the state flower; "Houston Horrors" the rough element shouted, but Gladys, standing on tiptoe to see above the crowd, clapped for her home town.

As the other groups drew nearer it seemed to Gladys that there were three requisites for joining this club — a two-dollar corsage, a big behind, and a new permanent. Seeing the eager old girls so proud and peppy, so sure they were out on a rip-roaring spree, sort of put the punch back in her. Good luck, old sisters, she thought, and smiled and nodded like old times, good luck to you.

The ladies marched on. Heads high, banners flashing like jewels in the late afternoon sun, they came on. In the middle of Ocean Avenue the two sections met. They faced each other dramatically. Now, like the rodeo, thought Gladys, a real thrill running up her spine, now the prancing, and the clapping in the crowd. Now the climax.

Left, right. Arms swinging rhythmically, the ladies prepared to advance. Then a little gasp ran through the ranks. The ladies fell back, stunned. No one moved. There was no place to go. East and west, the boardwalk and the sidewalk were jammed with onlookers. North and south, on Ocean Avenue, was five o'clock traffic, hot, urgent, honking. Boxed in on all sides, the sun bearing down, the tar pushing up, the Benign Sisters marked time. They could not turn and march back the way they had come and just forget the whole thing till next year because the plaza was packed with spectators. They could not even turn and march straight into the sea because the sea wall would stop them.

Nose to nose, the two section leaders stared it out. All at once the older one began to cry.

"Mrs. Hadnot," said the younger woman to the waiting world, "forgot to tell the police to clear traffic for our parade!"

The crowd hooted and Mrs. Hadnot plainly wished she were back in Waco under her ceiling fan. Her corsage drooped; her crisp white curls began to unravel. The crowd began to kid her. "How about it, grandma? Let's get going." The cars honked. The band played another chorus of "Benign Sisters Ever." The paraders marked time. The minutes passed. Down beat the relentless sun. Closer and closer inched traffic. Mrs. Hadnot shot an appealing glance toward the crowd, then sank deeper and deeper into the melting tar. Across the sea wall the gulls circled hungrily.

Gladys started forward. At least she could go stand by the old lady; she could say to her, buck up, dear, you have one friend left in this old world. But Gladys never got to Mrs. Hadnot; she saw Mr. Wilson and stopped. Stumbling a little on the boardwalk, lifting his fine, large hands, clean as a woman's, he marked time to the music. And though ordinarily Gladys thought men who did this were pretty silly, she shushed vigorously when somebody in the crowd giggled. Pausing solemnly in front of Mrs. Hadnot, Mr. Wilson bowed low and took her arm. Gladys knew he was steadying himself a little on the old lady but Mrs. Hadnot never knew it. Turning his back on the ladies, but beckoning them to follow, leading them on through the opening he had made in the crowd, he escorted Mrs. Hadnot up the steps of the café. In the doorway Mr. Ben threw himself frantically in front of him. Mr. Ben spread out both hands and shrieked like a stuck pig. But in a large, grand manner Mr. Wilson shoved the little squirt aside.

At first the ladies in the street stared at each other. Then slowly they too turned, found their partners in the opposing sections, and covering their embarrassment with an unseasonable haste, marched two by two up the steps. Deposed, her nose considerably out of joint by now, the other section leader brought up the rear. In the street below, the crowd clapped thunderously. Traffic roared on. The slot machines clicked again. Gladys hurried inside.

Mr. Wilson had seated Mrs. Hadnot at the head of the table and gone back to the gulls. The ladies marched in — Benign Sisters Ever. In front of Mr. Wilson's table each one as she passed curtsied (Fort Worth with some difficulty) and did the cutest thing Gladys had ever seen. Each one threw a little petal from her corsage at Mr. Wilson's feet. As Gladys watched, fascinated, the band drew up at his table. Every lady in the house stood up. "Oh Loyal Friend of BSE" they sang. Too great a gentleman to sit while ladies stood, Mr. Wilson stood also, swaying dangerously and singing a little, too, when he could catch the words, in a full, rich

baritone Gladys loved. Then the ladies broke ranks and found seats at the long table. Mr. Wilson turned back to Little Brother.

Gladys hurried to the kitchen for the seafood cocktails. When she came back Mr. Wilson was doing the honors; Mr. Ben had dashed into the kitchen. "Throw it, sister." Mr. Wilson picked out a lady at random — Old Mexico. "*Hasta mañana*, sister." The woman looked startled, adjusted her mantilla, and with a self-conscious giggle flung a few bread crumbs out the window nearest her. "Everybody," called Mr. Wilson. "All together now, girls." The girls beamed. A frisky Fort Worth Funster hurled out a wadded piece of roll; a Dallas Dame immediately took up the challenge, throwing a bigger piece, better and farther. The gulls widened the arc to include all the windows; the bread flew fast and furiously. By the time Gladys returned from the kitchen with the steak and French fries, the ladies had forgotten the recent indignities, the howling heat, the cruel, callous crowd. They had donned the little paper hats at a rakish angle, and as they tossed out the bread with one hand they used their favors, the little cigarette holders, in a bold, Continental way with the other. The Benign Sisters of the Southern USA, but a few moments before stomping hopelessly up and down in the tar of Ocean Avenue, were having the times of their lives.

"More bread, Gladys. Whole wheat."

The whole wheat was out. Gladys took him rye and Mr. Wilson was too happy to notice. He lifted a bottle of beer toward Mrs. Hadnot. The old lady grinned and waved back at him with a celery stalk. Watching them, Gladys thought she would burst.

"Crap," said Ethel, reading her mind.

"Crap yourself," said Gladys. Then she looked up and saw Mr. Ben. The man was literally on the verge of a fit. "Get the big drunk bastard out of here or I'll call the police."

"Throw it, sisters. Here comes Little Brother."

Mr. Ben started for the telephone. Halfway across the room he suddenly froze in his tracks, listening.

"Beer all round for the girls, Gladys."

But before Gladys could get the beer she heard it, too, the parade, the band, dimly at first as it pounded down Ocean Avenue past the Pleasure Pier, then louder and louder as it roared on past the Bingo Palace and Convention Pier. She hurried back to Mr. Wilson's table. Clutching a bottle of beer, wielding her large tray as though it were a shield, she planted her hips resolutely in front of Mr. Wilson's booth. Then the floor trembled and the marchers stormed into the café — the United Truck Drivers of America, Inc., come to devour their banquet of steak and French fries ordered from Mr. Ben six weeks ago.

Smiling, steadfast, Gladys waited.



This is the third of a series on painting and sculpture in which critics, artists, curators, and connoisseurs will take part. ALINE LOUCHHEIM, who graduated from Vassar in 1935, is rounding out her third year as associate art editor and critic for the New York Times. She took her master's degree at the Institute of Fine Arts in New York University, served as managing editor of Art News, and published her first book, 5000 Years of Art, before entering upon her present assignment, which is certainly one of the most busy and exacting in Manhattan.

CONTEMPORARY ART IN NEW YORK

by ALINE LOUCHHEIM

THE other day when I walked into one of the smaller New York galleries, which had turned its meager walls over to two "one-man shows," the startled dealer rushed up to me and demanded, "Are you a friend or relative of which artist?" There are always dozens of such shows in New York, visited primarily by "friends and relatives," plus a few conscientious museum directors and ubiquitous critics. Many are on the schedule for December and January. A certain number of the artists will be picked up for large group shows; a very few will be brought individually into the limelight.

For the visitor who likes to make his own judgments and to buy the perhaps-great at bargain prices, a tour of these smaller galleries is exciting. But for the gallery-goer with limited time, the crowded December-January art calendar has offerings with more reliable guarantees of quality: the three big American exhibitions at the Metropolitan, the Whitney, and the Museum of Modern Art (the first two will overlap in the last half of December, the third starts late in January).

The Metropolitan's show — the big regionally artist-juried national competition — is familiarly known as the "free-for-all." It is one of the central parts of the museum's new conciliatory attitude toward contemporary American painters, at once an acquiescence to the demands of Artists Equity Association and another way of using constructively the large Hearn Fund, which had accumulated into a somewhat embarrassing burden for the old-master minded institution.

The competition attracted 6248 entries. They came from every state in the nation excepting Nevada, from all the possessions, and from American artists living temporarily in France, Italy, England, Mexico, and Japan. All this interest survived the public, and rather childish, refusal of several of the best *avant-garde* artists to compete because of the

"conservative" jurymen. However, according to advance rumors, the show will be far from conservative — not only because the juries fell over backward in favor of progressive art but also because, as Robert Beverly Hale, the Curator of Paintings, says, "there just isn't much conservative painting around." How much of the so-called abstract art will be abstract from the inside out and how much will be representational painting obscured by a veil of cubism or a filter of distortion remains to be seen. My personal guess is toward a preponderance of "superimposed modernism."

Unlike the Metropolitan, the Whitney makes its own selection for its annual show and takes full responsibility for its own choices. As always, this year's show (opening early in December) will be "cross-sectional," but the accent will be on the fresh and creative. Most of the artists who refused the Metropolitan's invitation will be seen on the Whitney walls, and quite a few others have held out what they consider their best work for the selected, rather than the juried, show.

It remains for the Museum of Modern Art to take the abstract bull by the horns. Andrew Ritchie, art-history-trained Scotsman whose career embraced both the Frick and Buffalo Museums before he took over the ticklish job of Curator of Paintings at the Modern Museum, will present a historical survey of abstract art in America from 1913 to the present. His effort is to define and classify the types of abstract painting — cubist, nonobjectivist, organic, and expressionist idioms — showing them in their pure forms and as they overlap and coalesce. Abstract art is apparently here to stay. In a world where science has taught us to think in terms of symbols and relationships, such a means of expression seems to have increasing validity.

The Whitney Museum's memorial exhibition of work by Arshile Gorky, opening January 5, prom-

ises an equally provocative exposition of abstract art. In his late work, Gorky makes the eye a "lineament" which pulls together diverse images — remembered, felt, imagined — into paintings of haunting and tragic beauty. This evocative style, with its tender color and amorphous forms, has had a strong influence on younger painters.

Gorky was born in the wild, beautiful country of Armenia, where in his childhood he knew the terrible massacres inflicted by Turks and Russians. At the age of about fourteen he came to America with one sister and was fetched from Ellis Island to Boston by another. There he worked in a factory and painted Cézannesque landscapes. In 1925 he moved to New York and taught at the rather academic Grand Central Art School, but as his style progressed in the direction of Léger and Miró he lost his job.

As it did to so many artists in the thirties, the WPA offered Gorky temporary respite from want. His main project of the period, a mural for the Newark airport, has mysteriously disappeared and only sketches remain. Later murals which fared equally badly were those for the World's Fair and for Ben Marden's, a sporty night club overlooking the Hudson. Julien Levy gave him his first New York one-man show in 1945. But tragedy dogged him in 1946: a studio fire destroyed much of his work; there were difficulties with his wife; he underwent an operation for cancer; he spent himself in a prodigious effort of work; he broke his neck in a fearful accident. In 1948 he committed suicide, just at the moment his genius and tender imagination were beginning to receive rather wide acclaim.

On Fifty-seventh Street, December and January will be marked by internationalism. Louis Carré will do a Léger retrospective in honor of the Frenchman's seventieth birthday. It is hard to believe that this painter of carnival color and bold shapes has reached this venerable age. In Paris last summer he took the five spiraling flights of stairs to his studio at an accelerated pace. Reaching the bright, busy room he talked excitedly of a host of projects, including fabric and ballet designs, sketches for mosaics in a new church, the completion of his war memorial chapels in Belgium, his book on the circus, and his new easel paintings. His gourmet's enjoyment of melon-and-port at the romantic Montparnasse restaurant, the Cloiserie-des-Lilas, was indication of a robust love for all the good things in life, a joyousness more apparent than ever in his art.

Matisse Gallery will have a show of Giacometti's haunting, specter-thin sculptures. Pointing to one of these ghostly plaster figures in his studio this summer, the sculptor, who looks like a brunette Harpo Marx, said despairingly, "If I take any more away, there will be nothing left — yet there is still too much. It is hard, hard, hard." Miró's latest paintings will follow at this gallery.

Henry Moore's brooding, Etruscanlike figures are so well known and have influenced so many American sculptors (and even, some wag suggests, the hole in *Flair's* cover) that it is surprising to learn his forthcoming exhibition of sculpture at Buchholz Gallery will be the first in New York, except for the Modern Museum show of 1946. Catherine Viviano will introduce two young Italians: Birolli, who interlaces color bands, and Vedova, who was one of the few sensations of the Venice Biennale. Tall, bearded, with the fascinatingly evil look of a character in a De Sica film, Vedova paid for his anti-Fascism in a concentration camp. His abstract paintings in black-white-and-gray, enlivened by touches of red and green, are compounded of somewhat geometrically conceived but wholly recognizable symbols and fragments. His canvases of a concentration camp and of a Europe bristling with armaments make forceful impact.

John Marin, the American "modern old master," celebrates his eightieth birthday this December. He is still agile and energetic and, some critics feel, painting better than ever. Last summer, in order to paint a favored view over one of his Down East lakes, he drove his Packard station wagon over muddy, roadless terrain and hiked two additional miles up a steep hill to reach the special spot. Once settled there, he discovered he had forgotten his brushes. But by using his fingers for broad areas and his nails for fine lines, he painted the scene anyway.

Thirty-eight of Marin's finest drawings and water colors have lately been reproduced by Twin Editions, New York, in a portfolio designed by the painter himself, with one of his delightful and poetic prefaces in facsimile from his own handwriting.

According to Fifty-seventh Street rumors, last spring Marin turned down a sizable sum from a famous French dealer and chose to go on the roster of the Downtown Gallery, where his work is permanently on view in a special little room. In January the whole gallery will be his, with his recent work — some of it returning to the early subject matter of Manhattan as seen from Weehawken — in the big rooms.

Andrew Wyeth is another American on the schedule for a January show, this one at Macbeth. Andrew is, of course, the son of N. C. Wyeth, whose visualizations of the Mohicans remain more vivid for most of us than the Cooper words they illustrate. Andrew is the best known of the enormous family, and his realist paintings, with their eerie moods, have been eagerly sought since his first one-man show in 1937 was an immediate sellout.

Lenard Kester, who went to the Northwest on a Tiffany Fellowship, will show at Midtown, while husky young Steve Raffo, who caught the critics' fancy when he won a Penn Academy award two years ago, will send to Rehn the paintings he made

in New Mexico on his Guggenheim. "Homage to Bellows" at the Milch Galleries will honor an older American, while Kraushaar will have a selection from the Cleveland Museum's show of William Sommer.

The dazzling Goya show at Wildenstein's (for the benefit of the Institute of Fine Arts, New York University) will run into the middle of December. Goya has often been glibly called "the first modern master," but this epithet has finally been pinned down and given meaning by André Malraux, who has spoken of the painter's fight for a painting which "will submit to only one law — the law of its own unforeseeable development." Malraux defines this law as "the primacy of the means of paint over the laws of representation, the right to draw and paint to express oneself, not to create an illusion or present some scene as powerfully as possible." Malraux is, of course, referring to the magnificent late Goyas, which are locked in Spain, but one can see evidences of this attitude even in the early and middle period portraits at Wildenstein's.

J. B. Neumann, a genial dealer who approaches art with sentiment and perception, is celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his gallery, "The New Art Circle," with a changing show of "wonderful things from my shelves which have never been seen." They should be wonderful, too, for this is the pioneering dealer whose first show a quarter of a century ago consisted of Marin lithographs, who gave debuts to Max Weber (due this season at Paul Rosenberg's), Walt Kuhn, and Karl Knaths, and who brought a hard-boiled audience at a Museum of Modern Art forum close to tears with his appreciation of Paul Klee.

Sidney Janis, also enterprising but quite young in the gallery business, will document two themes with intelligently selected examples. One show will be "The Fauves," revealing the chromatic explosion of 1905; the other, "1913," will present each of the important isms which were making news in that climactic year. Another theme show will take place at Buchholz in December: "Homage to Rodin." Besides honoring the sculptor whose impressionist surfaces are coming into renewed favor, the show will exhibit those contemporary artists who show Rodinesque influence.

To illustrate the attitude of professional players towards amateurs, Alexander Woolcott used to tell of the "old broken down tragedian" who complained to an "unappetizing street-walker," "Ah, madame . . . *quelle ironie!* The two oldest professions in the world — ruined by amateurs."

In the case of professional and amateur painters, the situation is fortunately happier. A questionnaire suggested by Artists Equity Association and distributed by *Art News* to the 1866 persons who had entered the latter's 1949 National Amateur Paint-

ing Competition revealed that the epidemic of Sunday painting is helping professional artists. Half of these amateur artists reported that they had bought more art since they took up pastime painting, forty-three per cent purchased the same amount, only seven per cent bought less. Ninety-seven per cent said they visited more art exhibitions than they used to. And sixty-eight per cent had taken paid instruction from a professional.

The second of these amateur competitions sponsored by *Art News* will open on December 6 at the National Academy of Design (the place represents, of course, a delightful irony, since the criteria of excellence in the amateur show are creativeness, originality, freshness, and sincerity rather than technical skill). The jury runs the gamut from the *Saturday Evening Post's* Norman Rockwell, who is interested "in what the people are doing," to the nonobjectivist Josef Albers, who likes "any manifestation of natural design."

During the vacation period the Museum of Modern Art will hold its Children's Holiday Carnival, when the museum will once again give youngsters between the ages of four and eight a chance to appreciate modern art by coming into actual contact with it, by play and creativity. Parents are barred by the gate itself — a cookie-cutout of an eight-year-old!

Inside is a holiday land, where color, light, and music swirl in a gay vortex. Above the children's heads are mobile sculptures in bright plastics; to the right, strings to pull in order to set a cellophane tightrope walker on his way; ahead of them, a shadow box in which they can see the designs of overlapping wires and color transparencies they have created by pushing buttons; farther along, a peep box with an abstract film strip. They may use the Color Player (designed by Victor D'Amico, who directs the carnival), pressing the keys on the keyboard to turn on different combinations of colored light, stepping on the pedals to propel translucent shapes through them, and watching the endlessly varied results projected on a screen.

Arranged in circuslike animal cages will be sculptures which the youngsters may touch — a Lucite giraffe, a metal alligator, Flannagan's "Ram," Zorach's "Cat Washing Itself."

In a separate room are easels, paper, and paint. "Lazy Susans" revolve on low tables, overflowing with beads, string, feathers, sequins, paper-snippets, fabrics, and other bizarre objects which, with the aid of convenient paste pots, can be transformed into "collages." Or there are magnetic plates on which the young artists can arrange geometric or organically shaped painted metal pieces to make abstractions which suggest Mondrian and Miró.

No happier introduction to the fundamentals of modern art could be imagined than this carnival in which, surrounded by actual works of art, the children learn through creative play.



The Atlantic Serial



With his good looks, his swift success, his love of parties, and his incredible spending, F. Scott Fitzgerald was the personification of "the jazz age." After his novel of Princeton, This Side of Paradise, which gained him immediate popularity, he went on to write The Great Gatsby, the almost perfect expression of the Prohibition Era. But it was Fitzgerald's tragedy that he did not mature to carry out the still bigger books which he saw in his mind. ARTHUR MIZENER has been working on a biography of Fitzgerald since 1945; in his research he has had the help of people like Edmund Wilson and Ernest Hemingway, and a Houghton Mifflin Fellowship enabled him to take a leave of absence from his teaching at Carleton College and to settle for an intense period at Princeton, where he was given access to Fitzgerald's personal papers.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: A BIOGRAPHY

by ARTHUR MIZENER

1

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD's life was at once representative and dramatic, at moments a charmed and beautiful success to which he and his wife, Zelda, were brilliantly equal and at moments disastrous beyond the invention of the most macabre imagination. The forces of flawed character and of chance are revealed in Fitzgerald's life with remarkable fullness, both because it was a dramatic life lived with all the lack of caution which characterized Fitzgerald and because he spent his life representing what he understood of it. Just as his life illuminates his work, so his work does his life.

He was born at three-thirty in the afternoon of September 24, 1896, in a house on Laurel Avenue in St. Paul, Minnesota. He weighed ten pounds and six ounces: it was the only period in his life when he was the physical superior of his contemporaries.

His father, Edward Fitzgerald, had been born in 1853 on a farm named Glenmary near Rockville in Montgomery County, Maryland, and was descended, on his mother's side, from Scotts and Keys who had been in this country since the early seventeenth century and had regularly served in the colonial legislatures. Francis Scott Key was a remote cousin of his mother. At the close of the Civil War, Edward Fitzgerald, then no more than twelve or fifteen, went west. Eventually he arrived in St. Paul, where, by the eighties, he was running a small wicker furniture business. In one of the

panics of the nineties this business failed and he went to work as a salesman for Procter and Gamble. He was a small, quiet, ineffectual man with beautiful Southern manners, "very much the gentleman," as his contemporaries said, "but not much get up and go." He was, in any event, no match for his wife.

Mary McQuillan, Scott's mother, was the oldest of the four children of Philip McQuillan, an Irish immigrant who, after a start in Galena, Illinois, where he married his employer's daughter, came on to St. Paul. Here, as a wholesale grocer, he eventually "reared a personal fortune estimated at from three to four hundred thousand dollars," the St. Paul papers reported, before he died at the age of forty-four of Bright's disease. Fitzgerald's Grandmother McQuillan's imposing Victorian mansion represented the solidity and permanence of wealth to a boy whose childhood was spent moving from apartment to apartment and hotel to hotel at the rate of better than one move a year, largely because of his father's economic insufficiency. But the McQuillans did not represent breeding, for in addition to being "straight 1850 potato famine Irish" (as Fitzgerald once put it) they were eccentric, and their eldest daughter added to this eccentricity a directness which was also marked in her only son. "Whatever came into her head," one of her in-laws remarked, "came right out of her mouth." Fitz-

gerald's contemporaries remember her from their childhood as a witchlike old lady who carried an umbrella, rain or shine, and seemed always to be walking back and forth to the lending library with an armful of books. She was devoted to her only son and she spoiled him in a way that was bad for a precocious and imaginative boy.

As a small boy Fitzgerald lived, he said later, "with a great dream," and his object was always to try to realize that dream. When he was four or five, for instance, he described his pony to his Grandmother McQuillan in minute detail; she was horrified that so small a child should have a pony, and it was not easy, after Scott's persuasive description, to convince her that the pony was quite imaginary. With his gift for imagining games and his energy in executing them, he sought to be the leader wherever he went. As a child he had a hard time understanding that other children did not exist simply as material for his uses, and when they asserted their own egos with the brutal directness of children, he was always unprepared for it and deeply wounded.

It is a consequence of this habit of projecting his wishes that he retained all his life the important emotional commitments of his growing up. It is partly because, as Americans, we all have similar commitments, and because it never occurred to Fitzgerald, as it does to us, that he ought to pretend to have outgrown these commitments, that his work has such remarkable immediacy for us. He never buried his past because he was too naïve to realize that you are supposed to believe it is dead.

Given Fitzgerald's capacity for hero-worship, for identifying himself with some person he admired and then imagining himself as that person, he was bound to make a heroic image for himself of the athlete, and the process by which he did so can be traced step by step. The hero was a prep-school or college boy, a male Cinderella, small and discriminated against, who by some dramatic and unlikely display of pluck won the big game for St. Regis or Princeton. This dream was only gradually modified and never wholly uprooted by the hard realities of prep-school and college life. It put him on the Newman football team despite his dislike of the game and sent him out for freshman football at Princeton — at one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. Every so often the ideal would achieve a new personification: Sam White in the Princeton-Harvard game of 1911; Hobey Baker, Princeton football captain of 1913, "slim and defiant"; "the romantic Buzz Law whom I had last seen one cold fall twilight in 1915, kicking from behind his goal line with a bloody bandage round his head," the mere sight of whom, "a slender, dark-haired young man with an indolent characteristic walk," could make "something stop inside" Fitzgerald when they passed on the Champs Elysées ten years after they had left college. In these figures he found, as he put it once

about Hobey Baker, "an ideal worthy of everything in my enthusiastic admiration, yet consummated and expressed in a human being who stood within ten feet of me."

This is a characteristic instance of the process by which Fitzgerald's imagination took hold of — or was taken hold of by — the concrete particulars of American experience and gradually made out of them symbols for the whole of human experience.

2

SUMMIT AVENUE is St. Paul's show street, "a museum," as Fitzgerald later called it, "of American architectural failures." As Fitzgerald grew up, his family moved gradually around the periphery of St. Paul's finest residential district, settling finally at the end of its best street. The symbolism is almost too neat, and Fitzgerald was acutely aware of it.

At the top — he once wrote of St. Paul — came those whose grandparents had brought something with them from the East, a vestige of money and culture; then came the families of the big self-made merchants, the "old settlers" of the sixties and the seventies, American-English-Scotch, or German or Irish, looking down somewhat in the order named — upon the Irish less from religious difference — French Catholics were considered rather distinguished — than from their taint of political corruption in the East. After this came certain well-to-do "new people" — mysterious, out of a cloudy past, possibly unsound.

This was the world Fitzgerald grew up in, desiring with all the intensity of his nature to succeed according to its standards and always conscious of hovering socially on the edge of it, alternating between assertion and uncertainty because of his acute awareness that his foothold was unsure. None of the things that bothered him would have made a serious impression on him had it not been for his already established insecurity.

I am — Fitzgerald wrote long afterward — half black Irish and half old American stock with the usual exaggerated ancestral pretensions. The black Irish half of the family had the money and looked down upon the Maryland side of the family who had, and really had, that . . . series of reticences and obligations that go under the poor old shattered word "breeding". . . . So being born in that atmosphere of crack, wise crack and counter-crack I developed a two cylinder inferiority complex.

Very conscious of a dubious gentility and an inadequate family income, Fitzgerald set out to make his way in St. Paul and at St. Paul Academy. He was a small, handsome, blue-eyed boy, full of energy and invention and so determined to make a success that the school magazine, *Now and Then*, quickly tagged him as the man who knew exactly "How to Run the School," and asked rather quarrel-

somely if there were not someone who would "poison Scotty or find some means to shut his mouth." "He wasn't popular with his school-mates," said his headmaster. "He saw through them too much and wrote about it."

On the long, wonderful summer visits at White Bear Lake with his friends Cecil Reed and Robert Clark — whose families could afford places at White Bear — he was constantly being beaten at games, even by girls. Nonetheless, as he was to do all his life, he stuck grimly to it.

But if his athletic career was an unbroken series of unadmitted defeats, he had some success in an extracurricular way and as a literary man. He was the leader and idea man for a club, known first as the Scandal Detectives and later as the Goosrah, which had its headquarters in the loft of his friend Cecil Reed's barn on Holly Avenue and later in the attic of the Reeds' new house on Summit. Here, when Fitzgerald was reading *The Three Musketeers*, they were taught by him to fence and, when he read *Arsène Lupin*, to be detectives; everything he read had to be lived. Under the stimulus of romances about the Ku Klux Klan, the Goosrah also organized "adventures." One of these was an attack on another boy of their own age, Reuben Warner, who had captured the affections of the girl Fitzgerald admired. Their skillfully conceived piece of terrorization, which ended with Mr. Warner's calling out the police, was used by Fitzgerald in his story "The Scandal Detectives" in *Taps at Reveille*.

Meanwhile he had begun to write and had become St. Paul Academy's star debater (no one had found a means to shut him up). Having had to read Sir Walter Scott in school, he turned out a complicated story of knights and ladies called "Elavo"; and having become an expert on the detective story on his own initiative, he wrote "The Mystery of the Raymond Mortgage." This story was printed in *Now and Then* in September, 1909, when he was thirteen, and it was his first published work. It is, for a schoolboy, a skillfully plotted little murder story and, in its sedulous imitation of the style of such works, often unconsciously very funny. "Through some oversight," Fitzgerald remarked later, "I neglected to bring the [mortgage] into the story in any form"; but no one seemed to notice. This success was followed by two romantic Civil War stories, "A Debt of Honor" and "The Room with the Green Blinds," and a football story called "Reade, Substitute Right Half."

His multifarious extracurricular activities had seriously affected Fitzgerald's schoolwork. He was incapable of learning anything which did not appeal to his imagination, and always depended on his wealth of scattered information about American history and certain areas of literature to distract attention from his failure to have prepared the day's assignment. But since he had become a writer he had taken to scribbling on the blank pages of his

textbooks throughout his classes, and it became apparent that drastic measures would have to be taken. A family conference was held and it emerged that Aunt Annabel, his mother's sister and his champion, was prepared to foot the bill for a boarding school, provided it was a good Catholic school. Plans were therefore laid to send Fitzgerald to Newman in the fall of 1911.

He faced this prospect with his usual burst of imaginative fervor. All his knowledge of boarding school life, as he had learned about it from Ralph Henry Barbour and others, was summoned to the task of providing an adequate dream of social and athletic success in this glittering Eastern world.

3

FITZGERALD's two years at Newman were a repetition on a larger scale of his experience at St. Paul Academy. He set off for Newman when he was fifteen, full of dreams of success and popularity and yet acutely aware of his divided nature. He once recalled in detail his judgment of himself at this time.

... Physically — I marked myself handsome; of great athletic *possibilities*, and an extremely good dancer. . . . Socially . . . I was convinced that I had personality, charm, magnetism, poise, and the ability to dominate others. Also I was sure that I exercised a subtle fascination over women. Mentally . . . I was vain of having so much, of being talented, ingenious and quick to learn. To balance this, I had several things on the other side: Morally — I thought I was rather worse than most boys, due to a latent unscrupulousness and the desire to influence people in some way, even for evil . . . lacked a sense of honor, and was mordantly selfish. Psychologically . . . I was by no means the "Captain of my fate." . . . I was liable to be swept off my poise into a timid stupidity. I knew I was "fresh" and not popular with older boys. . . . Generally — I knew that at bottom I lacked the essentials. At the last crisis, I knew I had no real courage, perseverance or self respect.

Fitzgerald arrived at Newman, and, repeating his mistakes at St. Paul Academy, made himself the most unpopular boy in the school. His extreme good looks — even four years later he collected a painful number of votes as the prettiest member of his class at Princeton — helped to win him a quick reputation as a sissy. Within a month of his arrival he had had several fights forced on him, with the crowd always against him, and had been lectured on his freshness by a fellow student named Herbert Agar. His roommate remembered him years later as having had "the most impenetrable egotism I've ever seen": he was constantly aware that "he was one of the poorest boys in a rich boys' school." He had the faculty as well as the students against him: he was never on time for classes or meals, and he

could not be prevented from reading after lights; he was constantly on bounds.

His second year at Newman was happier than his first. He made the football team, though not as a regular, and was even commended for his "fine running with the ball" in the *Newman News's* account of the Kingsley game. But he was still without enthusiasm for the game and, on one occasion during the Newark Academy game, he avoided an open-field tackle so obviously that the quarterback, Donahoe, came over to him and said, "You do that again and I'll beat you up myself." With his wonderful Irish sense of the absurd and his ability to see it in his own experience, Fitzgerald loved to repeat this story about himself, and usually concluded his narration by remarking that he was so much more scared of Donahoe than of any ball carrier that he played a brilliant defensive game the rest of the afternoon. He made a good friend of Donahoe, and all his life admired with his characteristic generosity Donahoe's possession of the persistence and self-control which he imagined — often quite wrongly — that he himself lacked. Respect for Donahoe's modesty made him omit his name when he said in "Handle with Care" that he "represented my sense of the 'good life,' though I saw him once in a decade . . . in a difficult situation I . . . tried to think what *he* would have thought, how *he* would have acted."

In May of his second year at Newman he took his examinations for Princeton and "did a little judicious cribbing and never forgot it afterwards." Even so he did not do well enough to assure his admission. Aunt Annabel was still financing his schooling and did not want him to go to a Protestant college. She was, however, eventually talked around.

During this summer the youthful bottle of drug-store sherry began to give way to more adult drinks, and twice during the year Fitzgerald was drunk enough to remember the occasions as special ones. He began to be known around St. Paul as "a man who drank," a reputation which gave him a certain romantic interest which he undoubtedly enjoyed.

4

FITZGERALD came on to Princeton in the middle of September of 1913 to take the examinations which would determine whether he was to be admitted. On the twenty-fourth he was able to wire his mother: ADMITTED SEND FOOTBALL PADS AND SHOES IMMEDIATELY PLEASE WAIT TRUNK. He settled for his freshman year into the rambling stucco warren at 15 University Place.

The Princeton to which he was then admitted was a very different place from the present Princeton. It was essentially an undergraduate college, though the Graduate School was dedicated the fall Fitzgerald arrived. Its enrollment was around 1500; it had a good undergraduate library of about 300,000

volumes; it had just begun to feel the effect of the preceptorial system and the four-course honors plan introduced under President Wilson, who had recently escaped from an unhappy situation at the University into the governorship of New Jersey and had been replaced by John Grier Hibben.

Physically Princeton still centered in the old campus above the transverse line set by McCosh Walk, though some of the new dormitories on the lower campus such as Little, Patton, and Cuyler had been built. The railroad station still stood at the foot of Blair steps, and the old Casino, where the Triangle Club rehearsed, stood not far off. The rickety but partly eighteenth-century façade of Nassau Street had not yet been replaced by faked Georgian; Nassau Street itself was unpaved. The modern undergraduate commons on the corner of University Place and Nassau Street would not be built for two more years; Palmer Stadium was under construction and would first be used for the Dartmouth game in the fall of Fitzgerald's sophomore year.

Football was a deadly serious affair; the Big Three were still really big, so that football, it could be felt, was a game conducted by gentlemen in a kind of Tennysonian Round-Table spirit. No editorial writer on the *Daily Princetonian* ever questioned the idea that the success or failure of a university year depended on the results of the Yale and Harvard games.

Football was the best means to social distinction on the campus, and social distinction was the main preoccupation of the first two years of an undergraduate's career. The competition was no less fierce because its most inviolable requirement was that the contestants should appear quite unconcerned with social prestige. Beneath this pretense of indifference the game of becoming a Big Man was carried on day in and day out by everyone who had, by local standards, good sense. "From the day when, wild-eyed and exhausted [from the rush], the . . . freshmen sat in the gymnasium and elected some one from Hill School class president . . . up until the end of sophomore year it never ceased, that breathless social system, that worship, seldom named, never really admitted, of the bogey 'Big Man.'"

" . . . all the petty snobbishness within the prep-school, all the caste system of Minneapolis, all were here magnified, glorified and transformed into a glittering classification."

There were besides football other, though less powerful, means of becoming a Big Man; other sports which drew crowds counted, though, as John Peale Bishop noted, "Closet athletics, such as wrestling and the parallel bars, are almost a disadvantage." After football the most powerful organization socially was the Triangle Club, which, by an incredible consumption of undergraduate time and energy, produces annually a commonplace musical comedy. After the Triangle Club, the *Daily*

Princetonian was the most reputable pursuit for an undergraduate, and after that what Bishop called "the Y.M.C.A. in a Brooks suit" — the Philadelphian Society — and *The Tiger*, the comic weekly.

All this energetic pursuit of extracurricular activities received its reward at the time of club elections in the middle of the sophomore year. The Princeton clubs come as near to being purely social institutions as such organizations ever can. A Princeton club, apart from providing a place to eat, to play billiards, and to take a girl on week-ends (and nowadays, though not in Fitzgerald's day, a bar and a television set), does not even pretend to offer anything. The function of the Princeton clubs is to provide a system of grading people according to social distinction at the middle of the sophomore year. For the last two years of an undergraduate's life the club then provides him with a gathering place patterned on the best country-club models, where he eats and enjoys the wonderful leisure of undergraduate years in luxurious surroundings with congenial companions — if in the scramble of other considerations he has been lucky enough to fall among friends.

But if this was the dominant world of the University, Princeton was also a place in which Scott Fitzgerald, going out for dinner during the September examination period before commons were open, could sit down at the Peacock Inn next to an aristocratic-looking boy, and while "in the leafy street outside the September twilight faded [and] the lights came on against the paper walls, where tiny peacocks strode and trailed their tails among the gayer foliations," he and Bishop could talk and talk about books, about Stephen Phillips and Shaw and Meredith and the *Yellow Book*.

It is true that as they talked Fitzgerald appears to have worried for fear the "St. Paul's crowd at the next table would . . . mistake *him* for a bird, too . . ." and he would injure his social standing. Still, that intellectually admirable world was there. It had been built up through two college generations under the leadership of T. K. Whipple and Edmund Wilson and it was, before the war broke its tradition, to include, besides Bishop, the versatile Stanley Dell, John Biggs, Jr., and Hamilton Fish Armstrong. Fitzgerald was going to turn to this group at the end of his college career and to say many years later, without qualification and undoubtedly with some exaggeration: "I got nothing out of my first two years [in college] — in the last I got my passionate love for poetry and historical perspective and ideas in general (however superficially), that carried me full swing into my career."

But if this is an oversimplified view of his career it is a tribute to what this group did for him which is deserved; they gave him the only education he ever got, and, above all, they gave him a respect for literature which was more responsible than anything else for making him a serious man. The voice

of conscience which had taken form under these pressures spoke when Fitzgerald wrote sadly to his old friend, John Biggs, about Biggs's appointment to the Second Circuit Court of Appeals as the youngest judge in the history of that court: "I hope you'll be a better judge than I've been a man of letters." This was a professional conscience. If Princeton was a place of provincial social competition for two years and of charming relaxation for two more, and if it was academically a place where, as Fitzgerald himself remarked, too often "in the preceptorial rooms . . . mildly poetic gentlemen resented any warmth of discussion and called the prominent men of the class by their first names," it was also a place where people with intellectual interests could educate themselves.

These people were committed to high standards and maturity of judgment; they wrote for each other as best they could without embarrassment or inhibition. They belonged, these young writers, as Edmund Wilson remarked long after,

to a kind of professional group. . . . [They] saw in literature a sphere of activity in which they hoped themselves to play a part. You read Shakespeare, Shelley, George Meredith, Dostoevsky, Ibsen, and you wanted, however imperfectly and on however infinitesimal a scale, to learn their trade and have the freedom of their company. I remember Scott Fitzgerald's saying to me, not long after we got out of college: "I want to be one of the greatest writers who have ever lived, don't you?" I had not myself really quite entertained this fantasy because I had been reading Plato and Dante. Scott had been reading Booth Tarkington, Compton Mackenzie, H. G. Wells and Swinburne; but when he later got to better writers, his standards and achievements went sharply up, and he would always have pitted himself against the best in his own line that he knew. I thought his remark rather foolish at the time, yet it was one of the things that made me respect him; and I am sure that his intoxicated ardor represented the healthy way for a young man of talent to feel.

However far this world was, in its essential values, from the ordinary social world of Princeton, the two of course overlapped; Princeton was a small place. The two worlds thus lived together with only the occasional strain of a rebellion against the club system to mar their sympathy, and many undergraduates doubtless lived out their college careers according to the ostensible conventions of the society largely unaware of how a man really becomes Big. It was a perfectly healthy society set in an old and homogeneous small town.

Fitzgerald plunged eagerly into the life of Princeton. His first impulse was to accept its standards, to admire its heroes, to use his imagination to make his participation in it seem even more dazzling than it otherwise would have. His acceptance of Princeton did not, of course, prevent the shrewd, observing part of his mind from seeing what the forces which

made for success were; but neither did his almost Machiavellian grasp of the political realities of the system and the worth of some of its big men affect his admiration of it or his determination "to become one of the gods of the class." All his life he made this kind of approach to a new world.

5

As the telegram announcing his admission indicates, Fitzgerald began by trying to be a football hero, but at one hundred and thirty-eight pounds his chances of success were not good even had he had any natural talent or liking for the game. He lasted just one day on the freshman squad. The initial failure did not daunt him at the time, but it meant there was one kind of god he would never be and the realization left its scar, a lifelong habit of daydreaming a story which he had first written out as a student at St. Paul Academy. He described this dream in his essay on insomnia called "Sleeping and Waking."

"Once upon a time" (I tell myself) "they needed a quarterback at Princeton, and they had nobody and were in despair. The head coach noticed me kicking and passing on the side of the field, and he cried: 'Who is *that* man — why haven't we noticed *him* before?' The under coach answered, 'He hasn't been out,' and the response was: 'Bring him to me.'

"... we go to the day of the Yale game. I weigh only one hundred and thirty-five, so they save me until the third quarter, with the score —"

— But it's no use — I have used that dream of a defeated dream to induce sleep for almost twenty years, but it has worn thin at last.

But there were other ways to prestige. He went out for *The Tiger* and had a contribution in the first issue. Most important of all, he went to the organization meeting of the Triangle Club in October and was busy for the next two months helping with suggestions for lyrics and laboring over the lights during rehearsals in the old Casino. By February he was hard at work on a libretto which he hoped would be accepted for the next year's Triangle show. By that date he was also deep in academic difficulties. As early as October 7 the dean had called him into consultation on this question and now the midyear examinations showed that he had failed three subjects.

Throughout the spring he continued to work hard on his Triangle show and grew intimate with Walker Ellis, a handsome and romantic junior from New Orleans who was now the president-elect of the Triangle. He also took to walking in the beautiful gardens of the Pyne estate and watching the swans in the pools. Father Fay, a converted Episcopalian who had taken Fitzgerald up when he had been a student at Newman, came to the campus from time to time during the year and took him out to dinner with a few other carefully selected undergraduates.

That spring he invited Fitzgerald to his mother's home at Deal for a week-end and Fitzgerald was dazzled by the mixture of luxury and intellectual life he found. With his usual combination of innocence and calculation he played the eager, ingenuous boy; one guest who met him at Deal called him "a prose Shelley." There was of course much very real naïveté in him at this point in his career, and all his life he appeared more naïve than he was because he was so direct and effervescent. Moreover, he had had very little experience of the sophisticated Eastern rich, and Fay's world doubtless seemed to him the perfect fulfillment of the simpler St. Paul society in which he had never felt secure. To be intimately at home in Fay's world was really to succeed.

Father Fay was a man of taste and cultivation who, having never known anything but the life of the well-to-do, had that unconscious ease and security in it which Fitzgerald always envied and never could achieve. In addition to these qualities he was something of an eighteen-nineties aesthete, a dandy, always heavily perfumed, and a lover of epigrams. To a schoolboy of both social and literary ambitions this combination of characteristics must have been nearly irresistible. As a convert to Catholicism Fay could sympathize with Fitzgerald's dislike of the dreary side of his Irish Catholic youth and also show him a Catholicism which was wealthy and cultivated and yet secure in its faith. "He [Shane Leslie] and another [Fay], since dead," Fitzgerald wrote several years later, "made of that church a dazzling, golden thing, dispelling its oppressive mugginess and giving the succession of days upon gray days, passing under its plaintive ritual, the romantic glamour of an adolescent dream."

As a man of taste and intellectual interests, Father Fay understood all Fitzgerald's ambitions and doubts. At the same time he had a gift for getting on an intimate footing with young men of Fitzgerald's age, and, delighting in him, exercised that talent so that Fitzgerald found him sympathetic and understanding and talked with him as an equal. Fay was presently to be a Monsignor and, as a friend of Cardinal Gibbons and the occasional diplomatic representative of the Vatican, he had already considerable position and influence in the church. He was a romantically satisfying figure. There is no doubt that Fay did a great deal for what Shane Leslie, the Irish novelist and critic, called "the crude, ambitious schoolboy" who arrived at Newman from St. Paul, and, until he died very suddenly in the influenza epidemic in 1919, Fay was probably the greatest single influence on Fitzgerald. How much Fitzgerald admired him is clear from the portrait of him as Father Darcy in *This Side of Paradise* and from the dedication of the book to him (even though his name is misspelled in it). Such need as there was in Fitzgerald's nature for a father

was fully satisfied by him. "The jovial, impressive prelate who could dazzle an embassy ball, and the green-eyed, intent youth . . . accepted in their own minds a relation of father and son within a half-hour's conversation," says Fitzgerald of Monsignor Darcy and Amory Blaine.

The rest of his life he liked to remember that he had flunked practically everything his freshman year in order to write the Triangle show. "I spent my entire freshman year," he said later, "writing an operetta for the Triangle Club. To do this I failed in algebra, trigonometry, coördinate geometry and hygiene." But in fact three of these four failures were in the first term and his June record, with only one failure, was a great improvement over February.

During the summer he managed to get in enough tutoring to go back to Princeton early and to pass off enough conditions to become a sophomore in precarious "good standing." The Committee on Non-Athletic Organizations, however, found his standing too insecure to allow him to participate officially in the Triangle Club. It puzzled and angered him to find that important things like the Triangle Club and his career as a Big Man could be interfered with by the academic authorities. However, he was swept away in the excitement of having his Triangle show accepted in September. Unable to accept the part he had been cast for or to go on the Christmas trip because of his ineligibility, Fitzgerald nonetheless threw himself into the work of producing the show, pulling wires for others instead of himself when it came to parts, working to get his friends into the chorus, and devoting the better part of a solid month to rehearsals. In the intervals he worried about the club elections which would come in the spring.

At midyears he managed to pass everything except chemistry, and in March he went triumphantly into Cottage Club as one of the important men in its section, having turned down bids from Cap and Gown, Quadrangle, and Cannon. Cottage represented the type of social success Fitzgerald had dreamed of; it was the logical climax to his social career. Years later he wrote a friend he was trying to advise for her son's sake that "though I might have been more *comfortable* in Quadrangle, for instance, where there were lots of literary minded boys, I was never sorry about my choice."

In many ways this was one of the happiest times in his whole life. In February he had been elected secretary of the Triangle and he began to look forward to being the club's president in his senior year with confidence. In May he was elected to the editorial board of *The Tiger*. He anticipated election to the Senior Council, that most select gathering of the leaders of the senior class. He was in love with Ginevra King, a beautiful and wealthy girl from Chicago, whom he had met during the Christmas vacation. There was one wonderful moment in

early June when he met Ginevra in New York. They went to *Nobody Home* and to the Midnight Frolic. The glittering urban splendor of a metropolitan evening was the perfect setting for Ginevra and he always remembered how "for one night . . . she made luminous the Ritz Roof on a brief passage through [New York]." He was also beginning to make his way among the serious writers; before the spring was out he had appeared twice in the *Nassau Lit.* Because he was successful and confident of the future, he was at ease about everything. Consequently he was unmoved by the first faint signals of disaster which could be seen in his term-end report. Again he failed three subjects; he had taken in the first term alone more than the forty-nine cuts allowed in any two successive terms.

6

DURING the summer vacation he went west to visit his friend Sap Donahoe at the Donahoes' ranch near White Sulphur Springs, Montana. This visit provided the background for "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz." While he was there he played cowboy in a Stetson, gauntlets, and puttees, won fifty dollars at poker, and on one occasion got drunk and climbed on a table to sing to the amused cowmen of White Sulphur Springs a song called "Won't You Come Up." He was not hearing from Ginevra, but his anxiety was somewhat relieved when he was told that his chief rival was "poor as a church mouse."

In the fall he returned to Princeton ready to go on to the climactic triumphs of his undergraduate career. As always, however, when he was most full of confidence, the enemy struck; he flunked make-up examinations in Latin and chemistry, and he had one of those familiar conferences with the Committee on Non-Athletic Organizations and found himself ineligible for extracurricular activities. The situation was more serious now; his academic deficit had been accumulating for two years and this was the year for the crucial elections, the final rewards of three years of labor in the Triangle Club and on *The Tiger*. Still, though he had moments of despair, the situation was not yet irretrievable. There was Ginevra at Westover and they dined happily at the Elton in Waterbury after the Yale-Princeton game at New Haven in October; he worked hard as the Triangle's secretary, coaching his friends in their parts as a substitute for playing a part himself and doing much of the organizing and directing of the show while President Heyniger played football; he was secretary of the Bicker Committee in Cottage. What was in the sequel the most ironic event of the fall occurred when, in October, the Triangle had a series of photographs made of him as a Show Girl; these photographs were widely used for publicity over such captions as "Considered the Most Beautiful 'Show Girl' in the Princeton Triangle Club's

New Musical Play 'The Evil Eye.' " But Fitzgerald was of course never in the show.

In November he went to the infirmary with a high fever, got out after a week or so, and then had to return. His trouble was diagnosed as malaria, which was more or less endemic at that time in Princeton, with its swamps and mosquitoes and its Negro slums down Witherspoon Street. When, in 1929, he had what subsequently proved to have been a tubercular hemorrhage, and later investigations showed the scars of even earlier attacks, he decided that this malaria had been tuberculosis. But since there is evidence of a mild attack of tuberculosis in 1919 also, there is little reason to suppose that there was anything more the matter with him than the malaria which he certainly had. His illness was perfectly real, and it also gave him an opportunity to leave college for a respectable reason at a time when the odds on his flunking out at midyears were prohibitive. His plan was to drop out for the rest of the year and to return the next September to start his junior year over again. On November 28 he attended his last class of the year and departed for St. Paul.

Still trying to save something from the wreckage of his social career, he persuaded Dean McClenahan to write him an official statement that "Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald withdrew from Princeton voluntarily . . . because of ill-health and that he was fully at liberty, at that time, to go on with his class, if his health had permitted." "Dear Mr. Fitzgerald," said the Dean's covering letter, "This is for your sensitive feelings. I hope you will find it soothing." "Almost my final memory before I left," Fitzgerald wrote later, "was of writing a last lyric on that year's Triangle production while in bed in the infirmary with a high fever."

But the career was beyond redemption. "It took them," he said twenty-five years later, still hating vigorously the malicious and impersonal "them," "four months to take it all away from me — stripped of every office and on probation — the phrase was 'ineligible for extra-curricular activities.'" In February he came on to Princeton for a visit; both the club elections and the Triangle elections were impending. But there was nothing to be done. "To me," he wrote twenty years later, "college would never be the same. There were to be no badges of pride, no medals, after all. It seemed on one March afternoon that I had lost every single thing I wanted — and that night was the first time that I hunted down the spectre of womanhood that, for a little while, makes everything else seem unimportant."

For all the trivial objective content of the experience, this was one of the great blows of his life. He had committed himself imaginatively to this world — or had had his imagination committed to it by circumstances — and the occasion's value was determined for him by what his imagination had made

of it. He brought with him to Princeton for exorcism the ghosts of all his past failures. To have succeeded at Princeton would have been to triumph in a world so superior to the Middle West that he could have taken the Middle West for granted. And he had succeeded at Princeton; he had made Cottage, had every reason to believe he would be president of the Triangle, an editor of *The Tiger*, perhaps even a member of the Senior Council. All his life he remembered the deprivation and could not get out of his mind an extravagant sense of the value of these medals or a feeling that somehow he had never quite known what it was to be a Princeton man. When, five years later, President Hibben wrote him a letter of mild remonstrance at the impression given by *This Side of Paradise* "that our young men are merely living for four years in a country club and spending their lives wholly in a spirit of calculation and snobbery," Fitzgerald was still so angry that he replied: —

[*This Side of Paradise*] was a book written with the bitterness of my discovery that I had spent several years trying to fit in with a curriculum that is after all made for the average student. After the curriculum had tied me up, taken away the honors I'd wanted, bent my nose over a chemistry book and said, No fun, no activities, no offices, no Triangle trips — no, not even a diploma "if you can't do chemistry" — after that I retired.

At moments all the rest of his life this feeling of helpless rage — not really at others so much as at life, for having refused him what he had earned — would come back.

7

IN September he was back at Princeton to begin over again in his stubborn and courageous way. He was still ineligible, but Paul Nelson, who had been elected to the presidency of the Triangle Club which he had expected to get, suggested there was still hope for him, and he set to work once more to write the songs for the show; once more the Show Girl pictures were got out and printed in the newspapers, though he was not to be in this new show either. He wrote endlessly for *The Tiger* despite his lack of any official connection with it, and conceived and wrote most of an issue of the *Nassau Lit* which burlesqued *Cosmopolitan*. Ginevra came down for the Yale game, but they were quarreling now, and when they met again in January she was no longer interested; they quarreled, so far as she was concerned, finally. ("I have destroyed your letters," she wrote him that summer in reply to a request from him. ". . . I'm sorry you think that I would hold them up to you as I never did think they meant anything.")

His interests were gradually shifting from the social to the intellectual world. He began to see

more of Bishop and John Biggs, who in March succeeded Bishop as editor of the *Nassau Lit.* He deluged the *Lit* with his work and before he was through they had published nine poems, five reviews, and eight short stories.

With this shift, he completed for the first time what was to be the characteristic pattern of his relation to his experience. In an article written years later Malcolm Cowley pointed out what he called Fitzgerald's "double vision." "It was as if," he said, "all his novels described a big dance to which he had taken . . . the prettiest girl . . . and as if at the same time he stood outside the ballroom, a little Midwestern boy with his nose to the glass, wondering how much the tickets cost and who paid for the music."

This is an important insight for an understanding of Fitzgerald the talented novelist. His nature was divided. Partly he was an enthusiastic, romantic young man. Partly he was what he called himself in the "General Plan" for *Tender Is the Night*, "a spoiled priest." This division shows itself in nearly every aspect of his life. The romantic young man was full of confidence about his own ability and the world's friendliness; the spoiled priest distrusted both himself and the world. The romantic young man wanted to participate in life and took delight in spending himself and his money without counting the cost ("All big men have spent money freely," he wrote his mother when she tried to caution him in 1930. "I hate avarice or even caution"); but the spoiled priest, shocked by debt and fearing the spiritual exhaustion Fitzgerald was later to call "Emotional Bankruptcy," wanted to stand aside and study life.

All his best work is a product of the tension between these two sides of his nature, of his ability to hold in balance the impulses "to achieve and to enjoy, to be prodigal and open-hearted, and yet ambitious and wise, to be strong and self-controlled, yet to miss nothing — to do and yet to symbolize." Not until 1936 did he lose faith in his ability to realize in his personal life what he called "the old dream of being an entire man in the Goethe-Byron-Shaw tradition, with an opulent American touch, a sort of combination of J. P. Morgan, Topham Beauclerk and St. Francis of Assisi. . . ." He never lost his conviction that "the test of a first-rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time, and still retain the ability to function."

If Fitzgerald's imagination owes its force and penetration to the spoiled priest, however, it was the kind which works successfully only when it has personal experience to deal with. Understanding was for him the awareness of a constellation of feelings and of the objects to which they attached themselves in a moment of actual experience. The direct experience of the romantic young man who plunged eagerly and unwarily into the life about

him provided the novelist with his material. This material the spoiled priest struggled throughout Fitzgerald's life to understand.

8

ALL through the spring of 1917 a preoccupation with the war had been growing at Princeton. A large delegation of undergraduates had gone off to join the mosquito fleet; another was, with the assistance of experienced military men like Professor Robert Root of the English Department, drilling energetically on the campus. Fitzgerald took little part in this excitement. He never did participate in the Rotarian kind of war hysteria — "wine-bibbers of patriotism," he called such people, "which, of course, I think is the biggest rot in the world." But he noted the names of classmates he had admired who had been killed in France during the winter and spring of 1916-1917 and he tried to decide whether to enlist in the air force or the infantry. Late in July he was back in St. Paul, where he went out to Fort Snelling and took the necessary examinations for a provisional appointment as a second lieutenant in the regular army. But his commission hung fire and there was nothing to do but return to Princeton for his senior year and wait restlessly. He roomed with John Biggs. Together they sometimes produced whole issues of *The Tiger* and wrote a great deal of the *Lit*.

His commission was finally issued on October 26. His first move on receiving it was to sign the Oath ("My pay started the day I signed the Oath of Allegiance and sent it back which was yesterday"); his second to go up to New York, to Brooks Brothers, and order his uniforms. Presently his orders came and he prepared to depart for Fort Leavenworth on November 20. He maintained the proper attitude, writing his mother: —

About the army please let's not have either tragedy or Heroics because they are equally distasteful to me. I went into this perfectly cold-bloodedly . . . and purely for *social reasons*. If you want to pray, pray for my soul and not that I won't get killed — the last doesn't seem to matter particularly and if you are a good Catholic the first ought to.

To a profound pessimist about life, being in danger is not depressing. I have never been more cheerful.

For all his dislike of conventional patriotism he was appealed to by the romantic idea of the gallant individual confronting and dominating danger and death. His not getting overseas and into action came gradually to seem to him a great deprivation. "It was as if, when he came later to read books about it," as Edmund Wilson has said, "he decided that he had been greatly to blame for not having had any real idea of what had been going on at that time, and he suddenly produced his old trench helmet which had never seen the shores of France and

hung it up in his bedroom at Wilmington and would surprise his visitors there by showing them, as if it were a revelation, a book of pictures of horribly mutilated soldiers." (As part of her education he required his eleven-year-old daughter to look these pictures over at La Paix in 1932, and the book was still in his library when he died.)

His departure from Princeton was, he thought, the end of youth, the end of experiments with life and fresh starts undertaken with easy confidence that there was plenty of time, the end of the period when one is irretrievably committed to nothing. Just before he left, he brought Dean Gauss the manuscript of a novel. He wanted Dean Gauss to recommend the book to his publisher, Scribner's. Gauss, after reading it, told Fitzgerald frankly that he could not do so. Fitzgerald argued that he would probably be killed in the war and wanted it published. Dean Gauss finally talked him out of trying to publish. He remembers that the first part of this novel was much like the first part of *This Side of Paradise*, the remainder a series of unconnected anecdotes, satires, and verse about Princeton life.

But Fitzgerald was not through with the novel. The minute he was settled at Leavenworth, he started to rewrite his manuscript, at first by concealing a pad within his copy of *Small Problems for Infantry* and later, after he had been caught at this, by working week-ends amidst the smoke and conversation and rattling of newspapers at the Officers' Club. "I would begin work at it every Saturday afternoon at one and work like mad until midnight. Then I would work at it from six Sunday morning until six Sunday night, when I had to report back to barracks. I was thoroughly enjoying myself." Working in this way he wrote a novel of one hundred and twenty thousand words, twenty-three chapters, of which four were in verse, "on the consecutive week-ends of three months" — that is, while he was at Fort Leavenworth; he was transferred to Camp Taylor, Kentucky, in February, 1918. It is hardly any wonder that he was remembered at Leavenworth as "a sandy-haired youngster . . . the world's worst second lieutenant."

Fitzgerald's statement that *The Romantic Egotist* was completed by January is a slight exaggeration; he still had five of his twenty-three chapters to go. But in spite of being on leave that month, he got the rest finished by March, doing part of the job in Cottage Club during his leave and sending the final installment to Bishop in March. He sent the book to Shane Leslie, who, after spending ten days correcting the punctuation and grammar, sent it along to Scribner's with a recommendation and a request

that, if they did not like it, they keep it anyway so that Fitzgerald "could go to France believing his book had been accepted."

By June the book was being read by Scribner's.

The Romantic Egotist was a very crude book, yet it was an original and striking book, too. Its worst faults were its lack of structure and, in the early parts, of concrete particulars. It should also be remembered that a great deal of what is now *This Side of Paradise*, including some of the best of it, such as the chapters about Princeton and the Isabelle and Eleanor episodes, was carried over into that book with only minor revisions from *The Romantic Egotist*.

In August Scribner's returned the book to Fitzgerald with a long and encouraging letter. "We are," they said, "considerably influenced by the prevailing conditions, including a governmental limitation on the number of publications . . . but we are also influenced by certain characteristics of the novel itself." They then went on to make a number of detailed suggestions and concluded by urging him to submit the book again. Fitzgerald attempted to meet these suggestions and returned the manuscript to Scribner's, but at the end of October they finally rejected it. Of the editors only Perkins was really for it.

At the same time he had been getting on with his career as the worst second lieutenant in the army. In February he got a leave and made a flying trip east to visit Princeton. He returned to Camp Taylor, Kentucky, where he found Bishop, who showed him around Louisville and talked poetry with him into the small hours. In April he was transferred again, to Camp Gordon, Georgia, and in June yet again, to Camp Sheridan near Montgomery, Alabama. Here, in June, he received the news that Ginevra was to be married in September.

Then one night at the Country Club, when he was in attendance on several superior officers from Camp Sheridan, his eyes fell on a small group which had gathered near him during one of the pauses between dances. In their midst was a young girl — so young that she had not put up her hair and was dressed in the frilly sort of dress which used to be reserved for young girls. As he looked at her, everything inside him, as he always recalled afterwards, seemed literally to melt, and without a thought for the officers who were supposed to be his responsibility for the evening, he walked straight up to Zelda Sayre and introduced himself. In his precise way where emotions were concerned he noted in his Ledger that he "fell in love on the 7th" of September.

(To be continued)



Being, appeared in 1949, has been writing his autobiography, which will be published early in the new year by Harcourt, Brace. With the backing of Peter Watson and the editorial initiative of Cyril Connolly, Mr. Spender helped to found *Horizon*, the English monthly, and in the pages which follow he recounts its early beginnings, its success, and the factors which led to the regretful decision to suspend publication at the end of its first decade.

"HORIZON" AND CYRIL CONNOLLY

by STEPHEN SPENDER

1

IN October, 1939, Cyril Connolly, Peter Watson, and I planned a new magazine, and one of our most difficult tasks was to choose a name for it. Connolly thought first of *Equinox*, with the quotation from Marlowe's *Faustus*, "Currite equi noctis," on the title page. Yet *Equinox* seemed unoriginal, and the quotation rather discouraging. For some time we weighed the claims of *Orion*. As I remember (though Connolly seems to remember differently) we chose *Horizon* in a moment of despair, when I took a copy of Gide's *Journal* from the bookshelf and my eye fell on the word *horizon*, which occurred rather frequently. (But when, quite recently, I told Connolly that this was my recollection of the origin of the name *Horizon* he looked at me amusedly and said, "Think again, Stephen. If you think hard enough, you'll remember that you thought first of everything.")

We inserted a few quarter-page advertisements in the literary weeklies. Two or three hundred people filled in the little form which was part of the advertisement, and these were the original subscribers for *Horizon*. We began editing in the Bloomsbury flat where I had lived with my first wife. The long, black-topped inlaid desk which I had built in Hammersmith was used by the secretary and business manager. Connolly sat reading manuscripts in the editorial chair by the window, occasionally glancing up to see whether any German aeroplanes were coming over, for during the "phony war" period there were constant false alarms, and we expected a raid which would demolish whole districts of London. When the bombs did come we had to evacuate for a few weeks to Thurlstone in Devonshire.

The first number of *Horizon*, which appeared in January, 1940, ran into a second edition, in which one or two misprints were corrected. In his editorial Comment for the second number, Connolly discussed the reception of the first by the critics: "To run through the first number, the editorial is escapist and cagey, the poetry out of date (except

Auden which is obscure), Priestley is Priestley, Grigson is spiteful, Bates is Bates. There are too many political articles, and, while full of dull things, the magazine is also much too short. Another line of attack is to concede that the first number is interesting, but to add that it is middlebrow and 'smarty,' and a third is to abandon the contents to their own merit and attack the policy or absence of policy. '*Horizon* is full of lovely things but . . . should a magazine be just full of lovely things? Shouldn't it stand for something? Be animated by a serious purpose? Be getting somewhere?'"

Connolly's policy was to publish what he liked. This included, in the early numbers particularly, the work of several new young poets: among them, Laurie Lee, W. R. Rodgers, Adam Drinan, Francis Scarfe, and several others, some of whom became well known afterwards. But to prefer the young to the old, or to support a movement or follow a party, was not *Horizon's* function. Although Connolly was inconsistent, being energetic, enthusiastic, indolent, interested and bored, by turns, he held his own views passionately and, on the whole, with judgment; and he faced adverse criticism with an equanimity which astonished me, as I knew him, in personal relationships, at any rate, to care greatly whether he was or wasn't liked. There were days when, if I showed him a poem by some poet whom I thought should be encouraged, he handed it back saying: "Are you certain that anyone will want to read it in twenty years' time?" On other occasions he seemed to show a more relaxed standard. The point is, though, that *Horizon* was always his own.

As an editor he was like a cook, producing with each number a new dish with a new flavor. Sometimes the readers objected, finding it too light, too sweet, too lumpy, or too stodgy, but he had somehow created in them a need to taste more. Or, to change the metaphor, he carried on a kind of editorial flirtation with his readers, so that they were all in some peculiar way admitted to his moods, his

tastes, his fantasies, his generous giving of himself, combined with his temperamental coyness.

We began by inviting some of the best-known living writers to send in contributions. One with a world-wide reputation responded with a lengthy work by no means unworthy of him. When it had been set up in proof, Connolly, on reading it in print, rejected it. On another occasion I was with him when a writer introduced himself with the words: "Mr. Connolly, why didn't you publish an article by me which you accepted six months ago?" Connolly snapped: "Because it was good enough to print but not good enough to publish."

Connolly and I did not always agree on the policy of *Horizon*. I wanted to put in more poems by young poets than he was willing to admit. Partly I wanted to do this on principle to get "the young" on our side; partly I was influenced by the fact that I had several protégés whose work I admired. Also I wished *Horizon* to have a more consistent and "responsible" editorial policy about the war and post-war worlds, instead of its mixture of grumbling, satire, nostalgia, and occasional incursions into the prophetic worlds of strategists like General Fuller or Liddell Hart, or of psychosomatic psychology. Looking back, I now see that if I had had my way we would have been conscientious and priggish, though I still think that an excellent magazine should be able to have a clearly thought-out policy.

2

THE strength of *Horizon* lay in the vitality and idiosyncrasy of the editor. I, who started out with concern for planning post-war Britain, defending democracy, encouraging young writers, and so forth, was disconcerted to find myself with an editor who showed little sense of responsibility about these things. His editorial Comments were brilliant, wayward, inconsistent, sometimes petulant. But he wrote in a style which was at times like a voice speaking Latin words of honey; and when, for instance, he described a sea anemone on a rock seen through distorting planes of tugging tides, I saw the serious point of what was delightful about him at Thurlstone: his afternoon setting out, dressed in jersey and shorts, carrying bucket, net, and spade, for the rock-and-sand pools along the beach at low tide, into which he would stare, while prodding at the sandy pond-floor with his net. In describing these expeditions, Connolly was a superb mimic. He could be a prawn, crab, or lobster hiding in the crevice of a rock, as he described his attempts to catch one.

Connolly is, I think, the best living parodist, a judgment in which readers of *The Condemned Playground* will probably concur. For him parody is a spontaneous and immediate response bubbling from his lips twenty times a day, with deceptive amiability. In the evening at Thurlstone we would listen

to the six o'clock news. In their refined BBC accents, the announcers would cite from the statements of pilots. "We gave (*long pause*) Jerry (*long pause, followed by the next three words spoken very quickly*) a jolly good (*long pause*) Pranging." As soon as the news was switched off, Connolly would continue, with an imitation of the BBC announcer's action, an account of his conflict with a prawn.

While the horror of the falling bombs was being demonstrated to us, Connolly's mind contemplated fantasies of worse things to come; and since he frequently dined with the great, his imagination fed on suggestions which had been thrown to him. He was tremendously knowledgeable about secret weapons called "flying sofas," "cigars," "pencils," and the like, long before the V-1s or V-2s. Sometimes the gourmet in him fused with the military strategist who had written a brilliant satire on the theme of "How to Trap a Tank," signed by Rear-Colonel Connolly; and he speculated on the slightly wishful thought that the Germans would asphyxiate us with a quite harmless gas which would render us unconscious for a few days, while they invaded. When we had awakened from our agreeable sleep we would behold — as far as I remember — German waiters, descended from parachutes, serving us steaks to comfort our bodies while lessening our hostility. Another weapon — whose effects he sometimes suspected actually to be working on us — was the filling of the air with a high note, so high indeed that no one could actually hear it, but which nevertheless penetrated through our skulls, weakening our wills with its unending shrill monotony.

In our personal relationship Connolly and I got on well, because, although we were for the most part in harmony, we knew that there were moments when we simply had to drop one another for a while. We arrived at a stage when we saw through each other, but our transparency was of a kind which looked on to something better than the qualities in each which were seen through. Beyond what was false the other saw something absurd, and something which could be respected. Sometimes we had rows, but these were always checked by the saving touch of the absurd.

Here is an example of one of our periodic rows. One day Connolly asked me to give him my opinion of a broadcast about the Poets of the 1930s which he had just written for the Eastern Service of the BBC. I read this speech with some astonishment. It said that the outstanding qualities of the poets of this decade were their industry and their power to advertise their own wares. The only one of the group in whom he could find anything to admire was Auden.

I handed the manuscript back to him, a little sadly, saying that I thought it excellent and that he should certainly put it on the air. I was determined not to justify his charge that I advertised myself, by attempting to influence whatever publicity he

might care to give me. After this I avoided his company for a few days, during which I let mutual friends know how annoyed I was. After a few days I received a letter from Connolly saying that he was sorry I was annoyed, but he had thought I would realize the broadcast was "only for India." At first, the implication that he thought I cared nothing for what he thought about me, but only whether it was said to the Indians or the home-grown British, shocked me. But gradually the fact that this incident was so exquisitely Connollyish consoled and amused me. For I saw that he only partly meant what he had written. He had allowed himself to be peevish on an occasion which he did not think would matter. "It's only for India" became a saying with which I have often consoled myself subsequently.

One of his most disarming characteristics was his frankness about his own feelings. He was liable to explode in anger, to give utterance to some almost inadmissible wish, to tell you exactly what he thought about you, but all with an air of revealing himself to you and asking for your sympathy, even against yourself. Behind whatever he did or said, his whole character was transparent like a landscape, occasionally beautiful (with rock pools and valleys), occasionally dulled by splenetic weather, and genial even in its moodiness because he had a certain genius.

Connolly admitted often that for some reason he was irrationally jealous of me, and he would appeal to me to do something or other to stop him having bad dreams which distressed him. Once, during the war, we traveled together to Dublin at the invitation of the Dublin University Philosophic Society. Connolly, who stayed with John Betjeman, then Press Attaché at the British Embassy, was received by De Valera and entertained by the French as well as by the Irish intelligentsia. I was sent to stay in the country some miles outside Dublin, with a professor and his wife. My hosts were charming and intelligent, and I could not have been happier than I was with them, but nevertheless my stay provided no rational explanation for the distressing dreams which it gave rise to in Connolly's mind, ruining (as he complained to me) his sleep. Each night, after his dinners at the Embassy, he was racked with dreams of me being received in brilliant gatherings to which he was not invited. Some time after this, he confessed that one of his worst fears was that one day a facsimile of my head would be printed on a postage stamp, issued by UNESCO or some other world organization, which he would have to lick in order to mail his letters from some place where he lived in obscure retirement!

So our relationship always verged on the absurd, beyond the impulsiveness on his side, the priggishness on mine, which irritated each in the other. At a certain point our animosities dissolved in laughter. And in a way this laughter was perhaps the most

serious thing of all, and perhaps was even that which brought readers to *Horizon*.

In 1941 I decided that the magazine could carry on perfectly well without me, under the sole editorship of Connolly. It continued for ten years in all. The point about it was that people wanted to see it, even if sometimes they were mad when it arrived. It was like a person who, however much he annoys you, provokes your interest, curiosity, love, and indignation. It was full of surprises such as its Begging Bowl, which solicited gifts from readers for writers, or its numbers devoted to the printing of a single story, such as Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One*, or Mary McCarthy's *The Oasis*.

Towards the end of its ten years, in the latter half of 1949, it showed obvious signs of editorial tiredness, and with the completion of its decade, Connolly closed it down. He took leave of his public with a characteristic editorial Comment, which was a fine mixture of irony, accusation, regret, nostalgia, and disarming personal admissions. The public was at fault for not supporting *Horizon* when it supported so many less worthy causes; the best writers wrote broadcasts and official tracts instead of devoting themselves to literature; the editor was tired; no review should last longer than ten years anyway; probably *Horizon* would start up again in a year's time.

A good many answers could be made to what was accusatory in this. If *Horizon* had been more economically run, it would have lost less money; in fact no great effort had been made of recent months to encourage the best writers to contribute; and, finally, a considerable public on both sides of the Atlantic supported it devotedly. Still, these arguments would not really have been to the point, which was that the public climate was no longer one in which Connolly could work with enthusiasm. The decay of a good literary atmosphere for producing reviews is undoubtedly part of our English situation. At least four other reviews have gone the way of *Horizon* in 1950.

When I took the proofs of the autobiography which will contain some of the foregoing pages to Connolly, he said (a) that he liked my book, (b) that he thought there should have been more in it about him, (c) that I could have been much nastier about him if I had written more: in fact, I had not been nasty enough. Having said all this, he pointed out ten or twelve small errors which he had meticulously observed, chiefly in the part about Spain. His generosity in appreciation, which always enabled him to overcome any pettier feelings, in short his literary passion, reminded me of those days when I used to call on him at noon, to find him lying in bed, a picture of the man of letters who writes unwillingly (though at the age of a little over forty he had written four books better than most of those of any of our generation), reading Catullus or eager to discuss the metric of Tennyson's poem "The Daisy."



being the indispensable sister for two men of genius. For a portrait of her — of what she was and of what she was not — we turn to GEORGE MALLABY, author of a volume on Wordsworth, who graduated from Merton College, Oxford, in 1923; served as Secretary of the Joint Planning and Intelligence Committee during the Second World War; and is today a key figure in Western Union and Assistant Secretary of the Ministry of Defense.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH: THE PERFECT SISTER

by GEORGE MALLABY

I

WE, who are alive, hardly know when we are happy. We are always looking ahead, thinking, or at least hoping, that "the best is yet to be." When we ponder and judge the lives of dead men, we say to ourselves, taking credit for the acuteness of our intellectual perception, "That was the climax of their happiness; in those years they lived to the full." There are no three persons, at least in the history of literature, about whom it is easier thus to express ourselves, than about Coleridge, Wordsworth, and his sister Dorothy. Even in their own lifetimes they knew that from 1797 to 1802 they shared a lustrum of sympathy and love and achievement which were proof against worldly accidents and tribulations. In that golden period these three persons were an undivided and indivisible trinity. When the triune spell was broken each of them failed — Coleridge fell into a self-deceiving idleness, morbid imaginings of jealousy and mistrust, an opiate confusion of mind and heart; Wordsworth, arming himself with the shield of a rather self-righteous duty, moved boldly but remorsefully away from "the vision splendid"; Dorothy, overburdened with household cares and perplexed with spiritual disappointments and dismay, surrendered to a senseless melancholy.

The bond between these three persons was spiritual — "three persons and one soul," Coleridge rightly called them. The bond was not, so far as all were concerned, intellectual: Miss Wordsworth was never that. She was sensitive, percipient, but in no sense a "bluestocking." Coleridge and Wordsworth were intellectual, Coleridge formidably so. Together they discussed and philosophized: when Dorothy was with them, they saw and felt. What she gave to her brother she gave to Coleridge also: —

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

When they *disputed* about Ben Jonson, as they did one evening in March, 1802, she was agitated and upset. It was she, more than her brother, who mistrusted "the meddling intellect." She read and appreciated literature, of course, but she had undergone no basic intellectual training. Her diaries and her letters are fresh, spontaneous, and natural, not at all elaborate, self-conscious, or stylized, not even carefully and deliberately composed. In matters of the mind she was untamed, undisciplined, choosing her own pasture, yielding herself, as she pleased, to chance impressions and random visitations of mental activity.

Nor, in my opinion, did physical attraction, as it is usually understood, play any part in the strong communion of these three. A true spiritual union is so rare that men have come to dispute its possible reality, and there have consequently been many attempts to explain away this exceptional trinity in terms of sex. Dorothy was in love with Coleridge, it is said; and though no one has yet dared to accuse Wordsworth of incest, it has been put forward in print as an explanation, requiring denial. Such stuff is shallow and vulgar.

So far as I can judge, Dorothy was not "in love," in the ordinary sense of the term, with anyone. She loved Wordsworth and Coleridge, it is true, loved them equally perhaps at one time, and certainly in the same way. She knew, by instinct and by a divine gift of sympathy, what they were striving for and she understood that, without her delicate perception, her sensitive and tender approach, they were too much given to "disputing," to argument and theory. She saw for herself the moods in which they were happiest and most creative and she knew that it was her presence which induced these moods. They told her so. How could she not love them? How could she not be happy? What other woman ever had two men of profoundly original genius so dependent upon her spiritual comfort? There was nothing physical about it. She was surely too busy,

too preoccupied, too enchanted, to give much thought to that side of her life. She was creating poets and beyond that she had no desire.

And yet, just as in ourselves we cannot isolate in sealed compartments the intellectual, the spiritual, and the physical, cannot deny their continuous interaction, so it must have been with Dorothy. She cannot have particularly relished the relationships her brother and Coleridge formed with other women. She understood, she did not complain, she went on with her sympathetic service. She did not seek relief for herself by marrying, though according to De Quincey she had several offers, one, he says, from Hazlitt. That could never have succeeded — the delicate, sensitive Dorothy with that awkward, disagreeable fellow who had a permanent chip on his shoulder.

When Wordsworth and Dorothy first started their daily companionship at Racedown in 1795, the Annette episode had already taken place. The bitterness, the disappointment, the remorse, which Wordsworth suffered as a result of his illicit love affair and the enforced neglect of his paternal duty were gradually assuaged by the tender offices of his sister. She did not reproach him, she understood. She understood, I think, that her brother's animal sensations were strong and could not be ignored. She understood also that his imagination was exceptionally powerful and virile. Her task was to nurse, to cultivate, to soften that powerful imagination. He would need also satisfaction for his physical desires: that she foresaw and planned to provide.

The Annette episode must first be closed — not ignored or repudiated but brought to a gentle and affectionate ending. Annette, she rightly felt, was not likely either to get or give happiness by marrying her brother. So much must have been clear from what he told her and from those garrulous and rather illiterate letters. And so she took upon herself most of the burden of that strange romance, wrote affectionate letters full of tender inquiries for the child, went with her brother on that curious visit to Calais in 1802, when they passed a whole month with Annette and the child. How that month was spent, how its daily difficulties were overcome, we do not know; but there was no bitterness any more and the two families, suddenly and dramatically linked in a moment of revolutionary ardor, remained friendly and affectionate. That was Dorothy's gentle work. She rescued her brother from an entanglement, not an embrace.

She rescued him, not for herself, but for Mary Hutchinson, whom he married immediately after this Calais visit. Now he would be complete; he would have the delights of married life, the joy of children, without losing the spiritual understanding which she alone could give him. It is in some ways an affront to set these things down on paper. They were not precisely reasoned and coldly calculated. She felt them to be right: she moved towards them

in her wild affectionate way, carrying her brother with her. It is idle and unprofitable to speculate what course he would have pursued without her: he might after all, with his high standards of morality, have married Annette. He might, on the other hand, in his tough matter-of-fact way, have driven the whole incident out of his mind. What is certain is that it is utterly ridiculous to picture Wordsworth as heartlessly scheming to abandon Annette, confer marriage with an air of patronage upon Mary, and enslave his sister to his selfishness. Dorothy understood these things better than he did and, even if she brought them to an issue which suited him, it suited all the actors in this drama too, and it suited the world, which might otherwise have lost the fruits of his great spirit.

2

WITH Coleridge the problem was different. He and Dorothy liked each other from the moment he came running across the field and into their house at Racedown, eager, enthusiastic, unannounced. She liked him for the freedom of his talk and his boyish spirits. She liked him because he admired and encouraged her brother. He liked her for her sensitive perceptions, her ready sympathy, her natural eager demeanor — so utterly different from the shallow, contained, conventional, fussy attitude of his wife. But he did not precisely compare her with his wife; he did not think of her in those terms. She was a companion, bright, amusing, sympathetic, high-spirited, sensitive; she was a link with Wordsworth, of whom in the ardor of his admiration he stood a little in awe. She interpreted the one to the other, not consciously or deliberately, but by understanding both she realized the harmony of their thought and feeling. That was her true position, and if she could have married Coleridge, if there had been that passionate bond between them, her relationship with her brother would have been altered and there would have been no "three persons and one soul."

I do not say they all three understood this at the time; I do not say that Dorothy never wished, even for a moment, that she could have been Coleridge's wife. Perhaps she did, but the physical attraction, if it existed at all, was not so strong as to make all other communion painful and impossible. She continued to love and serve Coleridge, as she loved and served her brother, and in equal measure and in the same kind they returned her love.

Coleridge was not happily married. He had chosen badly, if indeed he had chosen at all; for the choice had perhaps been made as much by Southey as himself. His marriage was never a passionate romance, and of spiritual and intellectual companionship there was little. Coleridge was not in the mood at Racedown to look upon Miss Wordsworth and, feeling that he had made a bitter mistake, long

for what he could not have. He was, however, surprised and delighted by a form of companionship which he had never imagined, and in the months that followed at Alfoxden and Nether Stowey he and Dorothy spent many enchanted hours alone together or in the company of Wordsworth, whom they equally honored and loved.

Mrs. Coleridge was not jealous: she did not think Miss Wordsworth's charms gave her any cause. She did not believe her husband was in love in the ordinary sense, and she was right. What she resented at first and continued to resent for many years was the encouragement which she felt her husband received from the Wordsworths in his waywardness, his incompetence, his self-indulgences. There she was wrong. If the paths of Wordsworth and Coleridge had never crossed, the pitiable decline of Coleridge would have begun much earlier, there would have been no *Ancient Mariner*, no *Christabel*, and no *Kubla Khan*. Mrs. Coleridge can hardly be blamed for not understanding that. She was an ordinary woman, beset with family responsibilities and without the money to meet them. Her husband gave her no practical help, and during that idyllic time at Nether Stowey, while she occupied herself with the insistent demands of the infant Hartley, he roamed the countryside with the Wordsworths, with little regard to her time or her convenience. Miss Wordsworth, in her free spontaneous manner, borrowed Mrs. Coleridge's clothes if a wet walk made a change desirable, while Wordsworth, never a courteous or gallant man, paid her little attention. She felt excluded: that trinity of persons had no need of her. But she was not jealous of Dorothy in the vulgar sense.

3

THE unhappiness of Coleridge, his mental and physical unrest, increased as the years advanced. While Wordsworth married a woman of a placid, patient nature, self-effacing, kind and loving, Coleridge's relations with his wife grew hourly more torturing and insupportable. He must have the physical and romantic love, which he could not get at home. Dorothy neither would nor could supply it; there was never any question of that. But she can hardly have relished the passionate interest which he now began to show in Sara Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth's sister. He imagined himself deeply in love, but it was a passion that could have nothing but a miserable issue. Quite apart from the conventional impediments, Coleridge was already too far gone in self-indulgence and self-pity to make any woman happy, and the Wordsworths could only grieve for Sara, whom they dearly loved.

It is absorbing to play with the "ifs" of history, and the big "if" of Wordsworth and Coleridge is

not "if only Coleridge had married Dorothy Wordsworth," but "if only he had married Sara Hutchinson." If there had been no pantisocracy and no Sarah Fricker, if Coleridge and Wordsworth had married Sara and Mary Hutchinson, then there might have been the equilibrium which would have preserved them from their fates and sustained their inspiration for a longer spell. Then Dorothy could still have presided with her sensitive touch over the imaginations of those two beloved men, who, contented in their married lives, would have found in her that spiritual element which transmuted into poetry the powerful feelings that worked within them.

However, to disprove this agreeable fancy is the history of Wordsworth's own decline. He was a happy man, fortunate in his wife and children, fortunate in his circumstances, blessed in his sister. And yet, abruptly almost, when he was thirty-eight years old, his Muse deserted him, and Dorothy had no power to arrest the decline, to soften his hardness, to check his increasing vanity.

By 1808, the year in which Wordsworth's genius had begun its dull and downward path, that great friendship of the three was stretched and strained. By 1810 it was snapped. For the last year Coleridge had lived in Wordsworth's house, apart from his wife, whom he had left for good, but the Wordsworths were now powerless to make him happy. He imprisoned himself in his own selfishness; he fed upon his morbid sensations and suspicions; he surrendered his poor aching body to opium and alcohol. He was not an easy inmate. He rose late; he was inconsiderate; he was silent and sulky with all except Sara, whom he pestered with his attentions and burdened with his demands for sympathy. He brooded on his imagined wrongs; he encouraged his "most lawless thoughts"; he accused Wordsworth, his wife, and Dorothy of turning Sara against him, of stealing her love from him, of reading her letters. His mind and body were disordered; his "shaping spirit of imagination" had forsaken him; he gave nothing now to Wordsworth and received nothing back, the well was dry. And then came the open quarrel, caused by the garrulous impertinence of Montagu, but not in itself important, because the discord was already there, because the triune spell was already broken.

Dorothy never saw Coleridge again: he was dead to her and dead to most things. Wordsworth she saw every day, but a Wordsworth deprived of one part of that triple force, given over more and more to politics and domestic cares, and forging for himself an armor of self-complacency. No wonder that she drooped and failed, no wonder that her nervous powers were exhausted and that she sank into a melancholy confusion of wits. But she had done her work and fulfilled her destiny, and through the workings of her delicate spirit the world is richer by two English poets.

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

At the approach of Christmas it is permissible to think back to the days of innocence. When Taft was President a twelve-year-old living on an allowance of 25¢ a week had to begin saving up for Christmas in mid-October—that is, he did in a family like mine where there were brothers and sisters, father and mother, seven aunts and a beloved godmother, two favorite uncles, Uncle Joe and Uncle Harry, a grandmother, and three cousins, Harriet, Allen, and Puck, for all of whom presents had to be devised out of that 25¢.

Devised is the right word. For uncles you devised ash trays. For months you collected, uncoiled, and carefully pressed the best cigar bands that came into the house. These in their scarlet-golden glory were then pasted face up until they covered the entire underside of the glass tray. To give it a professional look the tray had a backing of green baize, and what a job it was to glue that on evenly. Also for the elders were mottoes burned in wood with a red-hot poker, or better yet with a wood-burning needle if you knew somebody who owned one. "God Bless Our Home," "The Fear of the Lord is the Beginning of Wisdom," and one which I devised myself, "Sincerity, Simplicity, and Strength." (This was before the days when a well-known advertiser had framed behind his desk the motto to end all mottoes, "They Said We Couldn't Do It — So We Didn't Even Try.")

For cousins there were jigsaw puzzles made on borrowed time with the jig saw which belonged to Freddie who lived across the street. What you did was to take a favorite picture like Custer's Last Stand in *Collier's*, paste it with beautiful smoothness on the thin wood, and then against the whiny little saw ("Don't push too hard, Ted, or you'll bust it") cut out the little curlicue pieces which would then be packed in a Christmas box. For my best girl, who collected stamps, I mounted a color-

ful assortment of my duplicates in an unused diary for 1905. The stationer would sell you old diaries for almost nothing. With such devising 25¢ a week could be stretched just far enough to fill your list, and what you couldn't make you went scouting for in the Five and Ten. It seemed like a long time to have to save; but while no one ever bothered to explain to us the innocent pleasure of giving, we felt it just as much as we felt the expectancy when the incoming presents from relatives in Annapolis and St. Paul and New York arrived and were shut away in the spare room. The mystery of what was accumulating behind that closed door was something to think about.

The children's service at St. John's was the curtain raiser for the Great Day. The church was festive and fragrant with greens, and in the wintry candlelit twilight the arches and vaultings seemed those of a great cathedral and the altar shone with singular radiance. As Dr. Glazebrook led and as we responded to those magnificent words

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given,
and the government shall be upon his shoulder;
and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor,
The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The
Prince of Peace

a spirit like an electric current ran through me; and when later we rose to sing "O Little Town of Bethlehem" and the church was filled by the high young voices, it seemed indeed that this was a moment of perennial youth and hope. Hearing my mother's lovely soprano in the choir, I used to hold back my tears as we came to the last verse, and be ashamed lest my face should show it. Then came the gifts, the cornucopias for everyone, and the Testaments for those who had been perfect in attendance. Then came "Silent Night," and then the walk home on the crunching snow under the stars. If such faith and anticipation do not take the homeward path this Christmas Eve, our children will be the poorer for it.

Novel or play

Burning Bright (Viking, \$2.50) is, as John Steinbeck tells us, the third attempt he has made to work in a new form, the play-novelette — *Of Mice and Men* and *The Moon Is Down* being its two predecessors. In each case what he has given us is a short novel that can be played simply by lifting out the dialogue. There was no question in my mind that each of these books was far easier

Christmas Gifts

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for the layman to assimilate than it would have been had it come to him in the clipped and staccato aspect of a stage script.

Burning Bright is a more symbolic and ambitious experiment than the down-to-earth story of Lennie and George, the migratory workers — the one a slow-witted elephant, the other a ferret — who evoked our pity in *Of Mice and Men*. *Burning Bright* has for its theme the pride of paternity, the egotism of one's blood. It tells in the opening act of Joe Saul, a widowed acrobat who in his middle age has married a young wife and who, though his strength is slipping, is still fiercely expectant of having a son. His wife Mordeen knows this to be impossible and dreads his discovery of his sterility. At this point big Victor, the lusty new man in the act, intervenes and the question is, will Mordeen accept him against her loathing and so gratify the elemental wish of her husband Joe Saul?

In terms of the novel, this question is too long in being answered; it is telegraphed ahead in the first few pages and the action drags while we wait and wait for the inevitable. Fortunately for the reader — and I suspect for the playgoer too — the second and predominant theme begins to assert itself in Act II where the same characters are now living on a farm. Now the question is not what Mordeen will do but how soon Joe Saul will find out — and then what will he do? To give these questions, to give his trio, a universal meaning, Mr. Steinbeck by the swiftest transitions shifts the scene from the circus to the farm and thence to the cabin of an old freighter. He lifts the narrative out of the limitations of any locality, and by endowing his two leading men with a lyrical and symbolic speech he succeeds in creating a story which is unearthly but not without reality.

The vignettes in which he traces the heritage of the clown or of the ship are deft and good. Joe Saul's rhetoric at times seems to me rather goofy. Friend Ed, who brings the story to its climax, is capable of much more force, as the author intended he should be. "Stop trying to hide in the dark behind your fingers," he says to the self-pitying Joe, and the words are characteristic of them both. I feel about this as I felt about the old Moralities — that when there are actors present to lend their individualities to the portrayal of lust, temptation, and righteousness the scenes have more grip than when they are read.

The Maine woods

Louise Dickinson Rich has done what so many of us dream of doing: after enough years of school-teaching to merit an honorable discharge, she took to the Maine woods. Her first book, *We Took to the Woods*, showed that she found her new environment as easy as an old shoe; the guides and the lumberjacks liked her, so did the critters, and she wrote about them with zest and abundant good

humor. Now in her new book, *My Neck of the Woods* (Lippincott, \$2.75), she tells us in more detail about those who live in her neighborhood. Nobody really bizarre, nobody mean, nobody decadent, for the most part the people she writes about are direct, tangy, and rather strong-minded about their own affairs.

Some like herself have bolted from the city in midstream, the most independent of the lot being the old boy who, after twenty-five years of middling success in Boston life, leaves his wife and home to become a woodsman. He financed his camp with the proceeds of an illegal still (not moonshine, but elegant molasses rum made in the classic manner); and when he had rolled up enough capital he closed up the still, to the dismay of his clients, and played it straight. He loved the quiet, and once refused to answer the phone for a week in the dead of winter simply because he didn't feel like it. The same impulse led him to kick four "sports" out of his camp because he was tired of hearing them talk. But he is kindly in a dour way, quietly witty, and as ready as the rest of the population to help out in hunting lost visitors.

Next to him comes the portrait of the family-ridden, old-fashioned clerk at the Pondy lumber camp who was driven almost out of his wits by the complications of Social Security bookkeeping and the ease with which his cocky junior at Spike camp handled them. When Elmer finally broke under the strain, it was the boy from Spike who helped him out with an adding machine (the secret of his own success), tact, and protection from earnest do-gooders, until Elmer got back his equilibrium.

So the discourse flows on with its warm, confident liking for the human race, particularly if they are endowed with Yankee individuality. Mrs. Rich's attitude is well summed up in her comment on the potty handyman who tells her of seeing sixteen snow-white foxes running a race on the lake shore, very pretty against the blue water and the glittering autumn foliage. "Of course it was all in his head, but I thought how lucky he was to have a head like that."

She came when he whistled

Joyce Cary is an Anglo-Irish novelist who arrived at maturity before his books began to find favor in America. Like Evelyn Waugh, Mr. Cary spent some time in an art school before turning seriously to his fiction, and from this background he created his most impudent and impulsive character, Gulley Jimson, the vagabond artist who is the hero of *The Horse's Mouth*. In his new book, *A Fearful Joy* (Harper, \$3.00), Mr. Cary is again having his fun with artistic circles as he tells the story of Tabitha, who is an empty-headed but attractive pushover when she runs away with her first seducer, Bonser, but who acquires a good deal of skill in handling men as she goes through the



"Adventure is around
every corner."
—CHICAGO TRIBUNE

One day in 1890, an English boy, shy and appealing, stepped off a boat in Halifax. Sewed to the back of his coat was an oilcloth sign: "This is Ludar Prentice. He has no money. He is going to his father at Balfour, Ontario. BE KIND TO HIM."

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various roles of mistress, wife, divorcée. Gaiety Tabitha always had, and with it the loyalty of a somewhat amorous sheepdog. Bonser abuses her outrageously and she ought to be outraged, but she isn't. Each time he reappears she greets him with fresh affection despite her other attachments: indeed she is twice married, twice divorced, and a grandmother before Bonser gets around to marrying her.

Tabitha's matrimonial adventures begin in England of the *Yellow Book*, and for a time she is the mistress of a wealthy publisher, the backer of artists and poets who sound a little like Beardsley and Swinburne. Tabitha swims through this stream without ever quite knowing what it is all about, and her shortcomings are, I think, the shortcomings of the novel itself, for with all of Mr. Cary's inventive and amusing satire of English life there is really no character in the book who cuts deep. The story moves in swift episodes, amusingly and implausibly, and I question whether it leaves any lasting impression.

The adventurer from Finland

Mika Waltari is a Finnish novelist who began by writing regional novels about his homeland but whose wide reading and delight in history soon carried him to narratives of greater scope. With *The Egyptian* he scored an international success. This big novel of the doctor who held the Pharaohs in his power was told in broad sweeping color: it was driven forward with an extraordinary capacity for invention and enough scholarship to make it sound plausible.

Now in *The Adventurer* (Putnam's, \$3.50) Mr. Waltari has turned to the sixteenth century and to that time when Europe was in turmoil over the Reformation. His hero is a young Finn brought up by an old woman of the village who has the secret of healing herbs and who more than once has been accused of witchcraft. For her loyalty to him she is eventually stoned to death. Michael is rejected by the church because he is baseborn, but he has the brains and the guile to get along. He studies for a while at the University of Paris, he takes a mercenary part in the fighting in Scandinavia, he hears Martin Luther denounce the Pope; for a time he is enthralled with Barbara, the green-eyed temptress who marries him and who in her turn is shortly thereafter condemned and horribly tortured as a witch.

Michael Pelzfuss, self-seeking, unscrupulous, and pretty much of a coward, is still such an adroit rogue, so skillful in the use he makes of his real and of his bogus knowledge, that I find myself following his escapades with more than passing curiosity. Michael bends to the forces of a brutal, gloomy, and suspicious age. He hasn't enough of the admirable in him to earn our sympathy, but we do want to see him survive and that is the story.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

For the Curious

A GENERATION ON TRIAL: U.S.A. v. ALGER HISS by Alistair Cooke. (Knopf, \$3.50.) The author's title may be a misnomer, and his refusal to pass judgment will anger some readers, but from the reporting standpoint this is a superlative job.

THE MAN OF INDEPENDENCE by Jonathan Daniels. (Lippincott, \$3.75.) A hotly partisan portrait of President Truman as an "average" American. Daniels has uncovered new material, including some provocative Presidential table talk.

Novels from Abroad

THE CASE OF COMRADE TULAYEV by Victor Serge. (Doubleday, \$3.00.) The unpremeditated murder of a high-ranking Communist official sets in motion a dramatic tale of the pathology of modern Russia. The author, an ex-revolutionary, has put the experience of a hard schooling into this near-Koestler narrative.

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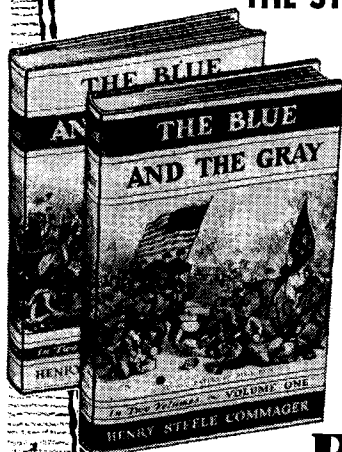
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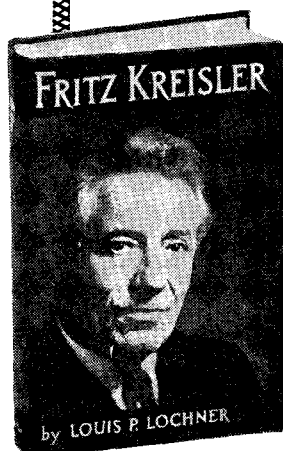
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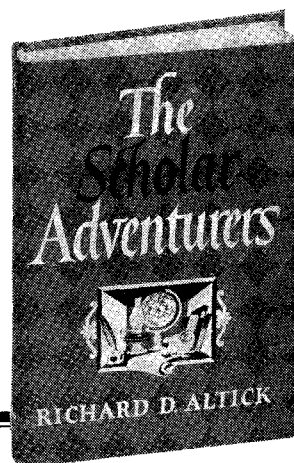
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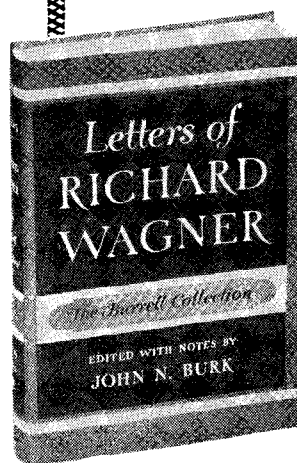
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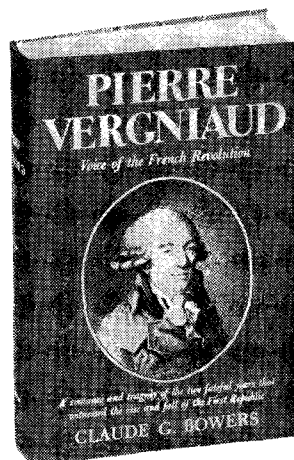
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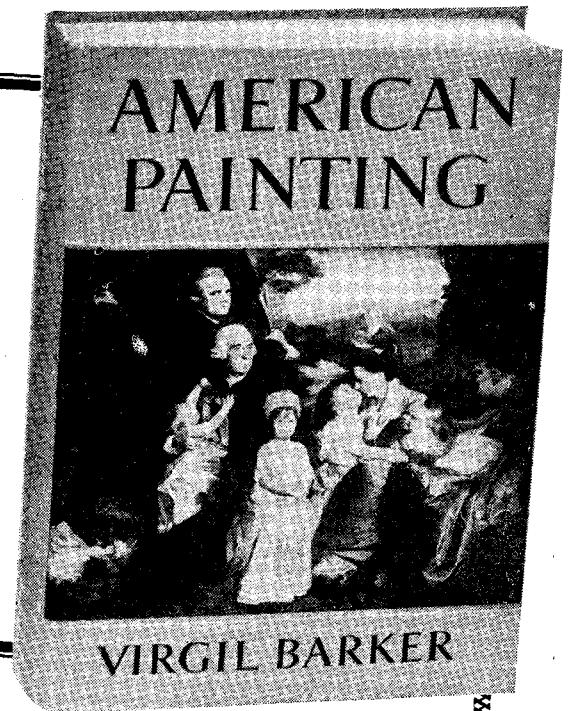
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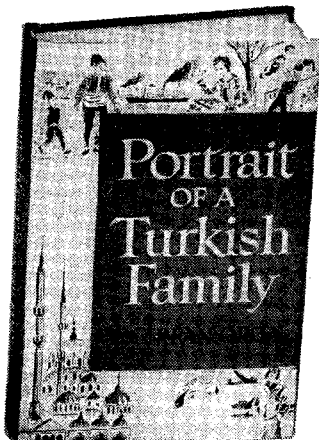
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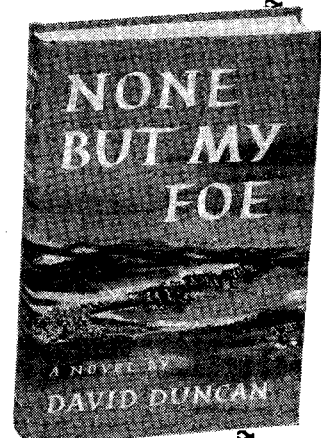
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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



IN *Hollywood, the Dream Factory* (Little, Brown, \$3.50) — the fruit of a year's "field work" in movieland — a lady anthropologist reports that the cultural outlook among the natives of Graustark is in many basic respects similar to that of the Melanesian natives of the Bismarck Archipelago, who have not yet emerged from the Stone Age.

Many laymen, of course, had previously arrived at roughly the same conclusion on the strength of sporadic expeditions to the local movie theater and a desultory reading of such Hollywood court chroniclers as Miss Louella Parsons. Indeed, much of what **Dr. Hortense Powdermaker** sets forth with a rather naïve-sounding scientific solemnity has been said before with considerably more verve by novelists and journalists. However, the anthropological approach — granted that some of its comparisons are highly strained and some not specially enlightening — does help at times to make sense, clinically speaking, of Hollywood's non-sense. It has, too, a further merit in this instance: the deadpan use of the mores of naked savages as a frame of reference for the mores of the movie folk is a more devastating blow to Hollywood's vainglory — a more lethal insult — than the rage and mockery of the satirist. Anyone who enjoys seeing pins stuck into the highly inflated balloons of human megalomania, imbecility, and cant should get his money's worth out of *Hollywood, the Dream Factory*.

Dr. Powdermaker's field work proved exceptionally easy in Hollywood because "the level of frustration was high and frustrated people love to talk." Hollywood's frustrations are traced to many sources — chronic job insecurity; the thralldom imposed on the creative workers by despotic moguls; the moguls' own enslavement to the unending pursuit of more money and Success. The Hollywood system, the author found, is largely governed by magical thinking. Many people feel they owe their position to luck ("getting the breaks") and the observance of ritual ("playing the game") rather than to their talents and hard work: they "give the impression of Cinderella at the ball, just before the clock strikes midnight." The front-office executives like to think of themselves as omniscient divinities possessed of magic ("showman's instinct" and money); like primitive man they forget the times when their magic has not worked. Throughout the

upper echelons of the industry, the author found a stunning failure to appreciate the importance of talent, brains, planning, and realistic knowledge of the medium and the audience.

To the anthropologist, Hollywood also reflects primitive man in its abject efforts to propitiate the bluenoses and the pressure groups with an elaborate set of self-imposed taboos. The Production Code's biggest, most crucial taboo, says the author, is an unwritten one: a taboo against the truthful portrayal of man.

Dr. Powdermaker sums up Hollywood as an extreme caricature of a business civilization, a mixture of primitivism and certain elements of totalitarianism — "the concept of people as property and as objects to be manipulated, highly concentrated and personalized power for power's sake, an amorality, and an atmosphere of continuous anxiety and crises."

Red Star over China

Robert Payne's *Mao Tse-tung*, Ruler of Red China (Schuman, \$3.50) is the first full-length biography of the fifty-seven-year-old peasant who two years ago was hiding in caves and today is the most alarmingly powerful political boss in the world, second to Stalin. The author of this very timely book, an Englishman of thirty-nine, is himself something of a phenomenon. He appears to have succeeded in harnessing nuclear energy to the production of the Word: some twenty books by him have been published in the past four years. In addition to this, he is endowed with genuine talent and a first-rate mind. Mr. Payne has lived in China; he speaks and reads Chinese; and he has a wide knowledge of Chinese history, literature, and thought. All this gives his biography dimensions lacking in most of the topical books about China.

Acting on the Chinese adage, "Know yourself, know enemy: hundred battles, hundred victories," Mr. Payne has set out to furnish a detailed accounting of the growth of Chinese Communism and a clear-eyed appraisal of Mao. He is not of the persuasion that the Communist conquest of China was simply an act of the Red Devil, aided and abetted by his pink friends in our State Department. He believes, on the contrary, that the Chinese masses were positively forced into the arms of Communism by the all-round rottenness of the regime of Chiang Kai-shek — "a nightmare wedded to a machine-gun." Since this estimate, though it was also (roughly) General Marshall's, is now apt to be accounted subversive, it should be noted that Payne clearly detests the Kremlin and doesn't pretty-up the Chinese Communists into "agrarian reformers." He does show a tremendous affection for the Chinese people, and it may well have led his judgment astray at times — as when he says that the U.S., had it not sent arms to Chiang in 1946, could have achieved "an entente" with the Communists.

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The Strong Man of Chinese Communism was the son of a peasant slightly better off than the average. An uncommonly studious boy, Mao planned to be a teacher and live the quiet life of scholarship. He was first turned towards politics by seeing, during his school days, the public executions which followed insurrections by the famished peasantry. When the Communist Party of China held its first Congress in 1921, Mao was a prominent revolutionary.

The contemporary Mao, as he emerges here, is a rather complex, paradoxical figure: a hater of Confucius who has modeled himself after the Confucian hero, scholar and man of action; a "peasant-intellectual" — the author of five books, a voluminous reader, a man of deep learning — who by sheer will power has made himself a master technician of revolution and guerrilla warfare. As a Communist, Mao demands new, popular forms in art; as a poet, he is himself strictly traditionalist. He has proclaimed that "dogmas are more useless than cow dung," but he has a strong tendency to dogmatize and oversimplify. He knows little about the outside world, but he is resolutely committed to world revolution.

"He is no Tito," Payne declares, nor is he a Muscovite with Chinese identity papers: he is passionately Chinese, and "he knows where he is going." One is left with the impression of a formidably dangerous enemy. At once sensitive and dynamic, a man close to reality and a penetrating theorist, Mao appears to have the stature to become the Lenin-cum-Stalin of the Far East.

Life for life's sake

It took that persuasive publisher Alfred A. Knopf no fewer than eighteen years to get the late **Dr. Abraham Myerson** — a Boston neurologist and psychiatrist much loved in New England and well known to the medical world — to produce the essay on *Homo sapiens* in sickness and in health which now appears under the title *Speaking of Man* (Knopf, \$3.00). There is good reason, I feel, to be grateful for Mr. Knopf's persistence. Written with enormous vitality and exhilarating wit, Myerson's book admits us to the bracing company of a very admirable man: a man who doughtily stands by the nowadays unfashionable notion that life is well worth living.

Though he put together these re-

flections while face to face with death, Myerson shows no trace of any "failure of nerve"; no trace, either, of the stagey bitterness of a man who, loving life fiercely, hates to go across the river and into the trees. At the outset, he confesses to a resolute disbelief in traditionalist religion and all absolutes. He is a skeptic, too, and a scathing one, on the subject of psychoanalysis; and he proclaims a hearty disrespect for all "authorities," whether they be doctors like himself, radio pundits, dietetic experts, or whatever. "Mom, poor Mom!" writes Myerson. "I put on my shining armor of skepticism and rise to defend her. The authorities who attack her would do better to attack the other authorities who have guided and misguided her."

Myerson has hard words for the psychiatrists who take as their test of normalcy "adjustment" to society. There is nothing normal, he says, about a social code which declares obscene man's deepest biological drives: "There is something wretchedly obscene in the whole ideal of chastity." To Myerson, wisdom usually resides somewhere in the middle ground — "Between the overstriving of the American life and the nirvana of Buddhism there is a medial place in which the wise man lives." Reason is a trusty guide, but sometimes it is reasonable to be nonrational. A sturdy nonconformist, Myerson holds that "the more fiercely divergence is denounced, the less the dogma is to be believed and followed." If you are hardy and skeptical, he declares, "keep in mind that there are ways of guessing what is relatively true and what is palpably false."

Speaking of Man discusses such matters as heredity and environment; genius; individuality; the relation of body and mind. Myerson rejects the "gladiatorial" concept of evolution and sees an instinctual basis for altruism; the principle of coöperation, he believes, is a major factor in the survival of the fittest. At the core of his ideas there is always an old-fashioned faith in the efficacy of common sense; and always a robust faith in life for life's sake.

Most readers will take issue with some or many of the things that Myerson has to say, but the spirit that informs his book is an invigorating counterpoint to the prevailing palsies: to the life-hatred which makes the tender-minded so eager for any short cut to salvation — whether it

lead to the kingdom of heaven or the free state of Dianetics — and which makes the tough-minded so grimly relish chilling jeremiads and the notion that doomsday is upon us.

The "cure of the soul"

Among those less entrenched in skepticism than Dr. Myerson there has been a certain amount of questioning as to whether religion and psychoanalysis are unavoidably opposed or whether they work for the same ends and supplement each other. The latest contribution to the debate is a short book by **Dr. Erich Fromm**, who won a considerable following with his *Escape from Freedom*, and whose *Man for Himself* was to my knowledge the first popular work by a psychoanalyst devoted exclusively to ethics. The present volume, *Psychoanalysis and Religion* (Yale University Press, \$2.50), is based on a series of lectures delivered at Yale University.

Fromm holds that it is fallacious to set up as alternatives irreconcilable opposition or identity of interest between religion and psychoanalysis. What his book seeks to show is that the religious attitude — "concern for the soul" — is not bound up with belief in the tenets of traditional religion. The need for religion, says Fromm — the need for a "common system of orientation and for an object of devotion" — is deeply rooted in the condition of human existence. The question, then, to the psychoanalyst, "is not *religion or not* but *which kind of religion*, whether it is one that furthers . . . the unfolding of man's specifically human powers, or one paralyzing them. . . . [It] is not whether man believes in God but whether he lives love and thinks truth."

The crux of Fromm's book lies in the distinction he presses between the authoritarian and "humanistic" principles in religion — both are intertwined in the Judaeo-Christian tradition. In the authoritarian side of religion, according to Fromm, man projects his most valuable attributes onto God and is left empty and helpless — a "miserable sinner." Authoritarian religion, says Fromm, is essentially masochistic, and tends to produce a compensatory impulse toward domination of others in human relations. In the humanistic side of religion, "God is not a symbol of power over man but of man's powers." The *human reality* underlying the teaching

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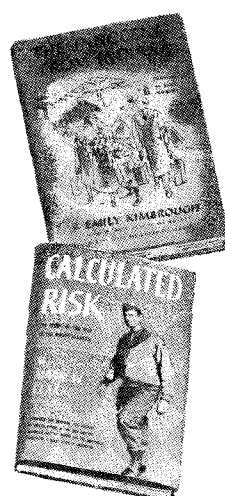
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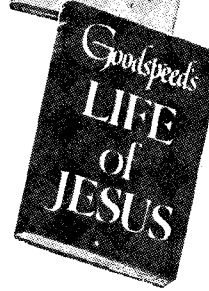
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of "Buddha, Isaiah, Christ, Spinoza" is that man fulfills himself through his power to love, to act freely and responsibly, and to pursue the truth. It is precisely those faculties which psychoanalysis seeks to restore to the neurotic. Its proper function, as Fromm sees it, is not "adjustment counseling" but "cure of the soul." What it should help the patient to achieve is "an attitude which can be called religious in the humanistic sense of the word."

Fromm fails to discuss the fact that there is much in the religious teachings he refers to as humanistic which obviously runs counter to the psychoanalytic notion of self-realization (Buddha's depreciation of the flesh, for instance). This objection, however, has no direct bearing on Fromm's over-all thesis, which is that psychoanalysis — though it rejects otherworldliness and the God of the theologians — seeks to teach certain central human truths enshrined in all the higher religions; to teach, in fact, religion.

This, of course, is casuistry to anyone for whom the whole idea of religion is inseparable from God. *Psychoanalysis and Religion* is clearly directed at those who question traditional religion and its supernatural doctrines, and to such readers it can be strongly recommended. Whichever way you look at it, Fromm's book is a model of conciseness and lucidity.

Three monarchs bold

The sickness which Erich Fromm brilliantly anatomized in *Escape from Freedom* — the repudiation of liberty and flight into the cult of Leadership — distressingly reveals itself in the last and posthumously published book of a brave, sensitive, and gifted man, **Antoine de Saint-Exupéry**. It is a bitter paradox that Saint-Exupéry — who in 1944 forced his way into combat duty though over forty and died flying a plane against the Germans — should have left as his "Book of Wisdom" a work whose preachments are so dismally akin to the romantic mystique of fascism.

The Wisdom of the Sands (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.00) is a meditative narrative in which a desert prince, a beneficent despot, tells how he has made his empire into a kind of Utopia, and expounds his philosophy of life. The book is couched in a sententiously oracular, neo-Biblical style. Its vivid pictures of desert life, its pages touched with the poetry of *Wind*,

Sand and Stars, are scattered islands in a sea of rhetoric. The key ideas — as Stuart Gilbert, the translator, approvingly notes in his introduction — are "discipline," "hierarchy," "constraint." The leitmotif is unquestioning obedience: "He who questions is seeking, primarily, the abyss."

Saint-Exupéry's prince has absolute power, and we are given to understand that, Lord Acton to the contrary, he is above corruption. God-inspired, he knows and does what is best for his people. He loves them with such devotion that he is ready to be pitilessly cruel to ensure that they profit by his wisdom. He scorns the "shallow puddles" of what men consider justice. And freedom he abhors — it leads to equality, stagnation, and "death": each man must cleave submissively to the place assigned him in the hierarchy. The prince's soliloquies, happily, often strike a more edifying note. But there is no blinking the fact that Saint-Exupéry's "message" is a brief for the sternest sort of authoritarianism.

It is also a fact, however, that Saint-Exupéry was an *esprit noble*. A mystic, a poet, an idealist with a soul-ache for perfection, he hated the greedy competitiveness and spiritual aridity of contemporary life; he hated this century, he said after the collapse of France, "with all my heart." There is not much mystery about the why and wherefore of his final flight from freedom.

The latest work by Saint-Exupéry's warm admirer, **André Gide**, is also the first person story of a king — Theseus, the founder of Athens — who feels he has done well by his people. Although Gide's ruler, too, believes in discipline, his is a government resting on consent and ardently progressive. This Theseus novella and a drama of Gide's not previously available in English make a joint appearance in *Two Legends: Oedipus and Theseus* (Knopf, \$3.00). A master of language such as Gide is bound to suffer a substantial loss in translation, but he has certainly been handled with great finesse in John Russell's rendering of the legends.

Theseus reminded me of the remark Gide once made that he was a priest shadowed by "a small boy who amuses himself." Intimates of his work will recognize that here is one of his most deeply felt narratives, and will detect, at the same time, an almost prankish *tour de force*. For

in just over fifty pages, Gide has summed up all the preachments of a lifetime; has sounded most of his favorite motifs; has integrated the most audacious variations of tone (mischievous irony, sensuality, fervent philosophy, indecency, political idealism); has allegorized his own spiritual history (even to the extent of allusions to his friends); has, in sum, deployed all of himself and his art — and he has done this in what is possibly the most straightforward, “action-filled” story he has ever written: a tale of daring exploits, sexual conquests, appalling crimes, and noble achievement.

In part, Gide has followed precedent in his telling of the legend; in part he invents. It is typically Gidian that the challenge of the labyrinth should be pleasures too intoxicating to escape from, and the Minotaur a beautiful young man-beast encountered on a bed of flowers. Typically Gidian, too, is the discreditable ruse by which Theseus ditches the loving Ariadne and carries home her younger sister. In all respects, Theseus (Oedipus also) is the classic Gidian hero: the superior being whose credo is perpetual exploration; the rebellious amoralist who obeys only the dangerous promptings of his hidden self.

In *Oedipus* — which accents neither the Freudian aspect of the legend nor the cathartic horrors of its treatment by Sophocles — Gide’s final emphasis is on the defeat which smites the overweening individualist. But to Gide, defeat has always been the springboard for renewed experiment; and in *Theseus* we are shown that unceasing adventurousness contains its own reward. Theseus’s atrocious crimes bring nemesis. But affliction does not (as with Oedipus) turn him against himself: ever “drawn forward,” he pursues the adventure of building and ruling a state. In his lonely old age, though self-discipline and responsibility have acquired a larger meaning, his credo is essentially unchanged, and he faces death with a deep sense of fulfillment.

In the final pages, Theseus talks with the blind Oedipus, who now disdains the world of man. Here is resumed the dialogue between Christianity and paganism which has always been for Gide, as John Russell puts it, “at once accelerator and brake” — the dialogue whose tensions created the questing disquiet in which Gide has found the state of grace.

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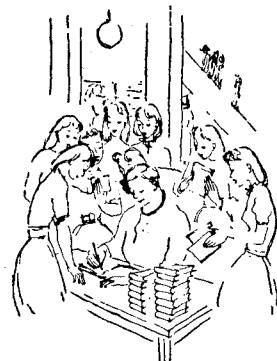
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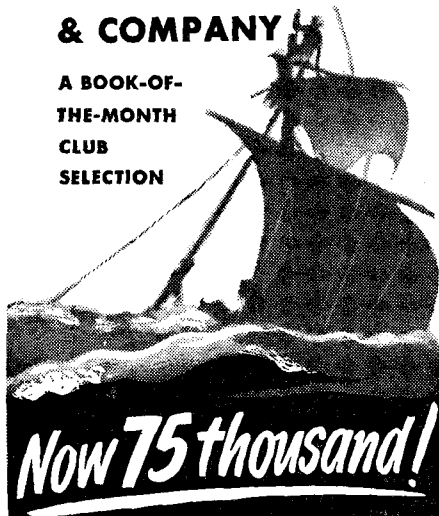
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THE TROUBLE OF ONE HOUSE by
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decency: his loathing of cruelty and power-worship; his quickness to puncture hypocrisy and mental laziness; his compassion for the unfortunate. He writes, here, about the needless shooting of an elephant to "save face" for the White Man in Burma; about a hanging in a Burmese jail; about Gulliver's travels and Gandhi, and other literary and political subjects. There is a slashing piece on the Machiavellianism of James Burnham; and a really memorable, sometimes very funny essay — an item for the anthologies — on the corruption of the English language caused by the dishonesties of politics, and the parallel corruption of political thinking caused by sloppy, sanctimonious language.

NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

by HELEN DORE BOYLSTON
and JANE COBB

ADULTS who deal with books for children are eternally confronted with two problems: what, in real literature, they should read, and how much unpurgated life is good for them.

The juvenile writers of today make every effort to keep their stories encouraging and optimistic, while the English departments of our schools endorse *Silas Marner*, *The Scarlet Letter*, and Charles Dickens's merry account of a little boy named Oliver Twist. Who is on the right track?

We were stimulated into a consideration of this on receiving a new book by Stephen W. Meader. Mr. Meader is the author of such first-class books as *Jonathan Goes West* and *River of the Wolves*. His new story is entitled *Whaler 'Round the Horn*, and in the opening chapter a mysterious stranger urges young Rodney Glenn to ship aboard a whaler. This is reasonable in view of the period and locale, but the stranger goes on to speak of a white whale. Then, as the chapter ends, Rodney asks the stranger's name. The reply is, "Call me Ishmael."

As neither the white whale nor the stranger's reply has any significance unless one has read *Moby Dick*, we turned to the front of the book for Mr. Meader's explanation, and found ourselves in hearty agreement with most of it. *Moby Dick*, he maintains, is not, properly speaking, a boy's book at all. It has a depth and sweep far beyond the understanding of an adolescent — and as far as we are con-

cerned, we feel that it shouldn't be read by anyone much under thirty.

Mr. Meader, however, ends his foreword with the hope that his book will lead young people to a fuller enjoyment of *Moby Dick* — a hope which is both inconsistent and impossible. *Whaler 'Round the Horn* is not a come-on for *Moby Dick*, nor any preparation for it, despite the fleeting and unnecessary appearance of Melville in the first chapter. The nature of Captain Ahab's tragedy, with its elements of implacable hatred, terror, and defeat, cannot be transposed into terms comprehensible to the young — as Mr. Meader well knows. He has written a fine book which doesn't need to hang on Melville's coattails.

We wonder, indeed, if any device should be used to lure children into reading adult books before they are ready for them. Certainly, it is unfortunate that the efforts of Jane Austen and Thackeray should be forcibly turned into schoolbooks. We have always admired Bernard Shaw for refusing to allow such a thing to happen to his plays, and he might — or might not — be interested to know that we came upon his collected works by accident when we were fourteen, and thought them wonderful.

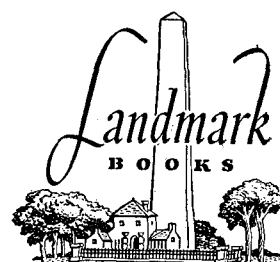
On the other hand, we have never recovered from a Christmas Eve when we were told that we were to hear the ultimate in Christmas stories. The air was scented with pine, holly hung at the windows, flames danced in the fireplace — and somebody was going to read to us. We settled back in a warm anticipation which turned to cold horror with the first paragraph. The story began: "Marley was dead. . . . Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail." We burst into frightened tears.

And this brings us to a discussion not so much of the censorship of books as of the censorship of life in the modern juvenile. The Victorians were far more hard-boiled than we are in their attitude toward the young. They eliminated sex, true enough, but a run-through of the works of Louisa M. Alcott will reveal everything from drunkenness to death. It is doubtful if any book for children written today would include so harrowing a scene as the death of Beth in *Little Women*, or, for that matter, the scene in *Rose in Bloom* in which Cousin Charlie turns up roaring and passes out cold.

We are not complaining. Nobody, we are convinced, was ever corrupted by *Rose in Bloom*, but it does give us

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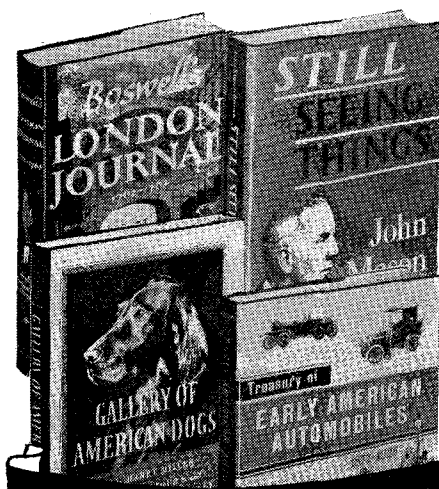
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pause — to ask what *should* be left out of books for young people. We think we have two answers, at least. Defeat and despair are not proper topics for pre-adolescents; and as for the teen-agers, if they must encounter unredeemed tragedy in their reading, let us hope that they will not be able to identify themselves with it.

THE SMALL FRY

The Golden Funny Book, by Gertrude Crampton. An anthology of stories, poems, puzzles, and other methods of keeping little characters under eight amused — and it does just that. One story, called "A Rainy Day at the Zoo," sent a six-year-old of our acquaintance into stitches and he has been talking about it ever since.

Pirates, Ships and Sailors, by Kathryn and Byron Jackson. The written matter in this does not come up to the illustrations, but that is less a criticism than a compliment to Gustaf Tenggren. We recommend the book wholeheartedly.

Lance and Cowboy Billy, by Jack Holt and Carolyn Coggins. This all-out collaboration, with Wesley Dennis as illustrator, has resulted in a book about horses which is far above the Hopalong Cassidy level. It is written in the rhythmic prose that appeals so strongly to children, and is sufficiently informative to let us in on some aspects of ranching ignored by the horse-operas.

The Quiet Noisy Book, by Margaret Wise Brown. Miss Brown has continued her "Noisy Book" series in her customary delightful manner. We don't know how she thinks up all those wonderful situations. Leonard Weisgard's pictures contribute, too.

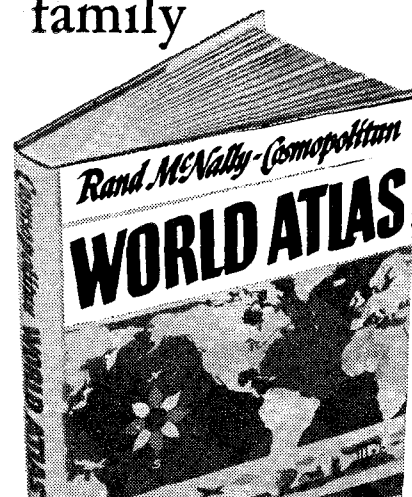
When I Grow Up, by Kay and Harry Mace. This is a delightful book, and charmingly illustrated. It appealed instantly to the younger set in our neighborhood. The jigsaw puzzle on the back, however, is flimsy, and likely to provoke tears.

THE MIDDLE YEARS

The Watch Goat Boy, by Gertrude Jenness Rinden. Mrs. Rinden's book combines two themes — China and missionaries. A warm and moving story of a child who was relieved of his fear of devil-spirits while his little American friend was relieved of loneliness through his acceptance by the young Chinese goat-herds.

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Cumming. This is a very funny, very human book based, we should like to believe, on the author's childhood. We doubt if there is an eight-to-twelve — even masculine — who would not enjoy Marjory's adventures.

Cats, by **Wilfred S. Bronson.** Mr. Bronson's ability to clarify the nature of the beast has never been surpassed, and we are glad that he has concerned himself with cats — creatures with which we thought ourselves reasonably familiar. His text and illustrations prove to us that we don't know what we have been living with. The children are now regarding their pets with a good deal of respect.

Rip and Royal, by **Sally Scott.** Mrs. Scott, who has turned out such excellent books as *Mr. Doodle* and *Sue Ann's Busy Day*, has not let her audience down this time either. Her story of a beautiful and obedient collie, and an engaging but disgraceful cocker, is both amusing and touching.

Henry Huggins, by **Beverly Cleary,** is told with great good humor and wit and is based on an excellent background of familiarity with the nature of small boys. Henry's harrowing encounters with the adult world, especially when he appears as "Sir Cuspid" during "National Brush Your Teeth Week," are the kind that all sensible children try to avoid.

Paul Revere and the Minute Men, by **Dorothy Canfield Fisher,** is written with the clear purpose of bringing Revere and the early days of the American Revolution to life in terms that a child can comprehend, and succeeds in combining accuracy with warmth and charm. The book is good history and good reading, with a great deal in it besides the famous ride. The illustrations, by Norman Price, are quiet but pleasant. This book and the following are the liveliest we've seen of Random House's Landmark Books, a new series devoted to high points in American history.

The Pony Express, by **Samuel Hopkins Adams,** tells of that brief but brilliant mail system in financial and political, as well as pony and pistol, terms. There is enough gunfire to interest any follower of the Lone Ranger; and the Indians, blizzards, and holdups will captivate boys and girls who like to read of the hard-riding West.

TEEN-AGERS

Marie Antoinette, by **Marguerite Vance.** The difficulties of writing

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a biography of an historical figure who came to a tragic end are not inconsiderable. One must first consider whether or not the subject was a martyr, got what was coming to him, or was the victim of circumstance. In *Marie Antoinette* Mrs. Vance draws an unforgettable picture of a gay, loved child, stupidly trained and stupidly spoiled, whose not unlovable qualities contribute to her own downfall and that of the throne of France.

Bob Clifton, Jungle Traveler, by **Dock Hogue**. Youngsters who enjoyed *Bob Clifton, Elephant Hunter* will be happy to read more of Bob's adventures. Bob, whose parents own a coffee plantation in the Belgian Congo, leads the kind of life most boys dream about. The background of jungle drums, coffee raising, witch doctors, and marauding lions is all that anyone could wish.

Little Britches by **Ralph Moody** is the truly told and superbly illustrated story of a father and son working together to build up a little ranch in Colorado early in this century. An endearing book especially for those older children who love horses.

To Tell Your Love, by **Mary Stolz**. This is an extremely corny title for an excellent book for girls in their teens. Mrs. Stolz has not spared her young readers knowledge either of the pangs of unrequited love or of the struggles of insolvent marriage. Nevertheless her book is gay and the dialogue witty.

Whaler 'Round the Horn, by **Stephen W. Meader**. This is a first-rate story involving everything from a whaling voyage and a sojourn on a desert island, to love. We cannot conceive of a boy or girl who will not be fascinated by every part of it, including the dust jacket.

Surfman, the Adventures of a Coast Guard Dog, by **Colonel S. P. Meek**. Colonel Meek has already established himself as a man who knows all about dogs. In this, his latest, he also demonstrates how much he knows about the Coast Guard. His book is well written and genuinely exciting.

Hidden Trapezes, by **Edward Fenton**. This unusual and delightful story is set in a circus boarding house and involves some of the most peculiar people it has ever been our pleasure to encounter. The hero is a thirteen-year-old boy, and a very nice chap to be sure, but we love Madam Fatima, the former snake charmer.

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ACCENT ON LIVING



DESPITE the efforts of various consumers' organizations in behalf of the buying public, none of them has issued an effective black list for the Christmas shopper. It needn't be a long list — just the basic nightmare items of the tea-shoppee genre, rummage sale candidates for the year 1960.

There was a time, to judge from rummage sales that I have attended, when every family possessed a silver or brass opium layout, of Oriental workmanship, and usually with a few essential parts missing. Customs change; the American householder is no longer a slave of the poppy; but he is still exposed to a good deal of merchandise which will inevitably wind up on the tables of the annual Parents' Day White Elephant Sale at the Nirvana Heights Country Day School.

Let us make a beginning of a list, therefore, to be headed "Not Acceptable." It will help not only him who gives, but also those who receive. A voluntary display of such a list by tea shoppees would be in the best interests of all concerned. (Far better to take such action independently, now, rather than to be driven to it later on by Federal legislation.) It

Cecil Roff

THIS MONTH

would be understood, of course, that the caveat applies only to the articles as gifts for others, and none of it inhibits the right of an individual to buy "Not Acceptable" goods for himself, if such a thing were imaginable.

A tentative list: —

Gift package of chemicals to make firewood burn in eerie colors.

Sherry decanter in the shape of a violin.

Any other kind of decanter. (It's more comfortable to know exactly what you're drinking.)

Imitation cobbler's bench.

Miniature imitation cobbler's bench.

Match packets stamped with "merry sayings."

Gifts for dogs and cats.

Magazine and newspaper rack (for outdated periodicals).

Wall brackets for pots of ivy.

"Peasant ware" pottery (with authentic specks and rough spots baked in to fool the dishwasher).

Bar accessories, such as jiggers and trick corks that dole out too small a drink.

Corkscrews. (Anyone who hasn't a corkscrew by this time wouldn't want one anyhow.)

Gay but unidentifiable cloth object. Pot holder? Egg warmer? Inner sole?

Imitation sap buckets.

Miniature imitation sap buckets.

Miniature anything.

Experienced rummage sale organizers will doubtless have other candidates for the list, and in any case lengthy hearings must be held before protective legislation — probably under the Commerce Clause — can be enacted. Meanwhile, the gift trade might usefully take thought of a quarterly publication of the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston, entitled *Current Design*. I assume it is intended mainly for manufacturers and dealers.

Current Design is a loose-leaf catalogue of industrial products which the Institute regards as well designed: accessories, appliances, china and pottery, fabrics, floor coverings, fur-

niture, glass, kitchenware, lighting equipment, metal tableware, plastics, and wallpaper. In each case, with a photograph, price, and basic specifications of the product, the names of the designer, manufacturer, and distributor are provided.

The Institute will undertake to refer a manufacturer to capable designers in his field, and it will also collaborate with his own staff of designers. Some rather sizable enterprises have already put into production items thus newly designed to replace various old-time eyesores which they had been piously turning out over the years.

Organizations like the Institute could enlarge their services handsomely, it seems to me, by getting after some of the homecrafts in rural parts of this country and Canada, especially in the Maritime Provinces.

Jarring colors and banal design too often nullify even the most exquisite handwork, as any country "exposition hall" will demonstrate. An ugly hooked rug is ugly, if that's the way it works out, however naïve or painstaking its creator; and there comes a point at which local pride and suspicion of outside advice are more of a luxury than the craft can afford. At several fairs in New England and Canada last summer it was saddening—and irritating—to see how fine weaving and needlework could achieve so many repulsive offerings—effects that not even "summer people" would buy.

If improved design should eventually bring an end to the rummage sale, perhaps some less cumbersome form of fund raising could follow. Granted that the sale is a financial pillar of private education in this

country, a glance at the statistics will show the need of newer methods:—

AVERAGE PRIVATE SCHOOL RUMMAGE SALE — 1950

Original cost of merchandise donated for sale.....\$1,003,728.15

Man-hours contributed by parents (@ \$1.25 an hour).....\$24,000.00

Gasoline and damage to finish and upholstery of parents' cars (no charge)
\$7,853.00

Income and expenditures (Cash)

Sales.....\$861.33
Catering..... 800.00

Net Profit.....\$ 61,331.416

Mrs. Himmelfarber, treasurer of the sale, is still trying to find out how π got in there.

CHARLES W. MORTON

HUNTING SEASON

by DAVID GRAHAM

DAVID L. GRAHAM taught English at the University of Georgia and served in the Navy during the war. A former Philadelphian, he now divides his time between Freeport, Maine, and New York.

ANOTHER hunting season has gone, and the hunters missed me again. I live in what they call a sportsman's paradise. It's hard on the natives, and after the shooting is over I'm always amazed to be alive. Every fall the out-of-state sports descend on us like a people's army, blazing away impartially at young and old alike, including tree stumps.

It is no wonder that sensible folk begin to take cover toward the end of October and wait grimly for the visitation to pass. Even our highways and public places are no sanctuary—unless one lies flat on his face. More than one motorist, tooling along at forty or fifty miles an hour, has been bagged before he could get his paws on the emergency brake.

Sure, 150 pounds of venison is worth some effort, and bear steak is better than the hamburger nowadays; but I still don't want to go out there and die for the Fish and Game Association. It's not that I keel over with buck fever the minute some sleek little doe gives me the eye, or

that the sight of a cock pheasant silhouetted against the western sky turns me into a vegetarian. Beautiful and moving as these creatures are, they have to die sometime. What I'm thinking of is my own skin.

The wild fusillade which breaks out at dawn on the opening day of the season brings me to my senses and sends me back to bed for the



duration. I don't care what psychoanalysis teaches, there's something really comforting about putting one's head under the bedclothes.

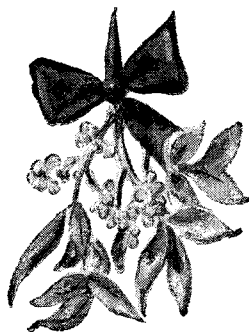
Hunters are a game-starved, trigger-happy bunch nowadays. With more hunters than game in the woods, an ominous number of them are doomed to return to their wives and sweethearts empty-handed—and they don't like it. Before long, I predict, you are going to see some of them heading south from the chase

with any old carcass mounted on the fenders of their cars. I wouldn't mind getting shot and being left to die in some swamp, but I'd hate to come rattling back to civilization strapped to an old jalopy.

Still, as I say, you can't blame the hunters for being overeager. Many of them never get a chance for a second shot, so they fire first and call the coroner afterwards. Official records show that hunters let fly at anything that moves, from buses to underwear on a line. The eagle which, according to legend, dropped a turtle on Aeschylus's bald pate, thinking it a stone, had nothing on the impetuous modern hunter who, at forty feet, mistook a seventeen-year-old boy for a woodchuck and drilled him for a glass eye.

Of course no hunter is going to shoot me deliberately—he might lose his hunting license. The states can be quite strict about these little affairs: the offenders frequently have their licenses revoked; and if the incident takes place out of season, the offender can be fined or even jailed.

But providing his papers are all in order and the accident takes place during the open season, usually the worst the guilty party has to fear is the suspension of his hunting license for carelessness, although plenty of hunters have been able to prove that



"What could be nicer at Christmas?"

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shooting a person was neither carelessness nor intentional—the victims were “negligent.” I agree. I consider anyone who steps outdoors during the hunting season grossly negligent.

Be that as it may, not one man-shooting hunter in a hundred ever



goes to jail, even if he pleads guilty to manslaughter. The poor fellow has suffered enough, jurors apparently feel: don't add the indignity of jail to the tortures of conscience. Well, their consciences may be giving the guilty hunters hell, but the casualties keep on mounting.

Meanwhile, sporting goods companies and others spread the gospel that red clothing is excellent protection against bullets. It is supposed to give ample notice to hunters that you too are human, and to hold their fire. But hunters aren't that predictable. Many an old-timer is sure it works just the opposite.

Migod, they'll tell you, don't wear red, don't wear anything that can be spotted ten feet off—it just gives you away to the hunters. Wherever the states keep records of how folks were dressed when shot (generally they don't keep them, because records make people uneasy) the data show that even individuals whose clothing must have made them look like boiled lobsters have got winged. And anybody north or south of 54° 40' who is so absent-minded as to pull out a white handkerchief while hunting has no more problems—a hunter will get him sure, because the underpart of a deer's tail is also white. Why hasn't science developed something to protect the human form from hunters? During the war they came out with a shark-repellent. In my opinion the best protection against the annual rain of bullets is a pair of pajamas and a comfortable bed.

It is not so much shooting a deer or a bear as bringing a trophy home

that counts. Selling game to out-of-state sports is one of our state's most stable industries. Official statistics are understandably meager, the practice being illegal, but the authorities could hardly crack down on it, since it brings plenty of money into the state and relieves the itch on a lot of trigger fingers. After all, the local boys know where the animals are and how to deliver them without hurting anybody.

One fellow I know in the northern part of the state specializes in bears for the quality trade, and some very prominent people have come to him for bears and ego support. Freddie, of course, doesn't waste time and money trying to shoot bears. He traps them. One year he trapped a bear by the front paw, and the paw was so badly damaged that Freddie didn't know whether he would be able to dispose of the bear through the usual channels. But the bear hunters had a bad time that fall, and pretty soon a couple of men came along and saw Freddie's bear hanging up outside his camp, and Freddie let them have it for \$15. Two days later Freddie's bear was on the front page of all the newspapers. Freddie could tell it was his bear all right on account of the mangled front paw. And standing beside Freddie's bear was our governor, gun in hand.

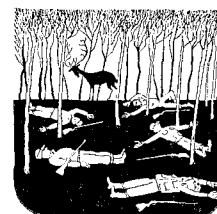
Contrary to what you might expect, big-game hunters aren't the only threats to human life among the sporting fraternity. Last fall, for instance, a mild, unassuming rabbit-hunter got two of his fellow hunters with one blast. Another hunter I read about got shot while sitting on a log, although you wouldn't think that anybody would want to shoot a sitting hunter; and then when his pal ran up to dress the wound, they shot him too.

The statistics show that whether a man is out for mountain lions or red squirrels, his chances of shooting a human being by mistake are about equal. But rabbits are probably the greatest troublemakers. In the frenzy of getting his rabbit, many a man will shoot his best friend or even himself. One rabbit in Pennsylvania scampered up a hunter's leg. What happened to the rabbit is not mentioned in the official report, but the hunter bagged his own feet. Two other hunters chased a rabbit into a culvert, stationed themselves at the two ends, and fired simultaneously. The rabbit got both hunters.

One fall I myself went hunting. At about noon I heard the dog barking like crazy behind the barn. It was a cloudless day and I figured that if I kept whistling and banging on a dishpan I could get to the barn without being mistaken for a moose or a rabbit. Farmers have to be especially careful. One of our neighbors, venturing forth after a load of wood, got plugged in his own wood lot. Naturally it was an accident; in fact, the whole thing was an accident, because the hunter wasn't firing at the farmer; he was firing at the farmer's horse, which he mistook for a deer. As soon as he got close and saw the harness, he apologized. For this reason horses are seldom brought in to the game wardens for tagging as deer—their harness gives them away. Calves and heifers, however, are brought in all the time.

But the dog was so hysterical in his barking that even though the hunting season had opened that very day I decided to make a dash for the barn. I thought that maybe a hunter had been shot and needed help. At first glance the dog seemed to be barking at the chickens, and then I noticed that a fox was hung up in the chicken wire. He was half in and half out and couldn't free himself. So I yelled to my wife to bring me a shovel, and I killed him with one blow. It was the only fox we hunters brought in that day.

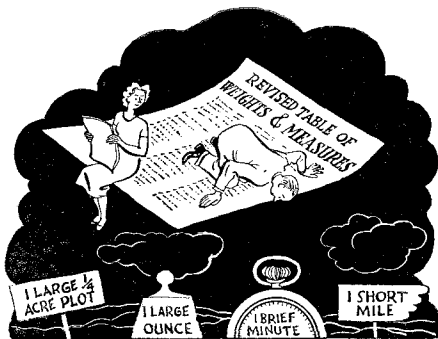
With a shovel as my weapon, I had



to get near enough to be pretty sure that it *was* a fox. A few days before, a prominent local doctor had been mistaken for a fox and had been shot by one of his own hunting party. If the man had been armed with a shovel, he doubtless wouldn't have made the mistake.

HOUSE GUEST ETIQUETTE by HUGHES MEARNS

I MET a lady in the hall
And she had nothing on at all;
I gave no greeting, nor did she—
We had not yet met formally.



NEW LONG AND SHORT OF IT

by SCOTT CORBETT

SCOTT CORBETT has contributed to various magazines and served in the Rainbow Division during the war, when he was news editor of the Division's newspaper. A native of Missouri, he now lives in New York. His book *The Reluctant Landlord*, published by Crowell last May, will shortly be made into a moving picture.

ONE thing of keen interest to me lately is the progress we have been making away from the arbitrariness of weights and measures. Elasticity has appeared in places where our forefathers wouldn't have thought it possible.

As is so often the case nowadays, the wheels of progress have been greased by the Art of Advertising in its own oleaginous way.

Until recently I had supposed that eight ounces were eight ounces. But that was before I came across a peculiar ad that extolled Nutso Peanut Butter.

"Large 8-ounce jar, 35¢," it said.

I confess I was completely unable to grasp this bold new concept until my wife set me straight. She reads more advertisements than I and thus dogs more closely the heels of the copywriting *avant-garde*.

"Sure — large 8-ounce jar," she nodded with quick understanding. "That's to avoid any confusion with the small 8-ounce jar put out by their competitors."

"Now, wait a minute! There's no such thing as a small ounce or a large ounce. An ounce is simply — well, an unqualified ounce."

"Don't be naïve, dear. You're not moving with the times. *Everything* is qualified these days. Why, I suppose you don't even know about the Twin Elms Chicken Dinner Inn out near Buckram Falls."

"What about it?"

"Well, according to the signboards,

it's just a short 1.2 miles off the highway."

While I was trying to realign my thinking and catch up with her, my wife began to search through the newspaper.

"You know," I said, "I'd like to take a run out there sometime and have them mark off a short mile for me so that I could compare it with a plain, old-fashioned —"

"Here." My wife spread the newspaper before me. "Maybe this department store ad will help clear up your confusion."

I studied the offering. It had to do with a remnant sale, and said something about cotton yard goods: —

"Long 62-inch remnants while they last!"

"I suppose that every piece is a wide yard in width," I was moved to comment.

"Oh, always. But let me turn back here." She flipped the pages and pointed to an airline ad. "See? They'll have you in Chicago in a brief 2 hours and 20 minutes."

For a moment I was on more familiar ground.

"Well, now, I can go along with them on time a little easier than I can on ounces or miles or inches," I declared. "Time *does* seem pretty elastic. However, that very fact makes their claim all the more dubious and risky. Suppose you happen to sit next to a talkative bore? Show me a brief 2 hours and 20 minutes under those conditions!"

"Darling, you don't seem to grasp the inner meaning of all this," said my wife patiently. "Time varies according to what you're advertising. It isn't always brief. Take for example the sight-seeing buses. They advertise their trips as including a 'long 15-minute ride' through City Park."

I shook my head, which was beginning to feel rather gray and obsolete.

"Well, the handwriting is on the wall in letters 12 large inches high," I observed. "Any day now, some farmer will dig his well a deep 30 feet. And I wonder who'll be the first record-holder in the long 100-yard dash?"

No doubt it will be some good-looking college boy who's a tall 5 foot 7.



by VIRGINIA PASLEY

VIRGINIA PASLEY is the author of *The Christmas Cookie Book*, which was published last year by Atlantic Monthly Press—Little, Brown.

EVEN to the children, a Christmas turkey without stuffing is unthinkable. But I suspect that the character and quality of what cooks inside assume major importance at about the time the drumstick becomes just another part of the big bird. When there are more applicants for a bit of the oyster — that juicy morsel of dark meat on either side of the third vertebra — than there is oyster meat to go round, the time has come to remember that there are two ends to a turkey and that one end can be used for a new departure in stuffing while the other retains the old family stand-by.

Perhaps our family has been unusually fortunate in that when the children were old enough to be discriminating and wanted to try things they had tasted or heard about outside the family circle, one of my uncles began to specialize in raising small plump turkeys for market. Since one of his turkeys would not serve our minimum of fifteen at Christmas dinner, we always had two to roast, and thereby four avenues for experimentation. There were times when we thought nothing of whipping up the maximum number of stuffings — wild rice with mushrooms for one, chestnuts for another, oysters for a third; but always Mother's fresh homemade noodle stuffing was reserved for the biggest cavity in the biggest bird.

This is a subtly mild stuffing, with only the turkey giblets, turkey broth, bits of butter, and salt and pepper to flavor it, aside from the turkey juices that seep through it during the long, slow roasting. And that may be a reason it always remained a favorite.

With no onions, sage, or other high seasoning with which to compete, the goodness of the turkey was all there.

Homemade noodles alone are such a delicacy, and so easy to make, compared with many other staples made with flour, that it is surprising so few have ever even tasted them. But the recipes sound formidable, and both time and space are necessary for the drying — requirements often difficult for present-day cooks to meet.

MOTHER'S NOODLE RECIPE

2 egg yolks
1 whole egg
3 tablespoons water
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt

Beat egg yolks and whole egg together lightly with a fork or whisk, add the water, and mix together. (Old recipes used whole eggs entirely and no water, but using water in place of egg white gives a lighter, more tender noodle.) Sift the flour and add one cup of it, plus the salt, to the egg mixture. Work in more flour until the dough leaves the side of the bowl. Knead in whatever additional amount is required to make a dough firm enough to roll out.

Divide the dough into three pieces and roll out each separately, as thin as possible and in as near a square or oblong as possible, on a floured board or pastry cloth. This is the part that frightens off inexperienced cooks, but the egg and flour mixture presents little difficulty compared with pastry or pie dough; the stickiness of the egg keeps it from breaking or stretching apart.

Set aside on cloths to dry for an hour or so, depending on the humidity and how much flour has been worked in. Mother's test is whether or not the sheets feel satiny to the touch. They must not feel sticky, nor yet crisp and brittle. Roll up each sheet in a flat roll and slice off at the desired thickness; for stuffings, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$ inch is about right.

Unroll each noodle — or toss into the air to unroll — and again spread out to dry until it is brittle; the time required is about two hours. The noodles, after becoming brittle, may be stored in covered jars until needed, but are at their peak if boiled and used immediately. Use 3 quarts of boiling water with 1 tablespoon of salt. Drop the noodles in and boil about ten minutes.

MOTHER'S NOODLE STUFFING

Noodle recipe
Chopped, cooked turkey giblets
 $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter broken into bits
Turkey stock from cooking giblets —
about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
Salt and pepper to taste

Mix the noodles, giblets, and butter in a large bowl. Add stock bit by bit, stirring and turning over the noodles. When stock begins to collect in the bottom of the bowl, you have used enough. Taste; if the stock is quite salty you may need no more salt. Taste again when you have added the pepper. If the stuffing is as good as it ought to be, even at this stage, you may end up with less than you expected when you come to put it in the turkey.

How big a turkey will this recipe stuff? That depends. Turkeys are not standardized, and some have bigger cavities per pound than others. But the recipe should fill a medium-sized turkey. More important, it will make about 5 cups of stuffing, which, allowing $\frac{1}{2}$ cup per portion, will take care of 10 servings. Fill the breast end first if you are using the stuffing for both ends. If the main cavity isn't quite filled, it will not matter. However, if all the stuffing won't go in the bird, the rest of it can be baked in a covered casserole with some turkey drippings added after the bird has left the oven.

Cooked separately, it becomes



dressing, of course, not stuffing; for while the two terms are often used interchangeably, a dressing is properly something cooked outside the bird.

For those who prefer a richer stuffing with a dash of onion, one cup of fine bread crumbs sautéed in butter, a small, finely diced onion, and a half cup of mushrooms, also sautéed in butter, may be added. This gives a Viennese touch to the stuffing.

For a stuffing that counts on the flavor of the bird to bring it to per-

fection, care in cleaning the turkey is important, and here is where I take issue with the exponents of the wipe-with-a-damp-cloth school.

In my mother's kitchen every speck of lung or liver was removed from the inside of the turkey and clear, cold water run through it in a brisk stream. Then the inside was well dried, so that no lingering bits of inedible or off-taste matter could remain. As for the outside, two of us have spent as much as three hours on one turkey, seeing that every pinfeather was removed and every bit of yellowed dead skin peeled off, so that those who thought the crisp, golden crackling skin the best part of all would really have something to talk about.

Our second favorite stuffing is made with wild rice and mushrooms — a good flavor contrast, especially with turkeys that have not been overdomesticated.

WILD RICE STUFFING

1 pound uncooked wild rice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter
1 onion
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound mushrooms
Salt
Chicken bouillon or turkey stock

Boil and drain the rice. Sauté the onion, finely chopped, and the mushrooms, sliced, in butter. (Use the stems, too.) Mix together and salt to taste, adding as much bouillon or stock as the rice will take up. Any giblets, especially the liver, that aren't pledged to some other dressing, or to the gravy, may be added as well. This makes 6 or 7 cups of stuffing. During the war, when wild rice was hard to get, I discovered that it could be stretched with an equal amount of brown rice without appreciable difference in flavor or texture.

Our most exotic stuffing, as contrasted with the noodle recipe, was never used in turkey, but rather in large roasting chickens or, best of all, in duck. This is it: —

CHINESE FRIED RICE STUFFING

3 cups boiled rice
1 egg
3 or 4 scallions, or 1 small yellow onion chopped fine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound giblets or uncooked beef, pork, or chicken
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery or mushrooms, bean sprouts, or other uncooked vegetable
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup toasted almonds
1 to 2 tablespoons soy sauce diluted in an equal quantity of water

Fry the egg flat and hard in butter, piercing the yolk and turning. Remove from the pan and cut into thin strips. Place in a large bowl. Cut the scallions into thin slivers, slantwise, or use the chopped onion, and fry quickly over a high flame for about two minutes. Add to the egg strips. Cut the meat into paper-thin slices and then into strips. Fry in butter over a high flame, sprinkling with half the soy sauce and water, and stirring rapidly to keep from browning. Cook about two minutes and add to the other cooked ingredients. Finally, fry the thinly sliced celery, mushrooms, or whatever vegetable you have selected, the same way, sprinkling with the rest of the soy sauce and water. Mix everything together with the rice and chopped toasted almonds, and add about a half cup of chicken consommé or stock — not enough to make the mixture runny. Taste, and add salt or more soy sauce if you prefer.

That good old stand-by, bread stuffing, was first choice with only a few of us, even when dominated by oysters or chestnuts, until Mother started adding sizable quantities of finely chopped sautéed celery to it.



FOOTBALL

by LOYD ROSENFELD

With blanket and binocular
And alums feeling jocular
I climb until I'm out of breath
Where Eskimos would freeze to death;
Our seats are on the one-yard line
(The 50 minus 49),
The fans applaud, the students cheer,
Out trots the player of the year.
For hours behind that jumping crew
I get a St. Bernard's-eye view
Of men who try their best to hide
The football from the other side
(The T-formation's mighty sly,
If they can't see it, how can I?).
There goes the gun, it is to laugh,
It's not the end, it's just the half,
But will I miss the next game? No!
I'll be right there by video.

ACCENT ON LIVING



by DIONE LUCAS

Founder and proprietor of the Cordon Bleu Restaurant and Cooking School, DIONE LUCAS is celebrated for recipes which result in wonderfully enticing dishes, yet which call for no preternatural skill on the part of the cook. Perhaps the best-known example of this kind of cookery is her Poulet à la Kiev. She is the author of The Cordon Bleu Cook Book and is widely known for her regular appearances on television.

MENU

(Six large or eight small people)

Eggplant Caviar
Clear Consommé Arbre
Filet of Sole Walewska
Stuffed Roast Duck with Orange
Braised Chestnuts and Brussels Sprouts
Mushrooms with Dill Orange Potatoes
Salad Noël
Christmas Log Café Diable
Salted Almonds Glacéed Tangerines

EGGPLANT CAVIAR

(To make 4 half-pint jars)

2 large eggplants
1 Bermuda onion
6 cloves garlic
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vegetable oil
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup olive oil
Salt, black pepper
3 tablespoons concentrated Italian tomato paste
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups heavy sour cream
2 teaspoons ground cardamon seed
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground mace
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground nutmeg
4 firm ripe tomatoes

Do not skin, but wash the eggplants in iced water. Dry well on a cloth. Brush all over with vegetable oil. Wrap in heavy waxed paper. Place on a cookie sheet or jelly roll pan and put to bake in a 300° oven for approximately an hour, or until very soft to the touch. Remove, and skin the eggplants carefully. Chop very fine in a large wooden bowl with the tomato paste.

Skin the Bermuda onion and chop fine on a board. Then chop in another wooden bowl until very fine. Mix into the eggplant, using a chopper.

Skin the tomatoes and be very careful to remove only the outer skin. Cut them in fourths and remove all the pith. Chop fine on a wooden board and mix into the eggplant and onion with a chopper.

Put the garlic into a pestle and mortar with a level teaspoonful of salt and crush until smooth. Add this to the eggplant. Season very well with salt and black pepper.

Fill into sterile Mason jars, put the caps on, and process them in a pressure cooker for 65 minutes at 10 pounds pressure. Then remove; allow to get quite cold. Turn out of the jars and put back in a wooden bowl. Add the other spices, a little more salt and black pepper, a little more crushed garlic to taste, and mix in very slowly, using the chopper, the oil — drop by drop — and the sour cream. Reseal in sterile Mason jars and store in a cool place.

This is excellent if served ice-cold, i.e., in a bowl surrounded by cracked ice; and separately, fingers of dry buttered toast, and a little sour cream, garnished with freshly chopped dill.

CLEAR CONSOMMÉ ARBRE

2 knuckles of veal
2-pound piece leg of veal
1 small boiling fowl
2 cups mixed sliced onion, carrot, and celery
2 sprigs dill
1 sprig parsley
2 tablespoons tomato paste
1 lemon
1 carrot
2 sprigs tarragon
1 sliced shallot
Handful green beans
2 small ripe tomatoes — firm
Handful mushroom peelings and stalks

1 Boston lettuce or some outside lettuce leaves
1 cup dry white wine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup very dry sherry (Tiopepe sherry if possible)
3 egg whites
Peppercorns, bay leaf
Salt

Put the veal, chicken, and bones into a pan and pour on 3 quarts of water. Bring very slowly to a boil. Skim off the scum, then add the sliced onion, carrot, and celery, and peppercorns. Add the tarragon and parsley, shallot, and bay leaf. Simmer gently for half an hour; then add the lettuce leaves, mushrooms and stalks, and tomato parings. Continue simmering very gently until chicken and veal are very tender. Then allow everything to get quite cold.

Should this stock be set to a jelly while cold, dissolve slowly before straining. Remove all fat from the strained stock. Then take 2 quarts of stock and put into a pan with the tomato paste, white wine, and beaten egg whites, and beat over a very slow fire with one tablespoonful of lemon juice until it comes to a boil. Draw aside and allow to stand for 15 minutes; then strain through a jelly bag or through a fine cloth wrung out in cold water. Return to a clean pan, add the sherry, and garnish with the following: —

Skin the carrot and cut the grooves from the outside. Then cut into very thin slices. Cook until just tender but crisp, in a little water and lemon juice. Drain; add to the consommé.

Top and tail the green beans, cut into strips, put into a pan with ice water, a little salt, and lemon juice. Bring slowly to a boil, then drain. Add this to the consommé.

Take half the breast of the chicken, skinned, and cut into neat, even strips. Add this to the consommé.

Take a quarter pound of the veal and cut into very thin slices, then into strips. Add this also to the consommé. Add the tomatoes, skinned and shredded, for garnish.

Remove half the rind from the lemon and cut into thin strips. Add this to the consommé with a few tiny sprigs of fresh dill. Reheat, and serve in clear crystal bowls.

SOLE WALEWSKA

4 filets of sole
1 small live lobster
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter
2 egg yolks
1 egg white
2 tablespoons brandy

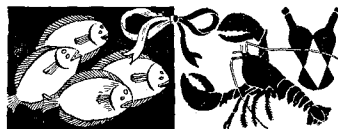
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine
Cayenne pepper
2 tablespoons milk
Salt, peppercorns, bay leaf
2 teaspoons chopped parsley
6 small white mushrooms
2 truffles
2 teaspoons tomato paste
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup light cream
3 tablespoons flour
Little lemon juice

Wash the sole in lemon juice and water and dry in a cloth.

Split the lobster in halves, starting at the center of the top of the head. Remove the small bag from behind the eyes. Remove the large claws and crack. Remove the small claws. Put split side down in 2 tablespoonfuls of butter. Cover, and cook very slowly 12 or 15 minutes until it is a bright red. Put the 2 tablespoonfuls of brandy in a pan, light, and pour over the lobster. Remove the lobster carefully. Take out all the meat. Put the shells and the meat from the tails on one side. Cut the claw meat into small pieces.

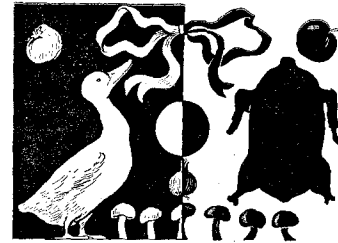
Slice the mushrooms and sauté in 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and black pepper. Add the lobster meat and chopped parsley. Add the egg white to bind. Divide mixture among the 4 filets of sole. Place the mixture in the centers of the filets. Spread out and fold over. Place on a Pyrex dish. Pour over the top the white wine with 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Add the bay leaf, peppercorns, and a little salt. Cover with waxed paper and cook 15 to 20 minutes in a 350° oven. Remove and arrange down the length of a hot serving dish. Cover the top with the thin slices of lobster meat. Pour over the following sauce: —

Take the soft shells of the lobster, i.e., the tail shells and small claws. Crush in a pestle and mortar with the liver of the lobster until fine; then mix in the tomato paste and the



rest of the butter, reserving 2 tablespoonfuls. Rub all of this through a very fine strainer and set aside. Melt 2 tablespoonfuls of butter in a pan. Stir in, off the fire, the flour, salt, and cayenne pepper. Strain on the stock the fish was cooked in and stir over the fire until it thickens. Then add the cream and bring to a boil. Add,

bit by bit, the lobster butter. Then add the egg yolks mixed into 2 tablespoonfuls of milk. Pour this over the fish. Garnish with the head shells of the lobster, well scrubbed and the outside brushed with a little oil to make them shine. Place down the center of the dish the truffles cut into thin slices.



STUFFED DUCK WITH ORANGE

2 5-pound ducks
4 duck livers or 6 chicken livers
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup stock
1 teaspoon meat glaze
2 cups ground cooked veal
1 cup sausage meat
1 cup finely chopped bacon
6 soaked dried Polish mushrooms
1 medium-size onion
2 small cloves garlic
1 large orange put through a meat chopper
Salt, freshly cracked black pepper
1 cup fried bread crumbs
4 large oranges
6 level tablespoons brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
2 tablespoons oil
1 bunch fresh watercress
2 firm-skin tomatoes
1 lime
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sweet sherry
4 cutlet frills

Clean the ducks. Wash well in ice water and dry well. Cut the lime in halves and rub the half lime all over the duck. Dip a pastry brush in oil and brush the inside of the duck with oil; then fill with the following stuffing: —

Cook the duck or chicken livers, or both, briskly in 2 tablespoonfuls of very hot butter. Remove. Cool a little; then slice and mix them in the butter they were cooked in. Chop the bacon fine and cook in a hot pan. Drain the bacon and mix in with the livers. Finely chop the onion, garlic, and Polish mushrooms. Sauté 5 or 6 minutes in the bacon pan and then mix all this in with the livers, etc. Add the veal, sausage meat, and bread crumbs, and season well. Lastly, mix in the orange which has been put through the meat chopper.

Fill this into the duck, tie up care-

fully, rub the top of the duck with butter; then place in a roasting pan and roast in a 375° oven three quarters of an hour, basting frequently.

Remove the duck from the pan and cover the whole of the duck with thin slices of orange which have been fried until glazed in sugar and butter. Return to the oven and continue cooking until done, roughly another three quarters of an hour. Arrange down a large hot flat serving dish.

Add to the pan in which the ducks were roasted the juice of one large orange, a little orange rind, the sweet sherry, honey, stock, and meat glaze. Beat briskly over a quick fire until bland. Strain; pour over the ducks.

Garnish round the edge of the dish with quartered oranges which have been cooked in butter, salt, pepper, and sugar until glazed, and at each end put bunches of watercress decorated with strips of skinned and pitted tomatoes. Place cutlet frills on the legs of the ducks just before serving.



BRAISED CHESTNUTS AND BRUSSELS
SPROUTS

- 2 pounds Brussels sprouts
- 3 pounds chestnuts
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced onion, carrot, and celery
- 4 cups beef stock
- Small clove garlic
- 1 or 2 sliced lemons
- Bay leaf, pepper, salt
- 1 teaspoon tomato paste
- 1 teaspoon meat glaze
- 4 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda
- 2 tablespoons freshly chopped chives

Clean the Brussels sprouts and wash well in ice water and lemon juice. Then allow them to soak with the slices of lemon and water. Put them into boiling water, salted and with the soda, and allow them to cook until just soft. It is important that they be very bright green, so they shouldn't be overcooked. Drain, and mix in 2 tablespoonfuls of butter.

Put the chestnuts in a pan and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and simmer for 3 or 4 minutes. Remove inner and outer skins. (Note: Be sure to keep the chestnuts very hot while doing this; otherwise the skins will not come away freely.)

Heat the rest of the butter in a pan. Add the sliced vegetables and the garlic, and sauté 2 or 3 minutes

with salt and pepper. Then mix in the tomato paste and the meat glaze. Put in the chestnuts; cover with the 4 cups of beef stock. Bring slowly to a boil, add the bay leaf, and simmer very gently until the chestnuts are just soft. They must not break, nor must they be too mushy. Drain carefully and mix into the Brussels sprouts, using just a little of the stock to moisten the mixture. Pile up in an earthenware casserole. Sprinkle the top with chopped chives and serve.

MUSHROOMS WITH DILL

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds firm white mushrooms
- 3 tablespoons chopped fresh dill
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream
- Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
- Salt, freshly cracked pepper

Trim the stalks off the mushrooms and wash in a little lemon juice and water. Drain them well. Heat a quarter of the butter in a shallow pan and, when foaming, put in the mushrooms with salt, cracked pepper, and a few drops of lemon juice. Shake over a slow fire 8 or 9 minutes, adding bit by bit the rest of the butter. Then mix in the sour cream and chopped dill. Fill into a small shallow casserole and serve.

ORANGE POTATOES

- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 cups mashed potatoes
- Grated rind large orange
- 2 eggs
- 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 cup dry white bread crumbs
- Salt, cayenne pepper
- Little flour
- Deep fat

Put the mashed potatoes into a bowl with the orange rind, cheese, butter, and one egg. Season with salt and cayenne pepper, and beat well. Allow to get quite cold. Roll into large cork shapes with floured hands. Roll in flour and brush with beaten egg. Roll in bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat — 350° — to a golden brown. Drain on a paper towel and serve piping hot with the duck.



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SALAD NOËL

- 1 pineapple
- 6 large navel oranges
- 6 firm large ripe tomatoes
- 4 persimmons
- 1 large sweet red apple
- 2 small Boston lettuces
- 1 small onion
- Salt, freshly cracked pepper
- 1 tablespoon freshly chopped tarragon
- 1 teaspoon crushed garlic
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup olive oil
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vegetable oil
- 4 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
- 1 teaspoon French Dijon mustard
- Few grains sugar

Put into a screw-top jar the salt, pepper, mustard, few grains of sugar, crushed garlic, oil, and vinegar, and shake well together. Then add the chopped tarragon and allow to get ice-cold.

Skin the tomatoes, being careful to remove only the outer skin. Cut into quarters and remove all pith.

Remove the outer and inner skins of the oranges and then cut the oranges into sections. Add half the fresh pineapple, skinned, cored, and cut into thin small slices.

Skin the persimmons, remove the pits, and cut into the same size as the tomatoes. Mix this lightly with the French dressing and arrange in a shallow salad bowl. Cut the apple into quarters, then cut into very thin slices lengthwise, and arrange in the form of a wreath around the edge of the salad bowl. Cover the top with very thin onion rings.

CHRISTMAS LOG

Ingredients for Log

- 4 whole eggs
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup fine granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup potato flour
- 2 tablespoons cocoa
- 1 teaspoon baking powder

Put the eggs and the sugar in a bowl and beat until light and fluffy with a whisk. Sift together the flour, cocoa, and baking powder. Add this to the egg mixture and stir gently until well blended. Grease an oblong jelly roll pan; cover with waxed paper, leaving a margin of one-half inch at each end. Grease again and spread the mixture evenly over the waxed paper. Bake in a 425° oven for 5 minutes.

Remove, loosen up the roll from the tin, cool a little, sprinkle the top with a little cocoa and spread out on waxed paper. Pull off the paper that you'll find stuck to the top; then roll

up like a jelly roll and put the roll in the refrigerator to cool. Remove, and unroll carefully. Spread the top with the following:—

Ingredients for Filling and Frosting

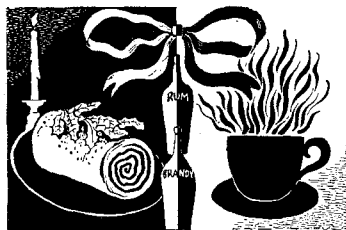
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup granulated sugar
- 3 egg yolks
- 6 ounces dark sweet chocolate
- 4 ounces almond paste
- Little green coloring
- Crystallized cherries
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sweet butter
- 1 cup coarsely granulated chocolate
- Angelica
- 2 tablespoons rum

Put into a small saucepan the granulated sugar and water. Stir over a slow fire until it dissolves. Allow to cook to a light thread.

Beat the egg yolks until light and fluffy in a small bowl. Pour on the syrup and continue beating until very thick and fluffy. When quite cold, add the creamed butter.

Dissolve in a small pan the 6 ounces of chocolate with 5 tablespoonfuls of water over a slow fire. Stir over ice until quite cold. Add this to the butter and egg mixture with 2 tablespoonfuls of rum. Then spread this on the log and roll up like a jelly roll again.

Cover the entire top of the log with more of this butter cream. Decorate the top with the coarsely grated chocolate, the almond paste colored with green coloring and cut into the shape of holly leaves, the angelica cut into strips for the branches of the holly, and the glacéd cherries cut into the shape of the berries.



CAFÉ DIABIE

Make 4 cups of very good strong French coffee. Take a copper frying pan with a lip and filter, cover the bottom with a few grains of sugar and then very thin strips of orange rind. Pour over 2 small glasses of brandy. Heat very slowly and light with a match, then pour on the 4 cups of black coffee. Allow to infuse for half a minute. Pour into the serving cups and put a teaspoonful of flaming brandy into each cup.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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DONALD B. SNYDER,
(Signature of publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September 1950.

[SEAL] Margaret G. O'Connor, Notary Public
(My commission expires August 2, 1957)